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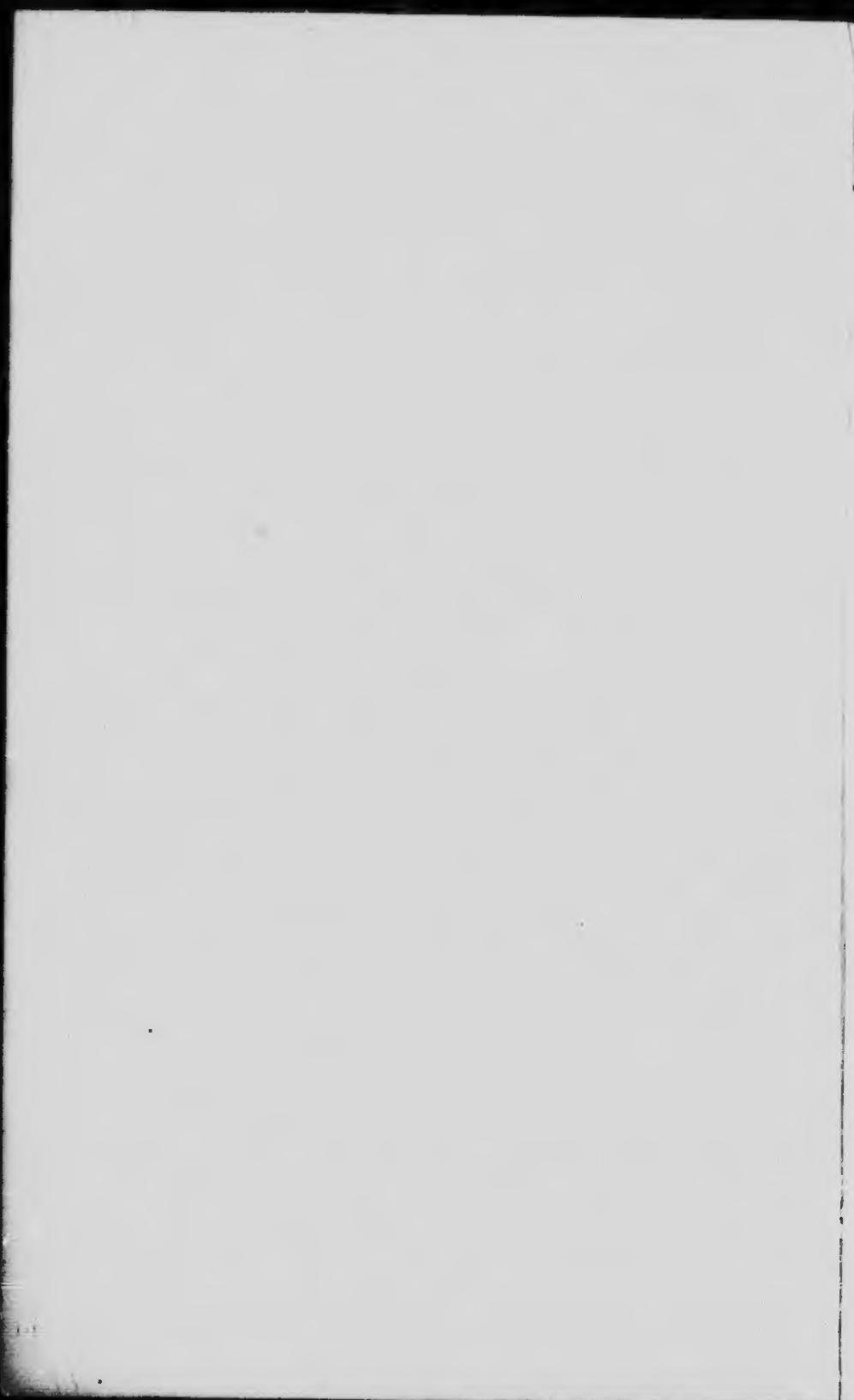
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# **THE LOCKERBIE BOOK**



# The Lockerbie Book

Containing Poems Not in Dialect

By

James Whitcomb Riley

Collected and Arranged by  
Hewitt Hanson Howland

CANADIAN BRANCH  
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**TO**

**JUDGE E. B. MARTINDALE**

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## INTRODUCTION

It is something of a literary presumption to introduce to any one that can read, a volume that bears on its title page the name of James Whitcomb Riley. And yet because of its departure from the naturally expected, this collection seems to make an introduction not only pertinent but courteous as well.

When we were all some years younger than we are now, "Benj. F. Johnson of Boone" dipped his rosy muse in the melodious waters of *The Old Swimmin'-Hole* and brought her forth wearing on her shining forehead the homely but imperishable sign of dialect.

The century that was then old has gone to its final reckoning, and ten full years have been recorded against its young successor. During this time it has been given to "Benj. F. Johnson" to write much. In the fourteen volumes that now represent his collected verse, almost every poetic form finds a place, and normal English, in distinction from dialect, holds an equal authority. Yet if you say "Riley" to the man in the street he will reply: "When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock." The poet, I am sure, has no grievance with this answer; nor is there quarrel anywhere with the fixed association of Riley's name

with his homelier form of verse. Such an alliance is as worthy as it is inevitable. His destinies are garlanded with old fashioned roses and time will judge him and reward him accordingly.

As a consequence, however, his normal English verse is not, perhaps, fully recognized either for its extent or for its quality. And so in this belief, as well as in answer to an ever-continuing demand, these poems have been brought together and the volume comprising them named for the little street in which their author has long lived and worked.

For permission to reprint certain poems here included grateful acknowledgment is made to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and the Century Company, of New York.

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## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

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# THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

## AFTERWHILES

I

### *Lockerbie Street*

SUCH a dear little street it is, nestled away  
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,  
In cool shady coverts of whispering trees,  
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze  
Which in all its wide wanderings never may meet  
With a resting-place fairer than Lockerbie street!

There is such a relief, from the c' ngor and din  
Of the heart of the town, to go littering in  
Through the dim, narrow walks, with the sheltering shade  
Of the trees waving over the long promenade,  
And littering lightly the ways of our feet  
With the gold of the sunshine of Lockerbie street.

And the nights that come down the dark pathways of dusk,  
With the stars in their tresses, and odors of musk  
In their moon-woven raiments, bespangled with dews,  
And looped up with lilies for lovers to use  
In the songs that they sing to the tinkle and beat  
Of their sweet serenadings through Lockerbie street.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O my Lockerbie street! You are fair to be seen—  
Be it noon of the day, or the rare and serene  
Afternoon of the night—you are one to my heart,  
And I love you above all the phrases of art,  
For no language could frame and no lips could repeat  
My rhyme-haunted raptures of Lockerbie street.

### 2

### *A Discouraging Model*

JUST the airiest, fairest slip of a thing,  
With a Gainsborough hat, like a butterfly's wing,  
Tilted up at one side with the jauntiest air,  
And a knot of red roses sown in under there  
    Where the shadows are lost in her hair.

Then a cameo face, carven in on a ground  
Of that shadowy hair where the roses are wound;  
And the gleam of a smile, O as fair and as faint  
As sweet as the masters of old used to paint  
    Round the lips of their favorite saint!

And that lace at her throat—and the fluttering hands  
Snowing there, with a grace that no art understands,  
The flakes of their touches—first fluttering at  
The bow —then the roses—the hair—and then that  
Little tilt of the Gainsborough hat.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Ah, what artist on earth with a model like this,  
Holding not on his palette the tint of a kiss,  
Nor a pigment to hint of the hue of her hair  
Nor the gold of her smile—O what artist could dare  
To expect a result half so fair?

3

### *Away*

I CANNOT say, and I will not say  
That he is dead.—He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return,—

Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows  
Of his warrior-strength to his country's foes.—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,—  
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things:—Where the violets grew  
Blue as the eyes they were likened to,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The touches of his hands have strayed  
As reverently as his lips have prayed:

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred  
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain  
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.—

Think of him still as the same, I say:  
He is not dead—he is just away!

### 4

#### *A Life-Lesson*

THERE! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your doll, I know;  
And your tea-set blue,  
And your play-house, too,  
Are things of the long ago;  
But childish troubles will soon pass by.—  
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your slate, I know;  
And the glad, wild ways  
Of your school-girl days  
Are things of the long ago;  
But life and love will soon come by.—  
There! little girl; don't cry!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

There! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your heart, I know;  
And the rainbow gleams  
Of your youthful dreams  
Are things of the long ago;  
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh—  
There! little girl; don't cry!

5

### *Herr Weiser*

**H**ERR WEISER!—Threescore-years-and-ten,—  
A hale white rose of his countrymen,  
Transplanted here in the Hoosier loam,  
And blossomy as his German home—  
As blossomy and as pure and sweet  
As the cool green glen of his calm retreat,  
Far withdrawn from the noisy town  
Where trade goes clamoring up and down,  
Whose fret and fever, and stress and strife,  
May not trouble his tranquil life!

Breath of rest, what a balmy gust!—  
Quit of the city's heat and dust,  
Jostling down by the winding road,  
Through the orchard ways of his quaint abode.—  
Tether the horse, as we onward fare  
Under the pear-trees trailing there,  
And thumping the wooden bridge at night  
With lumps of ripeness and lush delight,  
T'—t'—tream, as it maunders on till dawn,  
I—wandered and pelted and smiled upon.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Herr Weiser, with his wholesome face,  
And the gentle blue of his eyes, and grace  
Of unassuming honesty,  
Be there to welcome you and me!  
And what though the toil of the farm be stopped  
And the tireless plans of the place be dropped,  
While the prayerful master's knees are set  
In beds of pansy and mignonette  
And lily and aster and columbine,  
Offered in love, as yours and mine?—

What, but a blessing of kindly thought,  
Sweet as the breath of forget-me-not!—  
What, but a spirit of lustrous love  
White as the aster he bends above!—  
What, but an odorous memory  
Of the dead man, made known to me  
In days declining a help like his,—  
As sweet as the life of the lily is—  
As sweet as the soul of a babe, bloom-wise  
Born of a lily in paradise.

6

### *Out to Old Aunt Mary's*

WASN'T it pleasant, O brother mine,  
In those old days of the lost sunshine  
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,  
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,  
And we went visiting, "me and you,"  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

"Me and you"—And the morning fair,  
With the dewdrops twinkling everywhere;  
The scent of the cherry-blossom is blown  
After us, in the roadway lone,  
Our capering shadows onward thrown—

Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

It all comes back so clear to-day!  
Though I am as bald as you are gray,—  
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane  
We patter along in the dust again,  
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The few last houses of the town;  
Then on, up the high creek bluffs and down;  
Past the squat tollgate, with its well-sweep pole;  
The bridge, and "The old 'Babtizin'-hole,'"  
Loitering, awed, o'er pool and shoal,

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,  
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,  
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,  
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing"-sky  
And lolled and circled, as we went by

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Or, stayed by the glint of the redbird's wings,  
Or the glitter of song that the bluebird sings,  
All hushed we feign to strike strange trails,  
As the "big braves" do in the Indian tales,  
Till again our real quest lags and fails—

Out to old Aunt Mary's.—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the woodland echoes with yells of mirth  
That make old war-whoops of minor worth!  
Where such heroes of war as we?—  
With bows and arrows of fantasy,  
Chasing each other from tree to tree  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

And then in the dust of the road again;  
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;  
And the long highway, with sunshine spread  
As thick as butter on country bread,  
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

For only, now, at the road's next bend  
To the right we could make out the gable-end  
Of the fine old Huston homestead—not  
Half a mile from the sacred spot  
Where dwelt our Saint in her simple cot—  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door  
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er  
The clapboard roof!—And her face—ah, me!  
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—  
And wasn't it good for a boy to be  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?—

The jelly—the jam and the marmalade,  
And the cherry- and quince—"preserves" she made!  
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,  
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare!—  
And the more we ate was the more to spare,  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Ah! was there, ever, so kind a face  
And gentle as hers, or such a grace  
Of welcoming, as she cut the cake  
Or the juicy pies that she joyed to make  
Just for the visiting children's sake—  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The honey, too, in its amber comb  
One only finds in an old farm-home;  
And the coffee, fragrant and sweet, and ho!  
So hot that we gloried to drink it so,  
With spangles of tears in our eyes, you know—  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the romps we took, in our glad unrest!—  
Was it the lawn that we loved the best,  
With its swooping swing in the locust trees,  
Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,  
Or the dim hay-mow, with its fragrances—  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Far fields, bottom-lands, creek-banks—all,  
We ranged at will.—Where the waterfall  
Laughed all day as it slowly poured  
Over the dam by the old mill-ford,  
While the tail-race writhed, and the mill-wheel roared—  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

But home, with Aunty in nearer call,  
That was the best place, after all!—  
The talks on the back-porch, in the low  
Slanting sun and the evening glow,  
With the voice of counsel that touched us so,  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And then, in the garden—near the side  
Where the bee-hives were and the path was wide,—  
The apple-house—like a fairy cell—  
With the little square door we knew so well,  
And the wealth inside but our tongues could tell—  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the old spring-house, in the cool green gloom  
Of the willow trees,—and the cooler room  
Where the swinging shelves and the crocks were kept,  
Where the cream in a golden languor slept,  
While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept—  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And as many a time have you and I—  
Barefoot boys in the days gone by—  
Knelt, and in tremulous ecstasies  
Dipped our lips into sweets like these,—  
Memory now is on her knees  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

For, O my brother, so far away,  
This is to tell you—she waits *to-day*  
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell  
Asleep this morning, whispering, “Tell  
The boys to come” . . . And all is well  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

7

### *When June is Here*

WHEN June is here—what art have we to sing  
The whiteness of the lilies 'midst the green  
Of noon-tranced lawns? or flash of roses seen  
Like redbirds' wings? or earliest ripening  
Prince-Harvest apples, where the cloyed bees cling  
Round winey juices oozing down between  
The peckings of the robin, while we lean  
In under-grasses, lost in marvelling;  
Or the cool term of morning, and the stir  
Of odorous breaths from wood and meadow walks;  
The Bob-white's liquid yodel, and the whir  
Of sudden flight; and, where the milkmaid talks  
Across the bars, on tilted barley-stalks  
The dewdrops' glint in webs of gossamer.

8

### *A Scrawl*

I WANT to sing something—but this is all—  
I try and I try, but the rhymes are dull  
As though they were damp, and the echoes fall  
Limp and unlovable.

Words will not say what I yearn to say—  
They will not walk as I want them to,  
But they stumble and fall in the path of the way  
Of my telling my love for you.

Simply take what the scrawl is worth—  
Knowing I love you as sun the sod  
On the ripening side of the great round earth  
That swings in the smile of God.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

9

### *To Santa Claus*

MOST tangible of all the gods that be,  
O Santa Claus—our own since Infancy!—  
As first we scampered to thee—now, as then,  
Take us as children to thy heart again.

Be wholly good to us, just as of old:  
As a pleased father, let thine arms infold  
Us, homed within the haven of thy love,  
And all the cheer and wholesomeness thereof.

Thou lone reality, when O so long  
Life's unrealities have wrought us wrong:  
Ambition hath allured us,—fame likewise,  
And all that promised honor in men's eyes.

Throughout the world's evasions, wiles, and shifts,  
Thou only bidest stable as thy gifts:—  
A grateful king re-ruleth from thy lap,  
Crowned with a little tinselled soldier-cap:

A mighty general—a nation's pride—  
Thou givest again a rocking-horse to ride,  
And wildly glad he groweth as the grim  
Old jurist with the drum thou givest him:

The sculptor's chisel, at thy mirth's command,  
Is as a whistle in his boyish hand;  
The painter's model fadeth utterly,  
And there thou standest,—and he painteth thee:—

Most like a winter pippin, sound and fine  
And tingling-red that ripe old face of thine,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Set in thy frosty beard of cheek and chin  
As midst the snows the thaws of spring set in.

Ho! Santa Claus—our own since Infancy—  
Most tangible of all the gods that be!—  
As first we scampered to thee—now, as then,  
Take us as children to thy heart again.

10

### *A Bride*

"O I AM weary!" she sighed, as her billowy  
Hair she unloosed in a torrent of gold  
That rippled and fell o'er a figure as willowy,  
Graceful and fair as a goddess of old:  
Over her jewels she flung herself drearily,  
Crumpled the laces that snowed on her breast,  
Crushed with her fingers the lily that wearily  
Clung in her hair like a dove in its nest.  
—And naught but her shadowy form in the mirror  
To kneel in dumb agony down and weep near her!

"Weary?"—of what? Could we fathom the mystery?—  
Lift up the lashes weighed down by her tears  
And wash with their dews one white face from her history,  
Set like a gem in the red rust of years?  
Nothing will rest her—unless he who died of her  
Strayed from his grave, and, in place of the groom,  
Tipping her face, kneeling there by the side of her,  
Drained the old kiss to the dregs of his doom.  
—And naught but that shadowy form in the mirror  
To kneel in dumb agony down and weep near her!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

11

### *Dusk*

THE frightened herds of clouds across the sky  
Trample the sunshine down, and chase the day  
Into the dusky forest-lands of gray  
And sombre twilight. Far, and faint, and high,  
The wild goose trails his harrow, with a cry  
Sad as the wail of some poor castaway  
Who sees a vessel drifting far astray  
Of his last hope, and lays him down to die.  
The children, riotous from school, grow bold  
And quarrel with the wind whose angry gust  
Plucks off the summer-hat, and flaps the fold  
Of many a crimson cloak, and twirls the dust  
In spiral shapes grotesque, and dims the gold  
Of gleaming tresses with the blur of rust.

12

### *Das Krist Kindel*

I HAD fed the fire and stirred it, till the sparkles in delight  
Snapped their saucy little fingers at the chill December night;  
And in dressing-gown and slippers, I had tilted back "my throne"—  
The old split-bottomed rocker—and was musing all alone.  
I could hear the hungry Winter prowling round the outer door,  
And the tread of muffled footsteps on the white piazza floor;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But the sounds came to me only as the murmur of a  
stream

That mingled with the current of a lazy-flowing dream.

Like a fragrant incense rising, curled the smoke of my  
cigar,

With the lamplight gleaming through it like a mist-enfolded  
star;—

And as I gazed, the vapor like a curtain rolled away,  
With a sound of bells that tinkled, and the clatter of a  
sleigh.

And in a vision, painted like a picture in the air,  
I saw the elfish figure of a man with frosty hair—  
A quaint old man that chuckled with a laugh as he ap-  
peared,

And with ruddy cheeks like embers in the ashes of his  
beard.

He poised himself grotesquely, in an attitude of mirth,  
On a damask-covered hassock that was sitting on the  
hearth;

And at a magic signal of his stubby little thumb,  
I saw the fireplace changing to a bright proscenium.

And looking there, I marvelled as I saw a mimic stage  
Alive with little actors of a very tender age;  
And some so very tiny that they tottered as they walked,  
And lisped and purled and gurgled like the brooklets, when  
they talked.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And their faces were like lilies, and their eyes like purest dew,

And their tresses like the shadows that the shine is woven through;

And they each had little burdens, and a little tale to tell  
Of fairy lore, and giants, and delights delectable.

And they mixed and intermingled, weaving melody with joy,

Till the magic circle clustered round a blooming baby-boy;  
And they threw aside their treasures in an ecstasy of glee,  
And bent, with dazzled faces and with parted lips, to see.

'Twas a wondrous little fellow, with a dainty double-chin,  
And chubby cheeks, and dimples for the smiles to blossom in;

And he looked as ripe and rosy, on his bed of straw and reeds,

As a mellow little pippin that had tumbled in the weeds.

And I saw the happy mother, and a group surrounding her  
That knelt with costly presents of frankincense and myrrh;  
And I thrilled with awe and wonder, as a murmur on the air

Came drifting o'er the hearing in a melody of prayer:—

*By the splendor in the heavens, and the hush upon the sea,  
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,—*

*We feel Thy kingly presence, and we humbly bow the knee  
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.*

## THE LUCKERBIE BOOK

*Thy messenger has spoken, and our doubts have fled and  
gone*

*As the dark and spectral shadows of the night before the  
dawn;*

*And, in the kindly shelter of the light around us drawn,  
We would nestle down forever in the breast we lean upon.*

*You have given us a shepherd—You have given us a guide,  
And the light of Heaven grew dimmer when You sent him  
from Your side,—*

*But he comes to lead Thy children where the gates will  
open wide*

*To welcome his returning when his works are glorified.*

*By the splendor in the heavens, and the hush upon the sea,  
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,—  
We feel Thy kingly presence, and we humbly bow the knee  
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.*

Then the vision, slowly failing, with the words of the re-  
frain,

Fell swooning in the moonlight through the frosty window-  
pane;

And I heard the clock proclaiming, like an eager sentinel  
Who brings the world good tidings,—“It is Christmas—  
all is well!”

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

13

*June*

O QUEENLY month of indolent repose!  
I drink thy breath in sips of rare perfume,  
As in thy downy lap of clover-bloom  
I nestle like a drowsy child and doze  
The lazy hours away. The zephyr throws  
The shifting shuttle of the Summer's loom  
And weaves a damask-work of gleam and gloom  
Before thy listless feet. The lily blows  
A bugle-call of fragrance o'er the glade;  
And, wheeling into ranks, with plume and spear,  
Thy harvest-armies gather on parade;  
While, faint and far away, yet pure and clear,  
A voice calls out of alien lands of shade:—  
All hail the Peerless Goddess of the Year!

14      *The South Wind and the Sun*

O THE South Wind and the Sun!  
How each loved the other one—  
Full of fancy—full of folly—  
Full of jollity and fun!  
How they romped and ran about,  
Like two boys when school 's out,  
With glowing face, and lisping lip,  
Low laugh, and lifted shout!  
And the South Wind—he was dressed  
With a ribbon round his breast  
That floated, flapped and fluttered  
In a riotous unrest,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And a drapery of mist  
From the shoulder and the wrist  
Flowing backward with the motion  
Of the waving hand he kissed.

And the Sun had on a crown  
Wrought of gilded thistle-down,  
And a scarf of velvet vapor,  
And a ravelled-rainbow gown;  
And his tinsel-tangled hair,  
Tossed and lost upon the air,  
Was glossier and flossier  
Than any anywhere.

And the South Wind's eyes were two  
Little dancing drops of dew,  
As he puffed his cheeks, and pursed his lips,  
And blew and blew and blew!  
And the Sun's—like diamond-stone,  
Brighter yet than ever known,  
As he knit his brows and held his breath,  
And shone and shone and shone!

And this pair of merry fays  
Wandered through the summer days;  
Arm-in-arm they went together  
Over heights of morning haze—  
Over slanting slopes of lawn  
They went on and on and on,  
Where the daisies looked like star-tracks  
Trailing up and down the dawn.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And where'er they found the top  
Of a wheat-stalk droop and lop  
They chuck'd it underneath the chin  
And praised the lavish crop,  
Till it lift'd with the pride  
Of the heads it grew beside,  
And then the South Wind and the Sun  
Went onward satisfied.

Over meadow-lands they tripp'd,  
Where the dandelions dip'd  
In crimson foam of clover-bloom,  
And drip'd and drip'd and drip'd;  
And they clinched the bumble-stings,  
Gat'ning honey on their wings,  
And bundling them in lily-bells,  
With maudlin murmurings.

And the humming-bird, that hung  
Like a jewel up among  
The tilted honeysuckle-horns,  
They mesmerized, and swung  
In the palpitating air,  
Drowsed with odors strange and rare,  
And, with whispered laughter, slipped away,  
And left him hanging there.

And they braided blades of grass  
Where the truant had to pass;  
And they wriggled through the rushes  
And the reeds of the morass,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Where they danced, in rapture sweet,  
O'er the leaves that laid a street  
Of undulant mosaic for  
The touches of their feet.

By the brook with mossy brink  
Where the cattle came to drink,  
They trilled and piped and whistled  
With the thrush and bobolink,  
Till the kine, in listless pause,  
Switched their tails in mute applause,  
With lifted heads, and dreamy eyes,  
And bubble-dripping jaws.

And where the melons grew,  
Streaked with yellow, green and blue,  
These jolly sprites went wandering  
Through spangled paths of dew;  
And the melons, here and there,  
They made love to, everywhere,  
Turning their pink souls to crimson  
With caresses fond and fair.

Over orchard walls they went,  
Where the fruited boughs were bent  
Till they brushed the sward beneath them  
Where the shine and shadow blent;  
And the great green pear they shook  
Till the sallow hue thereof  
Its features, and the gleam of gold  
Laughed out in every look.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And they stroked the downy cheek  
Of the peach, and smoothed it sleek,  
And flushed it into splendor;  
And, with many an elfish freak,  
Gave the russet's rust a wipe—  
Prankt the rambo with a stripe,  
And the wine-sap blushed its reddest  
As they spanked the pippins ripe.

Through the woven ambuscade  
That the twining vines had made,  
They found the grapes, in clusters,  
Drinking up the shine and shade—  
Plumpt, like tiny skins of wine,  
With a vintage so divine  
That the tongue of fancy tingled  
With the tang of muscadine.

And the golden-banded bees,  
Droning o'er the flowery leas,  
They bridled, reined, and rode away  
Across the fragrant breeze,  
Till in hollow oak and elm  
They had groomed and stabled them  
In waxen stalls that oozed with dews  
Of rose and lily-stem.

Where the dusty highway leads,  
High above the wayside weeds  
They sowed the air with butterflies  
Like blooming flower-seeds,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Till the dull grasshopper sprung  
Half a man's height up, and hung  
Tranced in the heat, with whirring wings,  
And sung and sung and sung!

And they loitered, hand in hand,  
Where the snipe along the sand  
Of the river ran to meet them  
As the ripple meets the land,  
Till the dragon-fly, in light  
Gauzy armor, burnished bright,  
Came tilting down the waters  
In a wild, bewildered flight.

And they heard the killdee's call,  
And afar, the waterfall,  
But the rustle of a falling leaf  
They heard above it all;  
And the trailing willow crept  
Deeper in the tide that swept  
The leafy shallop to the shore,  
And wept and wept and wept!

And the fairy vessel veered  
From its moorings—tacked and steered  
For the centre of the current—  
Sailed away and disappeared:  
And the burthen that it bore  
From the long-enchanted shore—  
“Alas! the South Wind and the Sun!”  
I murmur evermore.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

For the South Wind and the Sun,  
Each so loves the other one,  
For all his jolly folly  
And frivolity and fun  
That our love for them they weigh  
As their fickle fancies may,  
And when at last we love them most,  
They laugh and sail away.

15

### *The Ripest Peach*

THE ripest peach is highest on the tree—  
And so her love, beyond the reach of me,  
Is dearest in my sight. Sweet breezes, how  
Her heart down to me where I worship now!

She looms aloft where every eye may see  
The ripest peach is highest on the tree.  
Such fruitage as her love I know, alas!  
I may not reach here from the orchard grass.

I drink the sunshine showered past her lips  
As roses drain the dewdrop as it drips.  
The ripest peach is highest on the tree,  
And so mine eyes gaze upward eagerly.

Why—why do I not turn away in wrath  
And pluck some heart here hanging in my path?—  
Love's lower boughs bend with them—but, ah me!  
The ripest peach is highest on the tree!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

16

### *Time*

I

THE ticking-ticking-ticking of the clock!—  
That vexed me so last night!—“For though Time  
keeps

Such drowsy watch,” I moaned, “he never sleeps,  
But only nods above the world to mock  
Its restless occupant, then rudely rock

It as the cradle of a babe that weeps!”

I seemed to see the seconds piled in heaps  
Like sand about me; and at every shock

O’ the hell, the piled sands were swirled away  
As by a desert-storm that swept the earth

Stark as a granary floor, whereon the gray  
And mist-bedizzled moon amidst ne dearth  
Came crawling, like a sickly child, to lay  
Its pale face next mine own and weep for day.

II

Wait for the morning! Ah! we wait indeed  
For daylight, we who toss about through stress  
Of vacant-armed desires and emptiness  
Of all the warm, warm touches that we need,  
And the warm kisses upon which we feed  
Our famished lips in fancy! May God bless  
The starved lips of us with but one caress  
Warm as the yearning blood our poor hearts bleed!  
. . . A wild prayer!—bite thy pillow, praying so—  
Toss this side, and whirl that, and moan for dawn;  
Let the clock’s seconds dribble out their woe  
And Time be drained of sorrow! Long ago  
We heard the crowing cock, with answer drawn  
As hoarsely sad at throat as sobs. . . . Pray on!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

17

### *Afterwhiles*

WHERE are they—the Afterwhiles—  
Luring us the lengthening miles  
Of our lives? Where is the dawn  
With the dew across the lawn  
Stroked with eager feet the far  
Way the hills and valleys are?  
Where the sun that smites the frown  
Of the eastward-gazer down?  
Where the rifted wreaths of mist  
O'er us, tinged with amethyst,  
Round the mountain's steep defiles?  
Where are all the afterwhiles?

Afterwhile—and we will go  
Thither, yon, and to and fro—  
From the stifling city streets  
To the country's cool retreats—  
From the riot to the rest  
Where hearts beat the placidest:  
Afterwhile, and we will fall  
Under breezy trees, and loll  
In the shade, with thirsty sight  
Drinking deep the blue delight  
Of the skies that will beguile  
Us as children—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—and one intends  
To be gentler to his friends,—  
To walk with them, in the hush  
Of still evenings, o'er the plush  
Of home-leading fields, and stand

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Long at parting, hand in hand,  
One, in time, will joy to take  
New resolves for some one's sake,  
And wear then the look that lies  
Clear and pure in other eyes—  
He will soothe and reconcile  
His own conscience—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—we have in view  
A far scene to journey to,—  
Where the old home is, and where  
The old mother waits us there,  
Peering, as the time grows late,  
Down the old path to the gate.—  
How we'll click the latch that locks  
In the pinks and hollyhocks,  
And leap up the path once more  
Where she waits us at the door!—  
How we'll greet the dear old smile,  
And the warm tears—afterwhile!

Ah, the endless afterwhiles!—  
Leagues on leagues, and miles on miles,  
In the distance far withdrawn,  
Stretching on, and on, and on,  
Till the fancy is footsore  
And faints in the dust before  
The last milestone's granite face,  
Hacked with: Here Beginneth Space.  
O far glimmering worlds and wings,  
Mystic smiles and beckonings,  
Lead us through the shadowy aisles,  
Out into the afterwhiles.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

18

### *Silence*

**T**HOUSANDS of thousands of hush'd years ago,  
Out on the edge of Chaos, all alone  
I stood on peaks of vapor, high upthrown  
Above a sea that knew nor ebb nor flow,  
Nor any motion won of winds that blow,  
Nor any sound of watery wail or moan,  
Nor lisp of wave, nor wandering undertone  
Of any tide lost in the night below.  
So still it was, I mind me, as I laid  
My thirsty ear against mine own faint sigh  
To drink of that, I sipped it, half afraid  
'Twas but the ghost of a dead voice spilled by  
The one starved star that tottered through the shade  
And came tiptoeing toward me down the sky.

19

### *Grant*

AT REST—AUGUST 8, 1885

*Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wide forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him. . . . And he returned and came again to his horse, and took off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture; and unlaced his helm, and ungirdled his sword, and laid him down to sleep upon his shield before the cross.—AGE OF CHIVALRY.*

**W**HAT shall we say of the soldier, Grant,  
His sword put by and his great soul free?  
How shall we cheer him now or chant  
His requiem befittingly?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The fields of his conquest now are seen  
Ranged no more with his arm'd men—  
But the rank and file of the gold and green  
Of the waving grain is there again.

Though his valiant life is a nation's pride,  
And his death heroic and half divine,  
And our grief as great as the world is wide,  
There breaks in speech but a single line :—  
We loved him living, revere him dead!—  
A silence then on our lips is laid :  
We can say no thing that has not been said,  
Nor pray one prayer that has not been prayed.

But a spirit within us speaks : and lo,  
We lean and listen to wondrous words  
That have a sound as of winds that blow,  
And the voice of waters and low of herds ;  
And we hear, as the song flows on serene,  
The neigh of horses, and then the beat  
Of hooves that skurry o'er pastures green,  
And the patter and pad of a boy's bare feet.

A brave lad, wearing a manly brow,  
Knit as with problems of grave dispute,  
And a face, like the bloom of the orchard bough,  
Pink and pallid, but resolute ;  
And flushed it grows as the clover-bloom,  
And fresh it gleams as the morning dew,  
As he reins his steed where the quick quails boom  
Up from the grasses he races through.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And ho! as he rides what dreams are his?  
And what have the breezes to suggest?—  
Do they whisper to him of shells that whiz  
O'er fields made ruddy with wrongs redressed?  
Does the hawk above him an Eagle float?  
Does he thrill and his boyish heart beat high,  
Hearing the ribbon about his throat  
Flap as a flag as the winds go by?

And does he dream of the Warrior's fame—  
This Western boy in his rustic dress?  
For, in miniature, this is the man that came  
Riding out of the Wilderness!—  
The selfsame figure—the knitted brow—  
The eyes full steady—the lips full mute—  
And the face, like the bloom of the orchard bough,  
Pink and pallid, but resolute.

Ay, this is the man, with features grim  
And stoical as the Sphinx's own,  
That heard the harsh guns calling him,  
As musical as the bugle blown,  
When the sweet spring heavens were clouded o'er  
With a tempest, glowering and wild,  
And our country's flag bowed down before  
Its bursting wrath as a stricken child.

Thus, ready mounted and booted and spurred,  
He loosed his bridle and dashed away!—  
Like a roll of drums were his hoof-beats heard,  
Like the shriek of the fife his charger's neigh!  
And over his shoulder and backward blown,  
We heard his voice, and we saw the sod

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Reel, as our wild steeds chased his own  
As though hurled on by the hand of God!

And still, in fancy, we see him ride  
In the blood-red front of a hundred frays,  
His face set stolid, but glorified  
As a knight's of the old Arthurian days :  
And victor ever as courtly, too,  
Gently lifting the vanquished foe,  
And staying him with a hand as true  
As dealt the deadly avenging blow.

So, brighter than all of the cluster of stars  
Of the flag enshrouding his form to-day,  
His face shines forth from the grime of wars  
With a glory that shall not pass away :  
He rests at last : he has borne his part  
Of salutes and salvos and cheers on cheers—  
But O the sobs of his country's heart,  
And the driving rain of a nation's tears !

I KNOW all about the Sphinx—  
I know even what she thinks,  
Staring with her stony eyes  
Up forever at the skies.

For last night I dreamed that she  
Told me all the mystery—  
Why for æons mute she sat :—  
She was just cut out for that !

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

21

### *Sleep*

THOU drowsy god, whose blurred eyes, half awink,  
Muse on me,—drifting out upon thy dreams,  
I have my soul as in enchanted streams  
Where revelling satyrs pipe along the brink,  
And, tipsy with the melody they drink,  
Uplift their dangling hooves and down the beams  
Of sunshine dance like motes. Thy languor seems  
An ocean-depth of love wherein I sink  
Like some fond Argonaut, right willingly,—  
Because of wooing eyes upturned to mine,  
And siren-arms that coil their sorcery  
About my neck, with kisses so divine,  
The heavens reel above me, and the sea  
Swallows and licks its wet lips over me.

22

### *Illileo*

ILLILEO, the moonlight seemed lost across the vales—  
The stars but strewed the azure as an armor's scattered  
scales;  
The airs of night were quiet as the breath of silken sails,  
And all your words were sweeter than the notes of night-  
ingales.

Illileo Legardi, in the garden there alone,  
With your figure carved of fervor, as the Psyche carved  
of stone,  
There came to me no murmur of the fountain's undertone  
So mystically, musically mellow as your own.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

You whispered low, Illileo—so low the leaves were mute,  
And the echoes faltered breathless in your voice's vain  
pursuit;

And there died the distant dalliance of the serenader's lute:  
And I held you in my bosom as the husk may hold the  
fruit.

Illileo, I listened. I believed you. In my bliss,  
What were all the worlds above me since I found you thus  
in this?—

Let them reeling reach to win me—even Heaven I would  
miss,

Grasping earthward!—I would cling here, though I clung  
by just a kiss.

And blossoms should grow odious—and lilies all aghast—  
And I said the stars should slacken in their paces through  
the vast,

Ere yet my loyalty should fail enduring to the last.—  
So vowed I. It is written. It is changeless as the  
past.

Illileo Legardi, in the shade your palace throws  
Like a cowl about the singer at your gilded porticos,  
A moan goes with the music that may vex the high  
repose

Of a heart that fades and crumbles as the crimson of a  
rose.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

23

### *Ike Walton's Prayer*

I CRAVE, dear Lord,  
No boundless hoard  
Of gold and gear,  
Nor jewels fine,  
Nor lands, nor kine,  
Nor treasure-heaps of anything.—  
Let but a little hut be mine  
Where at the hearthstone I may hear  
The cricket sing,  
And have the shine  
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,  
For my poor sake,  
Our simple home a place divine :—  
Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—  
Love, and the smiling face of God.

I pray not for  
Great riches, nor  
For vast estates and castle-halls,—  
Give me to hear the bare footfalls  
Of children o'er  
An oaken floor  
New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread  
With but the tiny coverlet  
And pillow for the baby's head;  
And, pray Thou, may  
The door stand open and the day  
Send ever in a gentle breeze.  
With fragrance from the locust-trees,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And drowsy moan of doves, and blur  
Of robin-chirps, and drone of bees,  
With after-hushes of the stir  
Of interming' ; sounds, and then  
The goodwife and the smile of her  
Filling the silences again—  
The cricket's call  
And the wee cot,  
Dear Lord of all,  
Deny me not!

I pray not that  
Men tremble at  
My power of place  
And lordly sway,—  
I only pray for simple grace  
To look my neighbor in the face  
Full honestly from day to day—  
Yield me his horny palm to hold,  
And I'll not pray  
For gold;—  
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,  
It hath the kingliest smile on earth;  
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,  
Hath never need of coronet.  
And so I reach,  
Dear Lord, to Thee,  
And do beseech  
Thou givest me  
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,  
Love, and the glad sweet face of her!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

24

### *Her Hair*

THE beauty of her hair bewilders me—  
Pouring adown the brow, its cloven tide  
Swirling about the ears on either side  
And storming round the neck tumultuously :  
Or like the lights of old antiquity  
Through mullioned windows, in cathedrals wide,  
Spilled moltenly o'er figures deified  
In chaste marble, nude of drapery.  
And so I love it.—Either unconfined ;  
Or plaited in close braidings manifold ;  
Or smoothly drawn ; or indolently twined  
In careless knots whose coilings come unrolled  
At any lightest kiss ; or by the wind  
Whipped out in flossy ravellings of gold.

25 *Laughter Holding Both His Sides*

AY, thou varlet ! Laugh away !  
All the world's a holiday !  
Laugh away, and roar and shout  
Till thy hoarse tongue lolleth out !  
Bloat thy cheeks, and bulge thine eyes  
Unto bursting ; pelt thy thighs  
With thy swollen palms, and roar  
As thou never hast before !  
Lustier ! wilt thou ! peal on peal !  
Stiflest ? Squat and grind thy heel—  
Wrestle with thy loins, and then  
Wheeze thee whiles, and whoop again !

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

26

### *Our Kind of a Man*

I

THE kind of a man for you and me!  
He faces the world unflinchingly,  
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,  
With a knuckled faith and force like fists:  
He lives the life he is preaching of,  
And loves where most is the need of love;  
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,  
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears;  
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,  
And the widow's prayer goes up for him;  
The latch is clicked at the hovel door  
And the sick man sees the sun once more,  
And out o'er the barren fields he sees  
Springing blossoms and waving trees,  
Feeling as only the dying may,  
That God's own servant has come that way,  
Smoothing the path as it still winds on  
Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.

II

The kind of a man for me and you!  
However little of worth we do  
He credits full, and abides in trust  
That time will teach us how more is just.  
He walks abroad, and he meets all kinds  
Of querulous and uneasy minds,  
And, sympathizing, he shares the pain  
Of the doubts that rack us, heart and brain;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, knowing this, as we grasp his hand,  
We are surely coming to understand!  
He looks on sin with pitying eyes—  
E'en as the Lord, since Paradise,—  
Else, should we read, Though our sins should glow  
As scarlet, they shall be white as snow?—  
And, feeling still, with a grief half glad,  
That the bad are as good as the good are bad,  
He strikes straight out for the Right—and he  
Is the kind of a man for you and me!

27

### *Last Night—and This*

LAST night—how deep the darkness was!  
— And well I knew its depths, because  
I waded it from shore to shore,  
Thinking to reach the light no more.

She would not even touch my hand.—  
The winds rose and the cedars fanned  
The moon out, and the stars fled back  
In heaven and hid—and all was black!

But ah! To-night a summons came,  
Signed with a tear-drop for a name,—  
For as I wondering kissed it, lo,  
A line beneath it told me so.

And now—the moon hangs over me  
A disk of dazzling brilliancy,  
And every star-tip stabs my sight  
With splintered glitterings of light!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

28

### *The Lost Kiss*

I PUT by the half-written poem,  
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,  
Writes on,—“Had I words to complete it,  
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?”  
But the little bare feet on the stairway,  
Ard th' faint, smothered laugh in the hall,  
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,  
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken  
The tear-faded thread of my theme,  
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,  
A fairy broke in on my dream,  
A little inquisitive fairy—  
My own little girl, with the gold  
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy  
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—  
“For was it a moment like this,”  
I said, “when she knew I was busy,  
To come romping in for a kiss?—  
Come rowdying up from her mother,  
And clamoring there at my knee  
For ‘One ’ittle kiss for my dolly,  
And one ’ittle uzzer for me!’”

God, pity the heart that repelled her,  
And the cold hand that turned her away,  
And take, from the lips that denied her,  
This answerless prayer of to-day!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever  
That pitiful sob of despair,  
And the patte and trip of the little bare feet,  
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,  
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,  
Writes on,—“Had I words to complete it,  
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?”  
But the little bare feet on the stairway,  
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,  
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,  
Cry up to me over it all.

29

*Dearth*

I HOLD your trembling hand to-night--and yet  
I may not know what wealth of bliss is mine,  
My heart is such a curious design  
Of trust and jealousy! Your eyes are wet—  
So must I think they jewel some regret,—  
And lo, the loving arms that round me twine  
Cling only as the tendrils of a vine  
Whose fruit has long been gathered: I forget,  
While crimson clusters of your kisses press  
Their wine out on my lips, my royal fare  
Of rapture, since blind fancy needs must guess  
They once pour'd out their sweetness elsewhere,  
With fuller flavoring of happiness  
Than e'en your broken sobs may now declare.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

30

### *The Beautiful City*

THE Beautiful City! Forever  
Its rapturous praises resound;  
We fain would behold it—but never  
A glimpse of its glory is found:  
We slacken our lips at the tender  
White breasts of our mothers to hear  
Of its marvellous beauty and splendor;—  
We see—but the gleam of a tear!

Yet never the story may tire us—  
First graven in symbols of stone—  
Rewritten on scrolls of papyrus  
And parchment, and scattered and blown  
By the winds of the tongues of all nations,  
Like a litter of leaves wildly whirled  
Down the rack of a hundred translations,  
From the earliest lisp of the world.

We compass the earth and the ocean,  
From the Orient's uttermost light,  
To where the last ripple in motion  
Lips hem of the skirt of the night,—  
But the Beautiful City evades us—  
No spire of it glints in the sun—  
No glad-bannered battlement shades us  
When all our long journey is done.

Where lies it? We question and listen;  
We lean from the mountain, or mast,  
And see but dull earth, or the glisten  
Of seas inconceivably vast:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The dust of the one blurs our vision,  
The glare of the other our brain,  
Nor city nor island Elysian  
In all of the land or the main!

We kneel in dim fanes where the thunders  
Of organs tumultuous roll,  
And the longing heart listens and wonders,  
And the eyes look aloft from the soul:  
But the chanson grows fainter and fainter,  
Swoons wholly away and is dead;  
And our eyes only reach where the painter  
Has dabbled a saint overhead.

The Beautiful City! O mortal,  
Fare hopefully on in thy quest,  
Pass down through the green grassy portal  
That leads to the Valley of Rest;  
There first passed the One who, in pity  
Of all thy great yearning, awaits  
To point out The Beautiful City,  
And loosen the trump at the gates.

WOULD that the winds might only blow  
As they blew in the golden long ago!—  
Laden with odors of Orient isles  
Where ever and ever the sunshine smiles,  
And the bright sands blend with the shady trees,  
And the lotus blooms in the midst of these.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### II

Warm winds won from the midland vales  
To where the tress of the Siren trails  
O'er the flossy tip of the mountain phlox  
And the bare limbs twined in the crested rocks,  
High above as the sea-gulls flap  
Their lopping wings at the thunder-clap.

### III

Ah! that the winds might rise and blow  
The great surge up from the port below,  
Bloating the sad, lank, silken sails  
Of the Argo out with the swift, sweet gales  
That blew from Colchis when Jason had  
His love's full will and his heart was glad—  
When Medea's voice was soft and low.  
Ah! that the winds might rise and blow!

### 32 *From the Headboard of a Grave in Paraguay*

A TROTH, and a grief, and a blessing,  
Disguised them and came this way,—  
And one was a promise, and one was a doubt.  
And one was a rainy day.

And they met betimes with this maiden,—  
And the promise it spake and lied,  
And the doubt it gibbered and hugged itself,  
And the rainy day—she died.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

33

*Indiana*

OUR Land—our Home!—the common home indeed  
Of soil-born children and adopted ones—  
The stately daughters and the stalwart sons  
Of Industry:—All greeting and godspeed!  
O home to proudly live for, and, if need  
Be, proudly die for, with the roar of guns  
Blent with our latest prayer.—So died men once. . . .  
Lo, Peace! . . . As we look on the land THEY freed—  
Its harvests all in ocean-overflow  
Poured round autumnal coasts in billowy gold—  
Its corn and wine and balmèd fruits and flow'rs,—  
We know the exaltation that they know  
Who now, steadfast inheritors, behold  
The Land Elysian, marvelling “This is ours!”

34

*Fame*

ONCE, in a dream, I saw a man,  
With haggard face and tangled hair,  
And eyes that nursed as wild a care  
As gaunt Starvation ever can;  
And in his hand he held a wand  
Whose magic touch gave life and thought  
Unto a form his fancy wrought  
And robed with coloring so grand,  
It seemed the reflex of some child  
Of Heaven, fair and undefiled—  
A face of purity and love—  
To woo him into worlds above:

## THE LOCKERBIE ROOK

And as I gazed with dazzled eyes,  
A gleaming smile lit up his lips  
As his bright soul from its eclipse  
Went flashing into Paradise.  
Then tardy Fame came through the door  
And found a picture—nothing more.

And once I saw a man, alone,  
In abject poverty, with hand  
Uplifted o'er a block of stone  
That took a shape at his command  
And smiled upon him, fair and good—  
A perfect work of womanhood,  
Save that the eyes might never weep,  
Nor weary hands be crossed in sleep,  
Nor hair that fell from crown to wrist,  
Be brushed away, caressed and kissed.  
And as in awe I gazed on her,  
I saw the sculptor's chisel fall—  
I saw him sink, without a moan,  
Sink lifeless at the feet of stone,  
And lie there like a worshipper.  
Fame crossed the threshold of the hall,  
And found a statue—that was all.

And once I saw a man who drew  
A gloom about him like a cloak,  
And wandered aimlessly. The few  
Who spoke of him at all, but spoke  
Disparagingly of a mind  
The Fates had faultily designed:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Too indolent for modern times--  
    Too fanciful, and full of whims--  
For, talking to himself in rhymes,  
    And scrawling never-heard-of hymns,  
The idle life to which he clung  
Was worthless as the songs he sung!  
I saw him, in my vision, filled  
    With rapture o'er a spray of bloom  
The wind threw in his lonely room;  
And of the sweet perfume it spilled  
He drank to drunkenness, and flung  
His long hair back, and laughed and sung  
And clapped his hands as children do  
At fairy tales they listen to,  
While from his flying quill there dripped  
Such music on his manuscript  
That he who listens to the words  
    Lay close his eyes and dream the birds  
    Are twittering on every hand  
A language he can understand.  
He journeyed on through life, unknown,  
Without one friend to call his own;  
He tired. No kindly hand to press  
The cooling touch of tenderness  
Upon his burning brow, nor lift  
To his parched lips God's freest gift—  
No sympathetic sob or sigh  
Of trembling lips—no sorrowing eye  
Looked out through tears to see him die.  
And Fame her greenest laurels brought  
To crown a head that heeded not.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And this is Fame! A thing, indeed,  
That only comes when least the need:  
The wisest minds of every age  
The book of life from page to page  
Have searched in vain; each lesson conned  
Will promise it the page beyond—  
Until the last, when dusk of night  
Falls over it, and reason's light  
Is smothered by that unknown friend  
Who signs his *nom de plume*, The End.

35

### *When Bessie Died*

*"If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;  
If the white feet into the grave had tripped—"*

WHEN Bessie died—  
We braided the brown hair, and tied  
It just as her own little hands  
Had fastened back the silken strands  
A thousand times—the crimson bit  
Of ribbon woven into it  
That she had worn with childish pride—  
Smoothed down the dainty bow—and cried—  
When Bessie died.

When Bessie died—  
We drew the nursery blinds aside,  
And, as the morning in the room  
Burst like a primrose into bloom,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Her pet canary's cage we hung  
Where she might hear him when he sung—  
And yet not any note he tried,  
Though she lay listening folded eyed.

When Bessie died—  
We writhed in prayer unsatisfied :  
We begged of God, and He did smile  
In silence on us all the while ;  
And we did see Him, through our tears,  
Enfolding that fair form of hers,  
She laughing back against His love  
The kisses we had nothing of—  
And death to us He still denied,  
When Bessie died—  
When Bessie died.

36

### *The Shower*

THE landscape, like the awed face of a child,  
Grew curiously blurred ; a hush of death  
Fell on the fields, and in the darkened wild  
The zephyr held its breath.

No wavering glamour-work of light and shade  
Dappled the shivering surface of the brook ;  
The frightened ripples in their ambuscade  
Of willows thrilled and shook.

The sullen day grew darker, and anon  
Dim flashes of pent anger lit the sky ;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

With rumbling wh... ' wrath came rolling on  
The storm's art... cry;

The cloud above put on its blackest frown,  
And then, as with a vengeful cry of pain,  
The lightning snatched it, ripped and flung it down  
In ravelled shreds of rain:

While I, transfigured by some wondrous art,  
Bowed with the thirsty lilies to the sod,  
My empty soul brimmed over, and my heart  
Drenched with the love of God.

37

### *The Dead Lover*

TIME is so long when a man is dead!  
Some one sews; and the room is made  
Very clean; and the light is shed  
Soft through the window-shade.

Yesterday I thought: "I know  
Just how the bells will sound, and how  
The friends will talk, and the sermon go,  
And the hearse-horse bow and bow!"

This is to-day; and I have no thing  
To think of—nothing whatever to do  
But to hear the throb of the pulse of a wing  
That wants to fly back to you.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

38

### *Art and Love*

H E faced his canvas (as a seer whose ken  
Pierces the crust of this existence through)  
And smiled beyond on that his genius knew  
Ere mated with his being. Conscious then  
Of his high theme alone, he smiled again  
Straight back upon himself in many a hue  
And tint, and light and shade, which slowly grew  
Enfeatured of a fair girl's face, as when  
First time she smiles for love's sake with no fear.  
So wrought he, witless that behind him leant  
A woman, with old features, dim and sear,  
And glamoured eyes that felt the brimming tear,  
And with a voice, like some sad instrument,  
That sighing said, "I'm dead there; love me here!"

39

### *The King*

T HEY rode right out of the morning sun—  
A glimmering, glittering cavalcade  
Of knights and ladies, and every one  
In princely sheen arrayed;  
And the king of them all, O he rode ahead,  
With a helmet of gold, and a plume of red  
That spurted about in the breeze and bled  
In the bloom of the everglade.

And they rode high over the dewy lawn,  
With brave, glad banners of every hue  
That rolled in ripples, as they rode on  
In splendor, two and two;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the tinkling links of the golden reins  
Of the steeds they rode rang such refrains  
As the castanets in a dream of Spain's  
Intensest gold and blue.

And they rode and rode ; and the steeds they neighed  
And pranced, and the sun on their glossy hides  
Flickered and lightened and glanced and played  
Like the moon on rippling tides ;  
And their manes were silken, and thick and strong,  
And their tails were flossy, and fetlock-long,  
And jostled in time to the teeming throng,  
And their knightly song besides.

Clank of scabbard and jingle of spur,  
And the fluttering sash of the queen went wild  
In the wind, and the proud king glanced at her  
As one at a wilful child,—  
And as knight and lady away they flew,  
And the banners flapped, and the falcon, too,  
And the lances flashed and the bugle blew,  
He kissed his hand and smiled.—

And then, like a slanting sunlit shower,  
The pageant glittered across the plain,  
And the turf spun back, and the wildweed flower  
Was only a crimson stain.  
And a dreamer's eyes they are downward cast,  
As he blends these words with the wailing blast :  
"It is the King of the Year rides past!"  
And Autumn is here again.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

40

### *A Voice from the Farm*

IT is my dream to have you here with me,  
Out of the heated city's dust and din—  
Here where the colts have room to gambol in,  
And kine to graze, in clover to the knee.  
I want to see your wan face happily  
Lit with the wholesome smiles that have not been  
In use since the old games you used to win  
When we pitched horseshoes: And I want to be  
At utter loaf with you in this dim land  
Of grove and meadow, while the crickets make  
Our own talk tedious, and the bat wields  
His bulky flight, as we cease converse and  
In a dusk like velvet smoothly take  
Our way toward home across the dewy fields.

41

### *The Serenade*

THE midnight is not more bewildering  
To her drowsed eyes, than, to her ears, the sound  
Of dim, sweet singing voices, interwound  
With purl of flute and subtle twang of string,  
Strained through the lattice, where the roses cling  
And, with their fragrance, waft the note around  
Her haunted senses. Thirsting beyond bound  
Of her slow-yielding dreams, the lilt and swing  
Of the mysterious, delirious tune,  
She drains like some strange opiate, with awed eyes  
Upraised against her casement, where, aswoon,  
The stars fail from her sight, and up the skies  
Of alien azure rolls the full round moon  
Like some vast bubble blown of summer noon.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

42

### *Anselmo*

YEARS did I vainly seek the good Lord's grace,—  
Prayed, fasted, and did penance dire and dread;  
Did kneel, with bleeding knees and rainy face,  
And mouth the dust, with ashes on my head;  
Yea, still with knotted scourge the flesh I flayed,  
Rent fresh the wounds, and moaned and shrieked insanely;  
And froth oozed with the pleadings that I made,  
And yet I prayed on vainly, vainly, vainly!  
A time, from out of swoon I lifted eye,  
To find a wretched outcast, gray and grim,  
Bathing my brow, with many a pitying sigh,  
And I did pray God's grace might rest on him.—  
Then, lo! a gentle voice fell on mine ears—  
"Thou shalt not sob in suppliance hereafter;  
Take up thy prayers and wring them dry of tears,  
And lift them, white and pure with love and laughter!"  
So is it now for all men else I pray;  
So is it I am blest and glad alway.

43

### *Who Bides His Time*

WHO bides his time, and day by day  
Faces defeat full patiently,  
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,  
However poor his fortunes be,—  
He will not fail in any qualm  
Of poverty—the paltry dime  
It will grow golden in his palm,  
Who bides his time.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet  
Of honey in the saltiest tear;  
And though he fares with slowest feet,  
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near:  
The birds are heralds of his cause;  
And, like a never-ending rhyme,  
The roadsides bloom in his applause,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not  
In the hot race that none achieves,  
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought  
With crimson berries in the leaves;  
And he shall reign a goodly king,  
And sway his hand o'er every clime,  
With peace writ on his signet-ring,  
Who bides his time.

44

### *The Harper*

LIKE a drift of faded blossoms  
Caught in a slanting rain,  
His fingers glimpsed down the strings of his harp  
In a tremulous refrain:

Patter and tinkle, and drip and drip!  
Ah! but the chords were rainy sweet!  
And I closed my eyes and I bit my lip,  
As he played there in the street.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Patter, and drip, and tinkle!  
And there was the little bed  
In the corner of the garret,  
And the rafters overhead!

And there was the little window—  
Tinkle, and drip, and drip!—  
The rain above, and a mother's love,  
And God's companionship!

45

### *A Song*

HERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear;  
There is ever a something sings alway:  
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,  
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.  
The sunshine showers across the grain,  
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;  
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,  
The swallows are twittering easelessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair,  
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—  
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue:  
The robin pipes when the sun is here,  
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,  
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;  
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair,  
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—  
There is ever a song somewhere !

46

### *A Fruit-Picce*

THE afternoon of summer folds  
Its warm arms round the marigolds,

And, with its gleaming fingers, pets  
The watered pinks and violets

That from the casement vases spill,  
Over the cottage window-sill,

Their fragrance down the garden walks  
Where droop the dry-mouthed hollyhocks.

How vividly the sunshine scrawls  
The grape-vine shadows on the walls !

How like a truant swings the breeze  
In high boughs of the apple-trees !

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The slender "free-stone" lifts aloof,  
Full languidly above the roof,

A hoard of fruitage, stamped with gold  
And precious mintings manifold.

High up, through curled green leaves, a pear  
Hangs hot with ripeness here and there.

Beneath the sagging trellisings,  
In lush, lack-lustre clusterings,

Great torpid grapes, all fattened through  
With moon and sunshine, shade and dew,

Until their swollen girths express  
But forms of limp deliciousness—

Drugged to an indolence divine  
With heaven's own sacramental wine.

## 47     *If I Knew What Poets Know*

I F I knew what poets know,  
Would I write a rhyme  
Of the buds that never blow  
    In the summer-time?  
Would I sing of golden seeds  
Springing up in ironweeds?  
And of raindrops turned to snow,  
If I knew what poets know?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Did I know what poets do,  
Would I sing a song  
Sadder than the pigeon's coo  
When the days are long?  
Where I found a heart in pain,  
I would make it glad again;  
And the false should be the true,  
Did I know what poets do.

If I knew what poets know,  
I would find a theme  
Sweeter than the placid flow  
Of the fairest dream:  
I would sing of love that lives  
On the errors it forgives;  
And the world would better grow  
If I knew what poets know.

### 48 *Where the Children Used to Play*

THE old farm-home is Mother's yet and mine,  
And filled it is with plenty and to spare,—  
But we are lonely here in life's decline,  
Though fortune smiles around us everywhere:  
We look across the gold  
Of the harvests, as of old—  
The corn, the fragrant clover, and the hay;  
But most we turn our gaze,  
As with eyes of other days,  
To the orchard where the children used to play.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

*O from our life's full measure  
And rich hoard of worldly treasure  
We often turn our weary eyes away,  
And hand in hand we wander  
Down the old path winding yonder  
To the orchard where the children used to play.*

Our sloping pasture-lands are filled with herds;  
The barn and granary-bins are bulging o'er;  
The grove's a paradise of singing birds—  
The woodland brook leaps laughing by the door;  
Yet lonely, lonely still,  
Let us prosper as we will,  
Our old hearts seem so empty everyway—  
We can only through a mist  
See the faces we have kissed  
In the orchard where the children used to play.

*O from our life's full measure  
And rich hoard of worldly treasure  
We often turn our weary eyes away,  
And hand in hand we wander  
Down the old path winding yonder  
To the orchard where the children used to play.*

## PIPES O' PAN

49

*Pan*

**T**HIS Pan is but an idle god, I guess,  
Since all the fair midsummer of my dreams  
He loiters listlessly by woody streams,  
Soaking the lush glooms up with laziness;  
Or drowsing while the maiden-winds caress  
Him prankishly, and powder him with gleams  
Of sifted sunshine. And he ever seems  
Drugged with a joy unutterable—unless  
His low pipes whistle hints of it far out  
Across the ripples to the dragon-fly  
That, like a wind-born blossom blown about,  
Drops quiveringly down, as though to die—  
Then lifts and wavers on, as if in doubt  
Whether to fan his wings or fly without.

50

*Kissing the Rod*

**O** HEART of mine, we shouldn't  
Worry so!  
What we've missed of calm we couldn't  
Have, you know!  
What we've met of stormy pain,  
And of sorrow's driving rain,  
We can better meet again,  
If it blow!

60

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

We have erred in that dark hour  
    We have known,  
When our tears fell with the shower,  
    All alone!—

Were not shine and shadow blen.  
As the gracious Master meant?—  
Let us temper our content  
    With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow  
    Can be sad;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow  
    We have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years  
    Just be glad.

51

### *The Legend Glorified*

"I DEEM that God is not disquieted"—  
This in a mighty poet's rhymes I read;  
And blazoned so for' ver doth abide  
Within my soul the legend glorified.

Though awful tempests thunder overhead,  
I deem that God is not disquieted,—  
The faith that trembles somewhat yet is sure  
Through storm and darkness of a way secure.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Bleak winters, when the naked spirit hears  
The break of hearts, through stinging sleet of tears,  
I deem that God is not disquieted;  
Against all stresses am I clothed and fed.

Nay, even with fixed eyes and broken breath,  
My feet dip down into the tides of death,  
Nor any friend be left, nor prayer be said,  
I deem that God is not disquieted.

52

### *Wait for the Morning*

**W**AIT for the morning:—It will come, indeed,  
As surely as the night hath given need.  
The yearning eyes, at last, will strain their sight  
No more unanswered by the morning light;  
No longer will they vainly strive, through tears,  
To pierce the darkness of thy doubts and fears,  
But, bathed in balmy dews and rays of dawn,  
Will smile with rapture o'er the darkness drawn.

Wait for the morning, O thou smitten child,  
Scorned, scourged and persecuted and reviled—  
Athirst and famishing, none pitying thee,  
Crowned with the twisted thorns of agony—  
No faintest gleam of sunlight through the dense  
Infinity of gloom to lead thee thence.—  
Wait for the morning:—It will come, indeed,  
As surely as the night hath given need.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

53

### *Bells Jangled*

I LIE low-coiled in a nest of dreams;

The lamp gleams dim i' the odorous gloom,  
And the stars at the casement leak long gleams  
O'er misty light through the haunted room

Where I lie low-coiled in dreams.

The moist winds ooze o'er my dusk-drowned face

In a dewy flood that ebbs and flows,  
Washing a surf of dim white lace

Under my throat and the dark red rose  
In the shade of my dusk-drowned face.

There's a silken strand of some clear sound

Slipping out of a skein of song,  
Eerily as a call unwotning

From a fairy bugle, it . . . . .  
In a silken strand of song.

There's the tinkling drip of a faint guitar;

There's a gurgling flute, and a blaring horn  
Blowing bubbles of tune afar

O'er the misty heights of the hills of morn,  
To the drip of a faint guitar.

And I dream that I neither sleep nor wake—

Careless am I if I wake or sleep,  
For my soul floats out on the waves that break  
In crests of song on the shoreless deep  
Where I neither sleep nor wake.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 54      *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*

A N old sweetheart of mine!—Is this her presence here  
with me,  
Or but a vain creation of a lover's memory?  
A fair, illusive vision that would vanish into air  
Dared I even touch the silence with the whisper of a  
prayer?

Nay, let me then believe in all the blended false and true—  
The semblance of the *old* love and the substance of the  
*new*.—

The *then* of changeless sunny days—the *now* of shower and  
shine—

But Love forever smiling—as that old sweetheart of mine.

This ever-restful sense of *home*, though shouts ring in the  
hall.—

The easy-chair—the old bookshelves and prints along the  
wall;

The rare *Habanas* in their box, or gaunt churchwarden-  
stem

That often wags, above the jar, derisively at them.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album, all alone,  
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,  
So I turn the leaves of Fancy, till, in shadowy design,  
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise...  
As I turn it low—to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,  
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to seek  
Its fate with my tobacco and to vanish with the smoke.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

'Tis a *fragrant* retrospection,—for the loving thoughts that start

Into being are like perfume from the blossom of the heart;  
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—  
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart  
of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,  
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings—  
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme  
When Care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream—

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm  
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm,—  
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine  
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of  
mine.

O Childhood-days enchanted! O the magic of the Spring!—  
With all green boughs to blossom white, and all bluebirds  
to sing!

When all the air, to toss and quaff, made life a jubilee  
And changed the children's song and laugh to shrieks of  
ecstasy.

With eyes half closed in clouds that ooze from lips that  
taste, as well,  
The peppermint and cinnamon, I hear the old School-bell,  
And from "Recess" romp in again from "Blackman's"  
broken line,  
To smile, behind my "lesson," at that old sweetheart of  
mine.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

A face of lily-beauty, with a form of airy grace,  
Floats out of my tobacco as the Genii from the vase;  
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes  
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress  
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the  
caress

With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine  
Grew 'round the stump," she loved me—that old sweet-  
heart of mine.

Again I made her presents, in a really helpless way,—  
The big "Rhode Island Greening"—I was hungry, too, that  
day!—

But I follow her from Spelling, with her hand behind her—  
so—

And I slip the apple in it—and the Teacher doesn't know!

I give my *treasures* to her—all,—my pencil—blue-and-  
red!—

And, if little girls played marbles, *mine* should all be *hers*  
instead!

But *she* gave me her *photograph*, and printed "Ever Thine"  
Across the back—in blue-and-red—that old sweetheart  
mine!

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand.  
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned.—  
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do  
But write the tender verses that she set the music to . . .

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

When we should live together in a cozy little cot  
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-spot,  
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever  
fine,  
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of  
mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,  
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was  
gray;  
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were  
dumb  
They would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had  
come.

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,  
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing  
there:  
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign,—  
To greet the *living* presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

55

### *A Leave-Taking*

**S**HE will not smile;  
She will not stir;  
I marvel while  
I look on her.  
The lips are chilly  
And will not speak;  
The ghost of a lily  
In either cheek.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Her hair—ah me!--  
Her hair—her hair!  
How helplessly  
My hands go there!  
But my caresses  
Meet not hers,  
O golden tresses  
That thread my tears!

I kiss the eyes  
On either lid,  
Where her love lies  
Forever hid.  
I cease my weeping  
And smile and say:  
I shall be sleeping  
Thus, some day!

56

*Kneeling With Herrick*

DEAR Lord, to Thee my knee is bent.—  
Give me content—  
Full pleased with what comes to me,  
Whate'er it be:  
A humble roof—a frugal board,  
And simple hoard;  
The wintry fagot piled beside  
The chimney wide,

57

H E

Take th  
Back

Turn ba

Let's f

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Tha i

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

While the enwreathing flames up-sprout  
And twine about  
The brazen dogs that guard my hearth  
And household worth:  
Tinge with the embers' ruddy glow  
The rafters low;  
And let the sparks snap with delight,  
As singers might  
That mark deft measures of some tune  
The children croon:  
Then, with good friends, the rarest few  
Thou holdest true,  
Ranged round about the blaze, to share  
My comfort there,—  
Give me to claim the service meet  
That makes each seat  
A place of honor, and each guest  
Loved as the rest.

57

### Babyhood

H EIGH-HO! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger!  
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;  
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger  
Back to the lotus-lands of the far-away!

Turn back the leaves of life.—Don't read the story.—  
Let's find the *pictures*, and fancy all the rest;  
We can fill the written pages with a brighter glory  
Than Old Time, the story-teller, at his very best.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Turn to the brook where the honeysuckle tipping  
O'er its vase of perfume spills it on the breeze,  
And the bee and humming-bird in ecstasy are sipping  
From the fairy-flagons of the blooming locust-trees.

Turn to the lane—where we used to “teeter-jotter,”  
Printing little foot-palms in the mellow mold—  
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the water  
Where the ripples dimple round the buttercups of gold

Where the dusky turtle lies basking on the gravel  
Of the sunny sand-bar in the middle tide,  
And the ghostly dragon-fly pauses in his travel  
To rest like a blossom where the water-lily died.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger!  
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;  
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger  
Back to the lotus-lands of the far-away!

58

*In a Box*

I SAW them last night in a box at the play—  
Old age and young youth side by side.—  
You might know by the glasses that pointed that way  
That they were—a groom and a bride;  
And you might have known, too, by the face of the groom,  
And the tilt of his head, and the grim  
Little smile of his lip, he was proud to presume  
That we men were all envying him.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Well, she was superb—an Elaine in the face—  
A Godiva in figure and mien,  
With the arm and the wrist of a Parian "Grace,"  
And the high-lifted brow of a queen;  
But I thought, in the splendor of wealth and of pride,  
And her beauty's ostensible prize,  
I should hardly be glad if she sat by my side  
With that far-away look in her eyes.

59

### *Lullaby*

THE maple strews the embers of its leaves  
O'er the laggard swallows nestled 'neath the eaves;  
And the moody cricket falters in his cry—Baby bye!—  
And the lid of night is falling o'er the sky—Baby bye!—  
The lid of night is falling o'er the sky!

The rose is lying pallid, and the cup  
Of the frosted calla-lily folded up;  
And the breezes through the garden sob and sigh—Baby-  
bye!—  
O'er the sleeping blooms of Summer where they lie—Baby-  
bye!—  
O'er the sleeping blooms of Summer where they lie!

Yet, Baby—O my Baby, for your sake  
This heart of mine is ever wide awake,  
And my love may never droop a drowsy eye—Baby bye!—  
Till your own are wet above me when I die—Baby-bye!—  
Till your own are wet above me when I die

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

60

### To My Good Master

**I**N FANCY, always, at thy desk, thrown wide,  
Thy most betreasured books ranged neighborly—  
The rarest rhymes of every land and sea  
And curious tongue—thine old face glorified,—  
Thou haltest thy glib quill, and, laughing-eyed,  
Givest hale welcome even unto me,  
Profaning thus thine attic's sanctity,  
Briefly to visit, yet to still abide  
Enthralled there of thy sorcery of wit  
And thy songs' most exceeding dear conceits.  
O lips, cleft to the ripe core of all sweets,  
With poems, like nectar, issuing therefrom,  
Thy gentle utterances do overcome  
My listening heart and all the love of it!

61

### Dear Hands

**T**HE touches of her hands are like the fall  
Of velvet snowflakes; like the touch of down  
The peach just brushes 'gainst the garden wall;  
The flossy fondlings of the thistle-wisp  
Caught in the crinkle of a leaf of brown  
The blighting frost hath turned from green to crisp.

Soft as the falling of the dusk at night,  
The touches of her hands, and the delight—  
The touches of her hands!  
The touches of her hands are like the dew  
That falls so softly down no one e'er knew  
The touch thereof save lovers like to one  
Astray in lights where ranged Endymion.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O rarely soft, the touches of her hands,  
As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands;  
Or pulse of dying fay; or fairy sighs;  
Or—in between the midnight and the dawn,  
When long unrest and tears and fears are gone—  
Sleep, smoothing down the lids of weary eyes.

62

### *Three Dead Friends*

ALWAYS suddenly they are gone—  
The friends we trusted and held secure—  
Suddenly we are gazing on,  
Not a *smiling* face, but the marble-pure  
Dead mask of a face that nevermore  
To a smile of ours will make reply—  
The lips close-locked as the eyelids are.—  
Gone—swift as the flash of the molten ore  
A meteor pours through a midnight sky,  
Leaving it blind of a single star.

Tell us, O Death, Remorseless Might!  
What is this old, unescapable ire  
You wreak on us?—from the birth of light  
Till the world be charred to a core of fire!  
We do no evil thing to you—  
We seek to evade you—that is all—  
That is your will—you will not be known  
Of men. What, then, would you have us do?—  
Cringe, and wait till your vengeance fall,  
And your graves be fed, and the trumpet blown?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

You desire no friends; but we—O we  
    Need them so, as we falter here,  
Fumbling through each new vacancy,  
    As each is stricken that we hold dear.  
One you struck but a year ago;  
    And one not a month ago; and one—  
        (God's vast pity!)—and one lies now  
Where the widow wails, in her nameless woe,  
    And the soldiers pace, with the sword and gun,  
        Where the comrade sleeps, with the laureled brow.

And what did the first?—that wayward soul,  
    Clothed of sorrow, yet nude of sin,  
And with all hearts bowed in the strange control  
    Of the heavenly voice of his violin.  
Why, it was music the way he stood,  
    So grand was the poise of the head and so  
        Full was the figure of majesty!—  
One heard with the eyes, as a deaf man would,  
    And with all sense brimmed to the overflow  
        With tears of anguish and ecstasy.

And what did the girl, with the great warm light  
    Of genius sunning her eyes of blue,  
With her heart so pure, and her soul so white—  
    What, O Death, did she do to you?  
Through field and wood as a child she strayed,  
    As Nature, the dear sweet mother, led;  
        While from her canvas, mirrored back,  
Glimmered the stream through the everglade  
    Where the grape-vine trailed from the trees to wed  
        Its likeness of emerald, blue, and black.

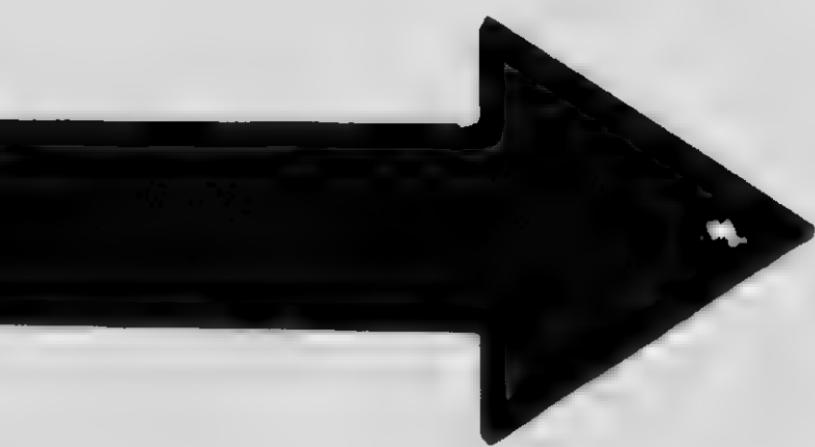
## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And what did he, who, the last of these,  
Faced you, with never a fear, O Death?  
Did you hate *him* that he loved the breeze,  
And the morning dews, and the rose's breath?  
Did you hate him that he answered not  
Your hate again—but turned, instead,  
His only hate on his country's wrongs?  
Well—you possess him, dead!—but what  
Of the good he wrought?—With laureled head  
He bides with us in his deeds and songs.

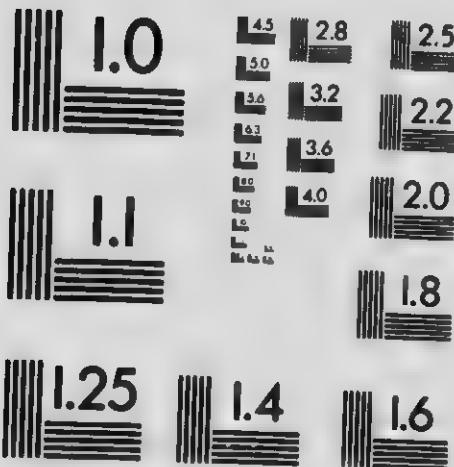
Laureled, first, that he bravely fought,  
And forged a way to our flag's release;  
Laureled, next, for the harp he taught  
To wake glad songs in the days of peace—  
Songs of the woodland haunts he held  
As close in his love as they held their bloom  
In their inmost bosoms of leaf and vine—  
Songs that echoed and pulsed and welled  
Through the town's pent streets, and the sick child's room,  
Pure as a shower in soft sunshine.

Claim them, Death; yet their fame endures.  
What friend next will you rend from us  
In that cold, pitiless way of yours,  
And leave us a grief more dolorous?  
Speak to us!—tell us, O Dreadful Power!—  
Are we to have not a lone friend left?—  
Since, frozen, sodden, or green the sod,  
In every second of every hour,  
*Some one*, Death, you have thus bereft,  
Half inaudibly shrieks to God.





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THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

63

*In the South*

THERE is a princess in the South  
About whose beauty rumors hum  
Like honey-bees about the mouth  
Of roses dewdrops falter from;  
And O her hair is like the fine  
Clear amber of a jostled wine  
In tropic revels; and her eyes  
Are blue as rifts of Paradise.

Such beauty as may none before  
Kneel daringly, to kiss the tips  
Of fingers such as knights of yore  
Had died to lift against their lips:  
Such eyes as might the eyes of gold  
Of all the stars of night behold  
With glittering envy, and so glare  
In dazzling splendor of despair.

So, were I but a minstrel, deft  
At weaving, with the trembling strings  
Of my glad harp, the warp and weft  
Of rondels such as rapture sings,—  
I'd loop my lyre across my breast,  
Nor stay me till my knee found rest  
In midnight banks of bud and flower  
Beneath my lady's lattice-bower.

And there, drenched with the teary dews,  
I'd woo her with such wondrous art  
As well might stanch the songs that ooze  
Out of the mock-bird's breaking heart;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

So light, so tender, and so sweet  
Should be the words I would repeat,  
Her casement, on my gradual sight,  
Would blossom as a lily might.

64

### *The Lost Path*

A LONE they walked—their fingers knit together  
And swaying listlessly as might a swing  
Wherein Dan Cupid dangled in the weather  
Of some sun-flooded afternoon of Spring.

Within the clover-fields the tickled cricket  
Laughed lightly as they loitered down the lane,  
And from the covert of the hazel-thicket  
The squirrel peeped and laughed at them again.

The bumblebee that tipped the lily-vases  
Along the roadside in the shadows dim,  
Went following the blossoms of their faces  
As tho' their sweets must needs be shared with him.

Between the pasture bars the wondering cattle  
Stared wistfully, and from their mellow bells  
Shook out a welcoming whose dreamy rattle  
Fell swooningly away in faint farewells.

And tho' at last the gloom of night fell o'er them  
And folded all the landscape from their eyes,  
They only knew the dusky path before them  
Was leading safely on to Paradise.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

65

### *In Bohemia*

HAI MY DEAR! I'm back again—  
Vendor of Bohemia's wares!

Lordy! How it pants a man  
Climbing up those awful stairs!  
Well, I've made the dealer say  
Your sketch *might* sell, anyway!  
And I've made a publisher  
Hear my poem, Kate, my dear!

In Bohemia, Kate, my dear—  
Lodgers in a musty flat  
On the top floor—living here  
Neighborless, and used to that,—  
Like a nest beneath the eaves,  
So our little home receives  
Only guests of chirping cheer,  
We'll be happy, Kate, my dear!

Under your north-light there, you  
At your easel, with a stain  
On your nose of Prussian blue,  
Paint your bits of shine and rain;  
With my feet thrown up at will  
At my littered window-sill,  
I write rhymes that ring as clear  
As your laughter, Kate, my dear!

Puff my pipe, and stroke my hair—  
Bite my pencil-tip and gaze  
At you, mutely mooning there  
O'er your "Aprils" and your "Mays!"—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Equal inspiration in  
Dimples of your cheek and chin  
And the golden atmosphere  
Of your paintings, Kate, my dear!

*Trying!* Yes, at times it is,—  
To clink happy rhymes, and fling  
On the canvas scenes of bliss,  
When we are half famishing!—  
When your “jersey” rips in spots,  
And your hat’s “forget-me-nots”  
Have grown tousled, old and sere—  
It is trying, Kate, my dear!

But—as sure—*some* picture sells,  
And—sometimes—the poetry.—  
Bless us! How the parrot yells  
His acclaims at you and me!  
How we revel then in scenes  
Of high banqueting!—sardines—  
Salads—olives—and a sheer  
Pint of sherry, Kate, my dear!

Even now I cross your palm  
With this great round world of gold!—  
“Talking wild?” Perhaps I am—  
Then, this little five-year-old!—  
Call it anything you will,  
So it lifts your face until  
I may kiss away that tear  
Ere it drowns me, Kate, my dear!



THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

66

*A Worn-Out Pencil*

WELLADAY!

Here I lay  
You at rest—all worn away,  
O my pencil, to the tip  
Of our old companionship!

Memory

Sighs to see

What you are, and used to be,  
Looking backward to the time  
When you wrote your earliest rhyme!—

When I sat

Filing at

Your first point, and dreaming that  
Your initial song should be  
Worthy of posterity.

With regret

I forget

If the song be living yet,

Yet remember, vaguely now,  
It was honest, anyhow.

You have brought

Me a thought—

Truer yet was never taught.—

That the silent song is best,  
And the unsung worthiest.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

So if I,  
When I die,  
May as uncomplainingly  
Drop aside as now you do,  
Write of me, as I of you:—

Here lies one  
Who begun  
Life a-singing, heard of none;  
And he died, satisfied,  
With his dead songs by his side.

67

### *Where Shall We Land?*

"Where shall we land you, sweet?"—Swinburne

ALL listlessly we float  
Out seaward in the boat  
That beareth Love.  
Our sails of purest snow  
Bend to the blue below  
And to the blue above.  
Where shall we land?

We drift upon a tide  
Shoreless on every side,  
Save where the eye  
Of Fancy sweeps far lands  
Shelved slopingly with sands  
Of gold and porphyry.  
Where shall we land?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The fairy isles we see,  
Loom up so mistily—  
So vaguely fair,  
We do not care to break  
Fresh bubbles in our wake  
To bend our course for there.  
Where shall we land?

The warm winds of the deep  
Have lulled our sails to sleep,  
And so we glide  
Careless of wave or wind,  
Or change of any kind,  
Or turn of any tide.  
Where shall we land?

We droop our dreamy eyes  
Where our reflection lies  
Steeped in the sea,  
And, in an endless fit  
Of languor, smile on it  
And its sweet mimicry.  
Where shall we land?

"Where shall we land?" God's grace!  
I know not any place  
So fair as this—  
Swung here between the blue  
Of sea and sky, with you  
To ask me, with a kiss,  
"Where shall we land?"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

68

### *The Rain*

I

THE rain! the rain! the rain!  
It gushed from the skies and streamed  
Like awful tears; and the sick man thought  
How pitiful it seemed!  
And he turned his face away  
And stared at the wall again,  
His hopes nigh dead and his heart worn out.  
O the rain! the rain! the rain!

II

The rain! the rain! the rain!  
And the broad stream brimmed the shores;  
And ever the river crept over the reeds  
And the roots of the sycamores:  
A corpse swirled by in a drift  
Where the boat had snapt its chain—  
And a hoarse-voiced mother shrieked and raved.  
O the rain! the rain! the rain!

III

The rain! the rain! the rain!—  
Pouring, with never a pause,  
Over the fields and the green byways—  
How beautiful it was!  
And the new-made man and wife  
Stood at the window-pane  
Like two glad children kept from school.—  
O the rain! the rain! the rain!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

69

### *The Drum*

O THE drum!

There is some

Intonation in thy grum

Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,  
As we hear,

Through the clear

And unclouded atmosphere,

Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear!

There's a part

Of the art

Of thy music-throbbing heart

That thrills a something in us that awakens with a start,  
And in rhyme

With the chime

And exactitude of time,

Goes marching on to glory to thy melody sublime.

And the guest

Of the breast

That thy rolling robs of rest

Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental dressed;

And he looms

From the glooms

Of a century of tombs,

And the blood he spilled at Lexington in living beauty  
blooms.

And his eyes

Wear the guise

Of a purpose pure and wise,

As the love of them is lifted to a something in the skies

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

That is bright

Red and white,

With a blur of starry light,

As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and night.

There are deep

Hushes creep

O'er the pulses as they leap,

As thy tumult, fainter growing, on the silence falls asleep,  
While the prayer

Rising there

Wills the sea and earth and air

As a heritage to Freedom's sons and daughters everywhere.

Then, with sound

As profound

As the thunderings resound,

Come thy wild reverberations in a throe that shakes the  
ground,

And a cry

Flung on high,

Like the flag it flutters by,

Wings rapturously upward till it nestles in the sky.

O the drum!

There is some

Intonation in thy grum

Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,  
As we hear,

Through the clear

And unclouded atmosphere,

Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

70

*Has She Forgotten?*

I

HAS she forgotten? On this very May  
We were to meet here, with the birds and bees,  
As on that Sabbath, underneath the trees  
We strayed among the tombs, and stripped away  
The vines from these old granites, cold and gray—  
And yet, indeed, not grim enough were they  
To stay our kisses, smiles, and ecstasies,  
Or closer voice-lost vows and rhapsodies.  
Has she forgotten—that the May has won  
Its promise?—that the bird-songs from the tree  
Are sprayed above the grasses as the sun  
Might jar the dazzling dew down showeringly?  
Has she forgotten life—love—every one—  
Has she forgotten me—forgotten me?

II

Low, low down in the violets I press  
My lips and whisper to her. Does she hear,  
And yet hold silence, though I call her dear,  
Just as of old, save for the tearfulness  
Of the clenched eyes, and the soul's vast distress?  
Has she forgotten thus the old caress  
That made our breath a quickened atmosphere  
That failed nigh unto swooning with the sheer  
Delight? Mine arms clutch now this earthen heap  
Sodden with tears that flow on ceaselessly  
As autumn rains the long, long, long nights weep  
In memory of days that used to be,—  
Has she forgotten these? And, in her sleep,  
Has she forgotten me—forgotten me?

56

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### III

To-night, against my pillow, with shut eyes,  
I mean to weld our faces through the dense  
Incalculable darkness make pretense  
That she has risen from her reveries  
To mate her dreams with mine in marriages  
Of mellow palms, smooth faces, and tense ease  
Of every longing nerve of indolence.—  
Lift from the grave her quiet lips, and stun  
My senses with her kisses—crawl the glee  
Of her glad mouth, full blithe and tenderly,  
Across mine own, forgetful it is done  
The old love's awful dawn-time when said' we,  
"To-day is ours!" . . . Ah, Heaven! can it be  
She has forgotten me—forgotten me!

71

### *Moon-Drowned*

"T WAS the height of the fête when we quitted the riot  
And quietly stole to the terrace alone,  
Where, pale as the lovers that ever swear by it,  
The moon it gazed down as a god from his throne:  
We stood there enchanted.—And O the delight of  
The sight of the stars and the moon and the sea,  
And the infinite skies of that opulent night of  
Purple and gold and ivory!

The lisp of the lip of the ripple just under—  
The half-awake nightingale's dream in the yews—  
Came up from the water, and down from the wonder  
Of shadowy foliage, drowsed with the dews,—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Unsteady the firefly's taper—unsteady  
The poise of the stars, and their light in the tide,  
As it struggled and writhed in caress of the eddy,  
As love in the billowy breast of a bride.

The far-away lilt of the waltz rippled to us,  
And through us the exquisite thrill of the air :  
Like the scent of bruised bloom was her breath, and its dew  
was  
Not honeyer-sweet than her warm kisses were.  
We stood there enchanted.—And O the delight of  
The sight of the stars and the moon and the sea,  
And the infinite skies of that opulent night of  
Purple and gold and ivory !

72

### *At Noon—And Midnight*

FAR in the night, and yet no rest for him ! The pillow  
next his own  
The wife's sweet face in slumber pressed—yet he awake—  
alone ! alone !  
In vain he courted sleep ;—one thought would ever in his  
heart arise,—  
The harsh words that at noon had brought the teardrops  
to her eyes.

Slowly on lifted arm he raised and listened. All was still  
as death ;  
He touched her forehead as he gazed, and listened yet,  
with bated breath :

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Still silently, as though he prayed, his lips moved lightly as  
she slept—  
For God was with him, and he laid his face with hers and  
wept.

### 73      *When My Dreams Come True*

I

WHEN my dreams come true—when my dreams come  
true—  
Shall I lean from out my casement, in the starlight and the  
dew,  
To listen—smile and listen to the tinkle of the strings  
Of the sweet guitar my lover's fingers fondle, as he sings?  
And as the nude moon slowly, slowly shoulders into view,  
Shall I vanish from his vision—when my dreams come  
true?

When my dreams come true—shall the simple gown I wear  
Be changed to softest satin, and my maiden-braided hair  
Be raveled into flossy mists of rarest, fairest gold,  
To be minted into kisses, more than any heart can hold?—  
Or “the summer of my tresses” shall my lover liken to  
“The fervor of his passion”—when my dreams come true?

### II

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among the  
sheaves  
Of happy harvest meadows; and the grasses and the leaves  
Shall lift and lean between me and the splendor of the sun,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Till the noon swoons into twilight, and the gleaners' work  
is done—

Save that yet an arm shall bind me, even as the reapers do  
The meanest sheaf of harvest—when my dreams come true.

When my dreams come true! when my dreams come true!  
True love, in all simplicity, is fresh and pure as dew;—  
The blossom in the blackest mold is kindlier to the eye  
Than any lily born of pride that looms against the sky:  
And so it is I know my heart will gladly welcome you,  
My lowliest of lovers, when my dreams come true.

75

74

### *The Bat*

I  
**T**HOU dread, uncanny thing,  
With fuzzy breast and leathern wing,  
In mad, zigzagging flight,  
Notching the dusk, and buffeting  
The black cheeks of the night,  
With grim delight!

II

What witch's hand unhasps  
Thy keen claw-cornered wings  
From under the barn roof, and flings  
Thee forth, with chattering gasps,  
To scud the air,  
And nip the ladybug, and tear  
Her children's hearts out unaware?

III

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### III

The glow-worm's glimmer, and the bright,  
Sad pulsings of the firefly's light,  
Are banquet-lights to thee.  
O less than bird, and worse than beast,  
Thou Devil's self, or brat, at least,  
Grate not thy teeth at me!

75

### *In the Dark*

O IN the depths of midnight  
What fancies haunt the brain!  
When even the sigh of the sleeper  
Sounds like a sob of pain.

A sense of awe and of wonder  
I may never well define,—  
For the thoughts that come in the shadows  
Never come in the shine.

The old clock down in the parlor  
Like a sleepless mourner grieves,  
And the seconds drip in the silence  
As the rain drips from the eaves.

And I think of the hands that signal  
The hours there in the gloom,  
And wonder what angel watchers  
Wait in the darkened room.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And I think of the smiling faces  
That used to watch and wait,  
Till the click of the clock was answered  
By the click of the opening gate.—

They are not there now in the evening—  
Morning or noon—not there;  
Yet I know that they keep their vigil,  
And wait for me Somewhere.

76

### *At Broad Ripple*

AH, LUXURY! Beyond the heat  
And dust of town, with dangling feet  
Astride the rock below the dam,  
In the cool shadows where the calm  
Rests on the stream again, and all  
Is silent save the waterfall,—  
I bait my hook and cast my line,  
And feel the best of life is mine.

No high ambition may I claim—  
I angle not for lordly game  
Of trout, or bass, or wary bream—  
A black perch reaches the extreme  
Of my desires; and “goggle-eyes”  
Are not a thing that I despise;  
A sunfish, or a “chub,” or “cat”—  
A “silverside”—yea, even that!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

In eloquent tranquillity  
The waters lisp and talk to me.  
Sometimes, far out, the surface breaks,  
As some proud bass an instant shakes  
His glittering armor in the sun,  
And romping ripples, one by one,  
Come dallying across the space  
Where undulates my smiling face.

The river's story flowing by,  
Forever sweet to ear and eye,  
Forever tenderly begun—  
Forever new and never done.  
Thus lulled and sheltered in a shade  
Where never feverish cares invade,  
I bait my hook and cast my line,  
And feel the best of life is mine.

## RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD

77

### *The Days Gone By*

O THE days gone by! O the days gone by!  
 The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through  
 the rye;

The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail  
 As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;  
 When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the  
 sky,

And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped  
 By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies dipped,  
 And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the  
 brink

Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,  
 And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's way-  
 ward cry

And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!  
 The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye;  
 The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—  
 The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,—  
 When life was like a story holding neither sob nor sigh,  
 In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

78

### *Jack-In-The-Box*

[*Grandfather, musing*]

I N childish days! O memory,  
You bring such curious things to me!—  
Laughs to the lip—tears to the eye,  
In looking on the gifts that lie  
Like broken playthings scattered o'er  
Imagination's nursery floor!  
Did these old hands once click the key  
That let "Jack's" box-lid upward fly,  
And that blear-eyed, fur-whiskered elf  
Leap, as though frightened at himself,  
And quiveringly lean and stare  
At me, his jailer, laughing there?

A child then! Now—I only know  
They call me very old; and so  
They will not let me have my way,—  
But uselessly I sit all day  
Here by the chimney-jamb, and poke  
The lazy fire, and smoke and smoke,  
And watch the wreaths swoop up the flue,  
And chuckle—ay, I often do—  
Seeing again, all vividly,  
Jack-in-the-box leap, as in glee  
To see how much he looks like me!

. . . They talk. I can't hear what they say—  
But I am glad, clean through and through  
Sometimes, in fancying that they  
Are saying, "Sweet, that fancy strays  
In age back to our childish days!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

79

### *The Funny Little Fellow*

'TWAS a Funny Little Fellow  
    Of the very purest type,  
For he had a heart as mellow  
    As an apple overripe;  
And the brightest little twinkle  
    When a funny thing occurred,  
And the lightest little tinkle  
    Of a laugh you ever heard!

His smile was like the glitter  
    Of the sun in tropic lands,  
And his talk a sweeter twitter  
    Than the swallow understands;  
Hear him sing—and tell a story—  
    Snap a joke—ignite a pun,—  
'Twas a capture—rapture—glory,  
    And explosion—all in one!

Though he hadn't any money—  
    That condiment which tends  
To make a fellow "honey"  
    For the palate of his friends;—  
Sweet simples he compounded—  
    Sovereign antidotes for sin  
Or taint,—a faith unbounded  
    That his friends were genuine.

He wasn't honored, maybe—  
    For his songs of praise were slim,—  
Yet I never knew a baby  
    That wouldn't crow for him;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I never knew a mother  
    But urged a kindly claim  
Upon him as a brother,  
    At the mention of his name.

The sick have ceased their sighing,  
    And have even found the grace  
Of a smile when they were dying  
    As they looked upon his face;  
And I've seen his eyes of laughter  
    Melt in tears that only ran  
As though, swift-dancing after,  
    Came the Funny Little Man.

He laughed away the sorrow  
    And he laughed away the gloom  
We are all so prone to borrow  
    From the darkness of the tomb;  
And he laughed across the ocean  
    Of a happy life, and passed,  
With a laugh of glad emotion,  
    Into Paradise at last.

And I think the Angels knew him,  
    And had gathered to await  
His coming, and run to him  
    Through the widely opened Gate,  
With their faces gleaming sunny  
    For his laughter-loving sake,  
And thinking, "What a funny  
    Little Angel he will make!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

80

### *Uncle Sidney's Views*

I HOLD that the true age of wisdom is when  
We are boys and girls, and not women and men,—  
When as credulous children we *know* things because  
We *believe* them—however averse to the laws.  
It is *faith*, then, not science and reason, I say,  
That is genuine wisdom.—And would that to-day  
We, as then, were as wise and ineffably blest  
As to live, love and die, and trust God for the rest!

So I simply deny the old notion, you know,  
That the wiser we get as the older we grow!—  
For in *youth* all we know we are *certain* of.—Now  
The greater our knowledge, the more we allow  
For sceptical margin.—And hence I regret  
That the world isn't flat, and the sun doesn't set,  
And we may not go creepi. ; up home, when we die,  
Through the moon, like a round yellow hole in the sky.

81

### *The Pixy People*

I T was just a very  
Merry fairy dream!—  
All the woods were airy  
With the gloom and gleam;  
Crickets in the clover  
Clattered clear and strong,  
And the bees droned over  
Their old honey-song!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

In the mossy passes,  
Saucy grasshoppers  
Leaped about the grasses  
And the thistle-burs;  
And the whispered chuckle  
Of the katydid  
Shook the honeysuckle  
Blossoms where he hid.

Through the breezy mazes  
Of the lazy June,  
Drowsy with the hazes  
Of the dreamy noon,  
Little Pixy people  
Winged above the walk,  
Pouring from the steeple  
Of a mullein-stalk.

One—a gallant fellow—  
Evidently King,—  
Wore a plume of yellow  
In a jewelled ring  
On a pansy bonnet,  
Gold and white and blue,  
With the dew still on it,  
And the fragrance, too.

One—a dainty lady,—  
Evidently Queen—  
Wore a gown of shady  
Moonshine and green,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

With a lace of gleaming  
Starlight that sent  
All the dewdrops dreaming  
Everywhere she went.

One wore a waistcoat  
Of rose-leaves, out and in;  
And one wore a faced-coat  
Of tiger-lily-skin;  
And one wore a next coat  
Of palest galingale;  
And one a tiny street-coat,  
And one a swallow-tail.

And Ho! sang the King of them,  
And Hey! sang the Queen;  
And round and round the ring of them  
Went dancing o'er the green;  
And Hey! sang the Queen of them,  
And Ho! sang the King—  
And all that I had seen of them  
—Wasn't anything!

It was just a very  
Merry fairy dream!—  
All the woods were airy  
With the gloom and gleam;  
Crickets in the clover  
Clattered clear and strong,  
And the bees droned over  
Their old honey-song!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

82

### *The Prayer Perfect*

DEAR Lord! kind Lord!  
Gracious Lord! I pray  
Thou wilt look on all I love,  
Tenderly to-day!  
Weed their hearts of weariness,  
Scatter every care  
Down a wake of angel wings  
Winnowing the air.  
  
Bring unto the sorrowing  
All release from pain;  
Let the lips of laughter  
Overflow again;  
And with all the needy  
O divide, I pray,  
This vast treasure of content  
That is mine to-day!

83

### *Winter Fancies*

I

WINTER without  
And warmth within;  
The winds may shout  
And the storm begin;  
The snows may pack  
At the window-pane,  
And the skies grow black,  
And the sun remain  
Hidden away  
The livelong day—  
But here—in here is the warmth of May!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### II

Swoop your spitefullest  
Up the flue,  
Wild Winds—do!

What in the world do I care for you?

O delightfullest  
Weather of all,  
Howl and squall,  
And shake the trees till the last leaves fall!

### III

The joy one feels,  
In an easy-chair,  
Cocking his heels  
In the dancing air  
That wreathes the rim of a roaring stove  
Whose heat loves better than hearts can love,  
Will not permit  
The coldest day  
To drive away  
The fire in his blood, and the bliss of it!

### IV

Then blow, Winds, blow!  
And rave and shriek,  
And snarl and snow,  
Till your breath grows weak—  
While here in my room  
I'm as snugly shut  
As a glad little worm  
In the heart of a nut!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 84      *A Child's Home—Long Ago*

EVEN as the gas-flames flicker to and fro,  
The Old Man's wavering fancies leap and glow,—  
As o'er the vision, like a mirage, falls  
The old log cabin with its dingy walls,  
And crippled chimney with its crutch-like prop  
Beneath a sagging shoulder at the top:  
The coonskin battened fast on either side—  
The wisps of leaf-tobacco—"cut-and-dried";  
The yellow strands of quartered apples, hung  
In rich festoons that tangle in among  
The morning-glory vines that clamber o'er  
The little clapboard roof above the door:  
The old well-sweep that drops a courtesy  
To every thirsting soul so graciously,  
The stranger, as he drains the dripping gourd,  
Intuitively murmurs, "Thank the Lord!"  
Again through mists of memory arise  
The simple scenes of home before the eyes:—  
The happy mother, humming, with her wheel,  
The dear old melodies that used to steal  
So drowsily upon the summer air,  
The house-dog hid his bone, forgot his care,  
And nestled at her feet, to dream, perchance,  
Some cooling dream of winter-time romance:  
The square of sunshine through the open door  
That notched its edge across the puncheon floor,  
And made a golden coverlet whereon  
The god of slumber had a picture drawn  
Of Babyhood, in all the loveliness  
Of dimpled cheek and limb and linsey dress:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The bough-filled fireplace, and the mantel wide,  
Its fire-scorched ankles stretched on either side,  
Where, perched upon its shoulders 'neath the joist,  
The old clock hiccupped, harsh and husky-voiced,  
And snarled the premonition, dire and dread,  
When it should hammer Time upon the head:  
Tomatoes, red and yellow, in a row,  
Preserved not then for diet, but for show,—  
Like rare and precious jewels in the rough  
Whose worth was not appraised at half enough:  
The jars of jelly, with their dusty tops;  
The bunch of pennyroyal; the cordial drops;  
The flask of camphor, and the vial of squills,  
The box of buttons, garden-seeds, and pills;  
And, ending all the mantel's bric-à-brac,  
The old, time-honored "Family Almanack."  
And memory, with a mother's touch of love,  
Climbs with us to the dusky loft above,  
Where drowsily we trail our fingers in  
The mealy treasures of the harvest bin;  
And, feeling with our hands the open track,  
We pat the bag of barley on the back;  
And, groping onward through the mellow gloom,  
We catch the hidden apple's faint perfume,  
And, mingling with it, fragrant hints of pear  
And musky melon ripening somewhere.  
Again we stretch our limbs upon the bed  
Where first our simple childish prayers were said;  
And while, without, the gallant cricket trills  
A challenge to the solemn whippoorwills,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, filing on the chorus with his glee,  
The katydid whets all the harmony  
To feather-edge of incoherent song,  
We drop asleep, and peacefully along  
The current of our dreams we glide away  
To the dim harbor of another day.

85

### *The Boys*

WHERE are they?—the friends of my childhood en-  
chanted—

The clear, laughing eyes looking back in my own,  
And the warm, chubby fingers my palms have so wanted,  
As when we raced over

Pink pastures of clover,  
And mocked the quail's whir and the bumblebee's drone?

Have the breezes of time blown their blossomy faces  
Forever adrift down the years that are flown?  
Am I never to see them romp back to their places,  
Where over the meadow,

In sunshine and shadow,  
The meadow-larks trill, and the bumblebees drone?

Where are they? Ah! dim in the dust lies the clover;  
The whippoorwill's call has a sorrowful tone,  
And the dove's—I have wept at it over and over;—  
I want the glad lustre

Of youth, and the cluster  
Of faces asleep where the bumblebees drone!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

86

### *The Land of Used-To-Be*

AND where's the Land of Used-to-be, does little baby  
wonder?

Oh, we will clap a magic saddle over "Poppie's" knee  
And ride away around the world, and in and out and under  
The whole of all the golden sunny Summer-time and see.

Leisurely and lazy-like we'll jostle on our journey,  
And let the pony bathe his hooves and cool them in the  
dew,

As he sidles down the shady way, and lags along the ferny  
And green, grassy edges of the lane we travel through.

And then we'll canter on to catch the bubble of the thistle  
As it bumps among the butterflies and glimmers down  
the sun,

To leave us laughing, all content to hear the robin whistle  
Or guess what Katydid is saying little Katy's done.

And pausing here a minute, where we hear the squirrel  
chuckle

As he darts from out the underbrush and scampers up  
the tree,

We will gather buds and locust-blossoms, leaves and honey-  
suckle,

To wreath around our foreheads, riding into Used  
to-be;—

For here's the very rim of it that we go swinging over—  
Don't you hear the Fairy bugles, and the tinkle of the  
bells,

And see the baby-bumblebees that tumble in the clover  
And dangle from the tilted pinks and tipsy pimpernels?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And don't you see the merry faces of the daffodillies,  
And the jolly Johnny-jump-ups, and the buttercups  
a-glee,  
And the low, lolling ripples ring around the water-lilies?—  
All greeting us with laughter, to the Land of Used-to-be!

And here among the blossoms of the blooming vines and  
grasses,  
With a haze forever hanging in the sky forever blue,  
And with a breeze from over seas to kiss us as it passes,  
We will romp around forever as the airy Elwins do!

For all the elves of earth and air are swarming here together—  
The prankish Puck, King Oberon, and Queen Titania  
too;

And dear old Mother Goose herself, as sunny as the  
weather,  
Comes dancing down the dewy walks to welcome me and  
you!

87

*Mabel*

SWEET little face, so full of slumber now—  
Sweet lips unlifted now with any kiss—  
Sweet dimpled cheek and chin, and snowy brow,—  
What quietude is this?

O speak! Have you forgotten, yesterday,  
How gladly you came running to the gate  
To meet us in the old familiar way,  
So joyous—so elate—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

So filled with wildest glee, yet so serene  
With innocence of song and childish chat,  
With all the dear caresses in between—  
Have you forgotten that?

Have you forgotten, knowing gentler charms,  
The boisterous love of one you ran to greet  
When you last met, who caught you in his arms  
And kissed you, in the street?

Not very many days have passed since then,  
And yet between that kiss and him there lies  
No pathway of return—unless again,  
In streets of Paradise,

Your eager feet come twinkling down the gold  
Of some bright thoroughfare ethereal,  
To meet and greet him there just as of old.—  
Till then, farewell—farewell.

**B**ABY'S dying,  
Do not stir—  
Let her spirit lightly float  
Through the sighing  
Lips of her—  
Still the murmur in the throat;  
Let the moan of grief be curbed—  
Baby must not be disturbed!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Baby's dying,  
Do not stir—

Let her pure life lightly swim  
Through the sighing  
Lips of her—  
Out from us and up to HIM—  
Let her leave us with that smile—  
Kiss and miss her after while.

89

### *Uninterpreted*

SUPINELY we lie in the grove's shady greenery,  
Gazing, all dreamy-eyed, up through the trees,—  
And as to the sight is the heavenly scenery,  
So to the hearing the sigh of the breeze.

We catch but vague rifts of the blue through the wavering  
Boughs of the maples; and, like undefined,  
The whispers and lisps of the leaves, faint and quavering,  
Meaningless falter and fall on the mind.

The vine, with its beauty of blossom, goes rioting  
Up by the casement, as sweet to the eye  
As the trill of the robin is restful and quieting  
Heard in a drowse with the dawn in the sky.

And yet we yearn on to learn more of the mystery—  
We see and we hear, but forever remain  
Mute, blind and deaf to the ultimate history  
Born of a rose or a patter of rain.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

90

### *He Called Her In*

**H**E called her in from me and shut the door.  
And she so loved the sunshine and the sky!—  
She loved them even better yet than I  
That ne'er knew dearth of them—my mother dead,  
Nature had nursed me in her lap instead:  
And I had grown a dark and eerie child  
That rarely smiled,  
Save when, shut all alone in grasses high,  
Looking straight up in God's great lonesome sky  
And coaxing Mother to smile back on me.  
'Twas lying thus, this fair girl suddenly  
Came on me, nestled in the fields beside  
A pleasant-seeming home, with doorway wide—  
The sunshine beating in upon the floor  
Like golden rain.—  
O sweet, sweet face above me, turn again  
And leave me! I had cried, but that an ache  
Within my throat so gripped it I could make  
No sound but a thick sobbing. Cowering so,  
I felt her light hand laid  
Upon my hair—a touch that ne'er before  
Had tamed me thus, all soothed and unafraid—  
It seemed the touch the children used to know  
When Christ was here, so dear it was—so dear,—  
At once I loved her as the leaves love dew  
In midmost summer when the days are new.  
Barely an hour I knew her, yet a curl  
Of silken sunshine did she clip for me  
Out of the bright May-morning of her hair,  
And bound and gave it to me laughingly,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And caught my hands and called me "*Little girl,*"  
Tiptoeing, as she spoke, to kiss me there!  
And I stood dazed and dumb for very stress  
Of my great happiness.  
She plucked me by the gown, nor saw how mean  
The raiment—drew me with her everywhere:  
Smothered her face in tufts of grasses green:  
Put up her dainty hands and peeped between  
Her fingers at the blossoms—crooned and talked  
To them in strange, glad whispers, as we walked,—  
Said *this* one was her angel mother—*this*,  
Her baby-sister—come back, for a kiss,  
Clean from the Good-World!—smiled and kissed them,  
then

Closed her soft eyes and kissed them o'er again.  
And so did she beguile me—so we played.—  
She was the dazzling Shine—I, the dark Shade—  
And we did mingle like to these, and thus,  
Together, made  
The perfect summer, pure and glorious.  
So blent we, till a harsh voice broke upon  
Our happiness.—She, startled as a fawn,  
Cried, "Oh, 'tis Father!"—all the blossoms gone  
From out her cheeks as those from out her grasp.—  
Harsher the voice came:—She could only gasp  
Affrightedly, "Good-bye!—good-bye! good-bye!"  
And lo, I stood alone, with that harsh cry  
Ringing a new and unknown sense of shame  
Through soul and frame,  
And, with wet eyes, repeating o'er and o'er,—  
"He called her in from me and shut the door!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

He called her in from me and shut the door!  
And I went wandering alone again—  
So lonely—O so very lonely then,  
I thought no little sallow star, alone  
In all a world of twilight, e'er had known  
Such utter loneliness. But that I wore  
Above my heart that gleaming tress of hair  
To lighten up the night of my despair,  
I think I might have groped into my grave  
Nor cared to wave  
The ferns above it with a breath of prayer.  
And how I hungered for the sweet, sweet face  
That bent above me in my hiding-place  
That day amid the grasses there beside  
Her pleasant home!—"Her *pleasant* home!" I sighed,  
Remembering;—then shut my teeth and feigned  
The harsh voice calling *me*,—then clinched my nails  
So deeply in my palms, the sharp wounds pained,  
And tossed my face toward heaven, as one who pales  
In splendid martyrdom, with soul serene,  
As near to God as high the guillotine.  
And I had *envied* her? Not that—O no!  
But I had longed for some sweet haven so!—  
Wherein the tempest-beaten heart might ride  
Sometimes at peaceful anchor, and abide  
Where those that loved me touched me with their hands,  
And looked upon me with glad eyes, and slipped  
Smooth fingers o'er my brow, and lulled the strands  
Of my wild tresses, as they backward tipped  
My yearning face and kissed it satisfied.  
Then bitterly I murmured as before,—  
"He called her in from me and shut the door!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

He called her in from me and shut the door!  
After long struggling with my pride and pain—  
A weary while it seemed, in which the more  
I held myself from her, the greater fain  
Was I to look upon her face again;—  
At last—at last—half conscious where my feet  
Were faring, I stood waist-deep in the sweet  
Green grasses there where she  
First came to me.—

The very blossoms she had plucked that day,  
And, at her father's voice, had cast away,  
Around me lay,  
Still bright and blooming in these eyes of mine;  
And as I gathered each one eagerly,  
I pressed it to my lips and drank the wine  
Her kisses left there for the honey-bee.  
Then, after I had laid them with the tress  
Of her bright hair with lingering tenderness,  
I, turning, crept on to the hedge that bound  
Her pleasant-seeming home—but all around  
Was never sign of her!—The windows all  
Were blinded; and I heard no rippling fall  
Of her glad laugh, nor any harsh voice call;—  
But, clutching to the tangled grasses, caught  
A sound as though a strong man bowed his head  
And sobbed alone—unloved—uncomforted!—  
And then straightway before  
My tearless eyes, all vividly, was wrought,  
A vision that is with me evermore:—  
A little girl that lies asleep, nor hears  
Nor heeds not any voice nor fall of tears.—  
And I sit singing o'er and o'er and o'er,—  
"God called her in from him and shut the door!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

91

### *Mother Goose*

DEAR Mother Goose! most motherly and dear  
Of all good mothers who have laps wherein  
We children nestle safest from all sin,—  
I cuddle to thy bosom, with no fear  
To there confess that though thy cap be queer,  
And thy curls gimlety, and thy cheeks thin,  
And though the winker'd mole upon thy chin  
Tickles thy very nose-tip,—still to hear  
The jolly jingles of mine infancy  
Crooned by thee, makes mine eager arms, as now,  
To twine about thy neck full tenderly,  
Drawing the dear old face down, that thy brow  
May dip into my purest kiss, and be  
Crowned ever with the baby-love of me.

92

### *The All-Golden*

THROUGH every happy line I sing  
I feel the tonic of the Spring.  
The day is like an old-time face  
That gleams across some grassy place—  
An old-time face—an old-time chum  
Who rises from the grave to come  
And lure me back along the ways  
Of time's all-golden yesterdays.  
Sweet day! to thus remind me of  
The truant boy I used to love—  
To set, once more, his finger-tips  
Against the blossom of his lips,  
And pipe for me the signal known  
By none but him and me alone!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### II

I see, across the school-room floor,  
The shadow of the open door,  
And dancing dust and sunshine blend  
Slanting the way the morning went,  
And beckoning my thoughts afar  
Where reeds and running waters are;  
Where amber-colored bayous glass  
The half-drown'd weeds and wisps of grass,  
Where sprawling frogs, in loveless key,  
Sing on and on incessantly.  
Against the green wood's dim expanse  
The cattail tilts its tufted lance,  
While on its tip—one might declare  
The white "snake-feeder" blossomed there!

### III

I catch my breath, as children do  
In woodland swings when life is new,  
And all the blood is warm as wine  
And tingles with a tang divine.  
My soul soars up the atmosphere  
And sings aloud where God can hear,  
And all my being leans intent  
To mark His smiling wonderment.  
O gracious dream, and gracious time,  
And gracious theme, and gracious rhyme—  
When buds of Spring begin to blow  
In blossoms that we used to know  
And lure us back along the ways  
Of time's all-golden yesterdays!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 93 *Longfellow's Love for the Children*

A WAKE, he loved their voices,  
And wove them 'ito his rhyme;  
And the music of their laughter  
Was with him all the time.

Though he knew the tongues of nations,  
And their meanings all were dear,  
The prattle and lisp of a little child  
Was the sweetest for him to hear.

### 94

### *The Little-Red-Apple Tree*

THE Little-red-apple Tree!—  
O the Little-red-apple Tree!  
When I was the little-est bit of a boy  
And you were a boy with me!  
The bluebird's flight from the topmost boughs,  
And the boys up there—so high  
That we rocked over the roof of the house  
And whooped as the winds went by!

95

Hey! The Little-red-apple Tree!  
With the garden-beds below,  
And the old grape-arbor so welcomely  
Hiding the rake and hoe!  
Hiding, too, as the sun dripped through  
In spatters of wasted gold,  
Frank and Amy away from you  
And me in the days of old!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The Little-red-apple Tree!—

In the edge of the garden-spot,  
Where the apples fell so lavishly  
Into the neighbor's lot;—  
So do I think of you alway,  
Brother of mine, as the tree,—  
Giving the ripest wealth of your love  
To the world as well as me.

Ho! The Little-red-apple Tree!

Sweet as its juiciest fruit  
Spanged on the palate spicily,  
And rolled o'er the tongue to boot,  
Is the memory still and the joy  
Of the Little-red-apple Tree,  
When I was the little-est bit of a boy  
And you were a boy with me!

THIS is the way the baby slept:  
A mist of tresses backward thrown  
By quavering sighs where kisses crept  
With yearnings she had never known:  
The little hands were closely kept  
About a lily newly blown—  
And God was with her. And we wept.  
And this is the way the baby slept.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

96

*McFeeeters' Fourth*

**I**T was needless to say 'twas a glorious day,  
And to boast of it all in that spread-eagle way  
That our Forefathers had since the hour of the birth  
Of this most patriotic republic on earth!  
But 'twas justice, of course, to admit that the sight  
Of the old Stars-and-Stripes was a thing of delight  
In the eyes of a fellow, however he tried  
To look on the day with a dignified pride  
That meant not to brook any turbulent glee  
Or riotous flourish of loud jubilee!

So argued McFeeeters, all grim and severe,  
Who the long night before, with a feeling of fear,  
Had slumbered but fitfully, hearing the swish  
Of the sky-rocket over his roof, with the wish  
That the boy-siend who fired it were fast to the end  
Of the stick to for ever and ever ascend!  
Or to hopelessly ask why the boy with the horn  
And its horrible havoc had ever been born!  
Or to wish, in his wakefulness, staring aghast,  
That this Fourth of July were as dead as the last!

So, yesterday morning, McFeeeters arose,  
With a fire in his eyes, and a cold in his nose,  
And a guttural voice in appropriate key  
With a temper as gruff as a temper could be.  
He growled at the servant he met on the stair,  
Because he was whistling a national air,  
And he growled at the maid on the balcony, who  
Stood enrapt with the tune of "The Red-White-and-Blue"  
That a band was discoursing like mad in the street,  
With drumsticks that banged, and with cymbals that beat.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And he growled at his wife, as she buttoned his vest,  
And applausively pinned a rosette on his breast  
Of the national colors, and lured from his purse  
Some change for the boys—for fire-crackers—or worse;  
And she pointed with pride to a soldier in blue  
In a frame on the wall, and the colors there, too;  
And he felt, as he looked on the features, the glow  
The painter found there twenty long years ago,  
And a passionate thrill in his breast, as he felt  
Instinctively round for the sword in his belt.

What was it that hung like a mist o'er the room?—  
The tumult without—and the music—the boom  
Of the cannon—the blare of the bugle and fife?—  
No matter!—McFeeters was kissing his wife,  
And laughing and crying and waving his hat  
Like a genuine soldier, and crazy, at that!  
—Was it needless to say 'twas a glorious day  
And to boast of it all in that spread-eagle way  
That our Forefathers had since the hour of the birth  
Of this most patriotic republic on earth?

97

### *The Way the Baby Came*

O THIS is the way the baby came:  
    Out of the night as comes the dawn;  
Out of the embers as the flame;  
    Out of the bud the blossom on  
The apple-bough that blooms the same  
    As in glad summers dead and gone—  
With a grace and beauty none could name—  
O this is the way the baby came!

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

98

*A Sleeping Beauty*

A N alien wind that blew and blew  
Over the fields where the ripe grain grew,  
  
Sending ripples of shine and shade  
That crept and crouched at her feet and played.  
  
The sea-like summer washed the moss  
Till the sun-drenched lilies hung like floss,  
  
Draping the throne of green and gold  
That lulled her there like a queen of old.

II

Was it the hum of a bumblebee,  
Or the long-hushed bugle eerily  
  
Winding a call to the daring Prince  
Lost in the wood long ages since?—  
  
A dim old wood, with a palace rare  
Hidden away in its depths somewhere!

Was it the Princess, tranced in sleep,  
Awaiting her lover's touch to leap  
  
Into the arms that bent above?—  
To thaw his heart with the breath of love—  
  
And cloy his lips, through her waking tears,  
With the dead-ripe kiss of a hundred years!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

III

An alien wind that blew and blew.—  
I had blurred my eyes as the artists do,

Coaxing life to a half-sketched face,  
Or dreaming bloom for a grassy place.

The bee droned on in an undertone;  
And a shadow-bird trailed all alone

Across the wheat, while a liquid cry  
Dripped from above, as it went by.

What to her was the far-off whir  
Of the quail's quick wing or the chipmunk's chirr?—

What to her was the shade that slid  
Over the hill where the reapers hid?—

Or what the hunter, with one foot raised,  
As he turned to go—yet, pausing, gazed?

99

### *Exceeding All*

LONG life's a lovely thing to know,  
With lovely health and wealth, forsooth,  
And lovely name and fame—But O  
    The loveliness of Youth!

121

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 100 *When Early March Seems Middle May*

WHEN country roads begin to thaw  
In mottled spots of damp and dust,  
And fences by the margin draw

Along the frosty crust  
Their graphic silhouettes, I say,  
The Spring is coming round this way.

When morning-time is bright with sun  
And keen with wind, and hot: confuse  
The dancing, glancing eyes of one

With tears that ooze and ooze—  
And nose-tips weep as well as they,  
The Spring is coming round this way.

When suddenly some shadow-bird  
Goes wavering beneath the gaze,  
And through the hedge the moan is heard

Of kine that fain would graze  
In grasses new, I smile and say,  
The Spring is coming round this way.

When knotted horse-tails are untied,  
And teamsters whistle here and there,  
And clumsy mitts are laid aside

And choppers' hands are bare,  
And chips are thick where children play,  
The Spring is coming round this way.

When through the twigs the farmer tramps,  
And troughs are chunked beneath the trees,  
And fragrant hints of sugar-camps  
Astray in every breeze,—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

When early March seems middle May,  
The Spring is coming round this way.

When coughs are changed to laughs, and when  
Our frowns melt into smiles of glee,  
And all our blood thaws out again  
    In streams of ecstasy,  
    And poets break their roundelay,  
    The Spring is coming round this way.

101

### *A Sudden Shower*

BAREFOOTED boys scud up the street  
    Or scurry under sheltering sheds;  
And school-girl faces, pale and sweet,  
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

Doors bang; and mother-voices call  
    From alien homes; and rusty gates  
Are slammed; and high above it all,  
    The thunder grim reverberates.

And then, abrupt,—the rain! the rain!—  
    The earth lies gasping; and the eyes  
Behind the streaming window-pane  
    Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes; sharp echoes ring;  
    The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;  
And into town comes galloping  
    The farmer's horse, with steaming flank.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The swallow dips beneath the eaves  
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;  
And under the Catawba leaves  
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumblebee is pelted down  
The wet stem of the hollyhock;  
And sullenly, in spattered brown,  
The cricket leaps the garden-walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands  
And crows with rapture strange and vague;  
Without, beneath the rose-bush stands  
A dripping rooster on one leg.

BUT yesterday  
I looked away .  
O'er happy lands, where sunshine lay  
In golden blots,  
Inlaid with spots  
Of shade and wild forget-me-nots.

My head was fair  
With flaxen hair,  
And fragrant breezes, faint and rare,  
And, warm with drouth  
From out the south,  
Blew all my curls across my mouth.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, cool and sweet,  
My naked feet  
Found dewy pathways through the wheat;  
And out again  
Where, down the lane,  
The dust was dimpled with the rain.

### II

But yesterday!—  
Adream, astray,  
From morning's red to evening's gray,  
O'er dales and hills  
Of daffodills  
And lorn sweet-fluting whippoorwills.

I knew nor cares  
Nor tears nor prayers—  
A mortal god, crowned unawares  
With sunset—and  
A sceptre-wand  
Of apple-blossoms in my hand!

The dewy blue  
Of twilight grew  
To purple, with a star or two  
Whose lisping rays  
Failed in the blaze  
Of sudden fireflies through the haze.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### III

But yesterday  
I heard the lay—  
Of summer birds, when I, as they  
With breast and wing,  
All quivering  
With life and love, could only sing

My head was leant  
Where, with it, blent  
A maiden's, o'er her instrument;  
While all the night,  
From vale to height,  
Was filled with echoes of delight.

And all our dreams  
Were lit with gleams  
Of that lost land of reedy streams,  
Along whose brim  
Forever swim  
Pan's lilies, laughing up at him.

### IV

But yesterday! . . .  
O blooms of May,  
And summer roses—where away?  
O stars above;  
And lips of love,  
And all the honeyed sweets thereof!—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O 'ld and lass,  
And orchard pass,  
And briered lane, and daisied grass !  
O gleam and gloom,  
And woodland bloom,  
And breezy breaths of all perfume !—

No more for me  
Or mine shall be  
Thy raptures—save in memory,—  
No more—no more—  
Till through the Door  
Of Glory gleam the days of yore.

103

### *Song—For November*

WHILE skies glint bright with bluest light  
Through clouds that race o'er field and town,  
And leaves go dancing left and right,  
And orchard apples tumble down;  
While school-girls sweet, in lane or street,  
Lean 'gainst the wind and feel and hear  
Its glad heart like a lover's beat,—  
So reigns the rapture of the year.

*Then ho! and hey! and whoop-hooray!*  
*Though winter clouds be looming,*  
*Remember a November day*  
*Is merrier than mildest May*  
*With all her blossoms blooming.*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

While birds in scattered flight are blown  
Aloft and lost in bosky mist,  
And truant boys send home alone  
'Neath skies of gold and amethyst;  
While twilight falls, and echo calls  
Across the haunted atmosphere,  
With low, sweet laughs at intervals,—  
So reigns the rapture of the year.

*Then hot and hey! and whoop-hooray!*  
*Though winter clouds be looming,*  
*Remember a November day*  
*Is merrier than mildest May*  
*With all her blossoms blooming.*

104

### *On the Sunny Side*

**H**I and whoop-hooray, boys!  
Sing a song of cheer!  
Here's a holiday, boys,  
Lasting half a year!  
Round the world, and half is  
Shadow we have tried;  
Now we're where the laugh is,—  
On the sunny side!

Pigeons coo and mutter,  
Strutting high aloof  
Where the sunbeams flutter  
Through the stable roof.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Hear the chickens cheep, boys,  
And the hen with pride  
Clucking them to sleep, boys,  
On the sunny side!

Hear the clacking guinea;  
Hear the cattle moo;  
Hear the horses whinny,  
Looking out at you!  
On the hitching-block, boys,  
Grandly satisfied,  
See the old peacock, boys,  
On the sunny side!

Robins in the peach-tree;  
Bluebirds in the pear;  
Blossoms over each tree  
In the orchard there!  
All the world's in joy, boys,  
Glad and glorified  
As a romping 'ow' boys,  
On the sun! . . .

Where's a heart as mellow—  
Where's a soul as free—  
Where is any fellow  
We would rather be?  
Just ourselves or none, boys,  
World around and wide,  
Laughing in the sun, boys,  
On the sunny side!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

105

### *His Christmas Sled*

I

I WATCH him, with his Christmas sled;  
He hitches on behind  
A passing sleigh, with glad hooray,  
And whistles down the wind;  
He hears the horses champ their bits,  
And bells that jingle-jingle—  
You Woolly Cap! you Scatlet Mitts!  
You miniature "Kriss Kringle!"

I almost catch your secret joy—  
Your chucklings of delight,  
The while you whiz where glory is  
Eternally in sight!  
With you I catch my breath, as swift  
Your jaunty sled goes gliding  
O'er glassy track and shallow drift,  
As I behind were riding!

II

He winks at twinklings of the frost,  
And on his airy race,  
Its tingles beat to redder heat  
The rapture of his face:—  
The colder, keener is the air,  
The less he cares a feather.  
But, there! he's gone! and I gaze on  
The wintriest of weather!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Ah, Boy! still speed ing o'er the track  
Where none returns again,  
To sigh for you, or cry for you,  
Or die for you were vain.—  
And so, speed on! the while I pray  
All nipping frosts forsake you—  
Ride still ahead of grief, but may  
All glad things overtake you!

106

### *The Rider of the Knee*

K NIGHTLY Rider of the Knee  
Of Proud-prancing Uncle!  
Gaily mount, and wave the sign  
Of that mastery of thine.

Pat thy steed and turn him free,  
Knightly Rider of the Knee!  
Sit thy charger as a throne—  
Lash him with thy laugh alone:

Sting him only with the spur  
Of such wit as may occur,  
Knightly Rider of the Knee,  
In thy shriek of ecstasy.

Would, as now, we might endure,  
Twain as one—thou miniature  
Ruler, at the rein of me—  
Knightly Rider of the Knee!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

107

### Dusk-Song—*The Beetle*

THE shrilling locust slowly sheathes  
His dagger-voice, and creeps away  
Beneath the brooding leaves where breathes  
The zephyr of the dying day:  
One naked star has waded through  
The purple shallows of the night,  
And faltering as falls the dew  
It drips its misty light.

*O'er garden blooms,  
On tides of musk,  
The beetle booms adown the glooms  
And bumps along the dusk.*

The katydid is rasping at  
The silence from the tangled broom:  
On drunken wings the flitting bat  
Goes staggering athwart the gloom;  
The toadstool bulges through the weeds,  
And lavishly to left and right  
The fireflies, like golden seeds,  
Are sown about the night.

*O'er slumbrous blooms,  
On floods of musk,  
The beetle booms adown the glooms  
And bumps along the dusk.*

The primrose flares its baby-hands  
Wide open, as the empty moon,  
Slow lifted from the underlands,  
Drifts up the azure-arched lagoon;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The shadows on the garden walk  
Are frayed with rifts of silver light;  
And, trickling down the poppy-stalk,  
The dewdrop streaks the night.

*O'er folded blooms,  
On swirls of musk,  
The beetle booms adown the glooms  
And bumps along the dusk.*

BILLY was born for a horse's back!—  
That's what Grandfather used to say:—  
He'd seen him in dresses, a-many a day,  
On a two-year-old, in the old barn-lot,  
Prancing around, with the bridle slack,  
And his two little sunburnt legs outshot  
So straight from the saddle-seat you'd swear  
A spirit-level had plumbed him there!  
And all the neighbors that passed the place  
Would just haul up in the road and stare  
To see the little chap's father boost  
The boy up there on his favorite roost,  
To canter off, with a laughing face.—  
Put him up there, he was satisfied—  
And O the way that Billy could ride!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### II

At celebration or barbecue—  
And Billy, a boy of fifteen years—  
Couldn't he cut his didoes there?—  
What else would you expect him to,  
On his little mettlesome chestnut mare,  
With her slender neck, and her pointed ears,  
And the four little devilish hooves of hers?  
The “delegation” moved too slow  
For the time that Billy wanted to go!  
And to see 'im dashing out of the line  
At the edge o' the road and down the side  
Of the long procession, all laws defied,  
And the fife and drums, was a sight divine  
To the girls, in their white-and-spangled pride  
Wearily waving their scarfs about  
In the great “Big Wagon,” all gilt without  
And jolt within, as they lumbered on  
Into the town where Billy had gone  
An hour ahead, like a knightly guide—  
O but the way that Billy could ride!

### III

“Billy can ride! Oh, Billy can ride!  
But what on earth can he do beside?”  
That's what the farmers used to say,  
As time went by a year at a stride,  
And Billy was twenty if he was a day!  
And many a wise old father's foot  
Was put right down where it should be ~~not~~,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

While many a dutiful daughter sighed  
In vain for one more glorious ride  
With the gallant Billy, who none the less  
Smiled at the c'd man's selfishness  
And kissed his daughter, and rode away,—  
Touched his horse in the flank—and zipp!—  
Talk about horses and horsemanship!—  
Folks stared after him just wild-eyed. . . .  
*Oomh! the way that Billy could ride!*

### 109 *Honey Dripping From the Comb*

**H**OW slight a thing may set one's fancy drifting  
Upon the dead sea of the Past!—A view—  
Sometimes an odor—or a rooster lifting  
A far-off "*Ooh! ooh-ooh!*"

And suddenly we find ourselves astray  
In some wood's-pasture of the Long Ago--  
Or idly dream again upon a day  
Of rest we used to know.

I bit an apple but a moment since—  
A wilted apple that the worm had spurned,--  
Yet hidden in the taste were happy hints  
Of good old days returned.—

And so my heart, like some captured lute,  
Tinkles a tune so tender and complete,  
God's blessing must be resting on the fruit—  
So bitter, yet so sweet!

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

110 *Time of Clearer Twitterings*

I

TIME of crisp and tawny leaves,  
And of tarnished harvest sheaves,  
And of dusty grasses—weeds—  
Thistles, with their tufted seeds  
Voyaging the Autumn breeze  
Like as fairy argosies :  
Time of quicker flash of wings,  
And of clearer twitterings  
In the grove or deeper shade  
Of the tangled everglade,—  
Where the spotted water-snake  
Coils him in the sunniest brake ;  
And the bittern, as in fright,  
Darts, in sudden, slanting flight,  
Southward, while the startled crane  
Films his eyes in dreams again.

II

Down along the dwindled creek  
We go loitering. We speak  
Only with old questionings  
Of the dear remembered things  
Of the days of long ago,  
When the stream seemed thus and so  
In our boyish eyes :—The bank  
Greener then, through rank on rank  
Of the mottled sycamores,  
Touching tops across the shores :

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Here, the hazel thicket stood—  
There, the almost pathless wood  
Where the shellbark hickory-tree  
Rained its wealth on you and me.  
Autumn! as you loved us then,  
Take us to your heart again!

### III

Season halest of the year  
How the zestful atmosphere  
Nettles blood and brain and smites  
Into life the old delights  
We have wasted in our youth,  
And our graver years, forsooth!  
How again the boyish heart  
Leaps to see the chipmunk start  
From the brush and sleek the sun's  
Very beauty, as he runs!  
How again a subtle hint  
Of crushed pennyroyal or mint  
Sends us on our knees, as when  
We were truant boys of ten—  
Brown marauders of the wood,  
Merrier than Robin Hood!

### IV

Ah! will any minstrel say,  
In his sweetest roundelay,  
What is sweeter, after all,  
Than black haws, in early Fall?—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Fruit so sweet the frost first sat,  
Dainty-toothed, and nibbled at!  
And will any poet sing  
Of a lusher, richer thing  
Than a ripe May-apple, rolled  
Like a pulpy lump of gold  
Under thumb and finger-tips,  
And poured molten through the lips?  
Go, ye bards of classic themes,  
Pipe your songs by classic streams!  
I would twang the redbird's wings  
In the thicket while he sings!

### III

### *Curly Locks*

CURLY Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the  
swine,—  
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

Curly Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be mine?  
The throb of my heart is in every line,  
And the pulse of a passion as airy and glad  
In its musical beat as the little Prince had!

Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine!  
O I'll dapple thy hands with these kisses of mine  
Till the pink of the nail of each finger shall be  
As a little pet blush in full blossom for me.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
And thou shalt have fabric as fair as a dream,—  
The red of my veins, and the white of my love,  
And the gold of my joy for the braiding thereof.

And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream  
From a service of silver, with jewels agleam,—  
At thy feet will I bide, at thy beck will I rise,  
And twinkle my soul in the night of thine eyes!

*Curly Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine,—  
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream.*

112

### Pansies

PANSIES! Pansies! How I love you, pansies!  
Jaunty-faced, laughing-lipped and dewy-eyed with  
glee;  
Would my song but blossom out in little five-leaf stanzas  
As delicate in fancies  
As your beauty is to me!

But my eyes shall smile on you, and my hands infold you,  
Pet, caress, and lift you to the lips that love you so,  
That, shut ever in the years that may mildew or mould you,  
My fancy shall behold you  
Fair as in the long ago.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

113

### *The Brook-Song*

LITTLE brook! Little brook!  
You have such a happy look—  
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and  
crook—  
And your ripples, one and one,  
Reach each other's hands and run  
Like laughing little children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me:  
Sing about a bumblebee  
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,  
Because he wet the film  
Of his wings, and had to swim,  
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at  
him!

Little brook—sing a song  
Of a leaf that sailed along  
Down the golden-braided centre of your current swift and  
strong,  
And a dragon-fly that lit  
On the tilting rim of it,  
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing—how oft in glee  
Came a truant boy like me,  
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,  
Till the gurgle and refrain  
Of your music in his brain  
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Little brook—laugh and leap!  
Do not let the dreamer weep:  
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest  
sleep;  
And then sing soft and low  
Through his dreams of long ago—  
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

### 114      *A Nonsense Rhyme*

#### R INGLETY-JING!

And what will we sing?  
Some little crinkety-crankety thing  
That rhymes and chimes,  
And skips, sometimes,  
As though it wound up with a kink in the spring.

Crunkety-krung!

And chunkety-plung!  
Sing the song that the bullfrog sung,—

A song of the soul

Of a mad tadpole

That met his fate in a leaky bowl:  
And it's O for the first false wiggle he made  
In a sea of pale pink lemonade!

And it's O for the thirst

Within him pent,

And the hopes that burst

As his reason went—

When his strong arm failed and his strength was spent!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Sing, O sing  
Of the things that cling,  
And the claws that clutch and the fangs that sting—  
Till the tadpole's tongue  
And his tail upslung  
Quavered and failed with a song unsung !  
O the dank despair in the rank morass,  
Where the crawfish crouch in the eringing grass  
And the long limp rune of the loon wails on  
For the mad, sad soul  
Of a bad tadpole  
Forever lost and gone !

Jinglety : : :  
And now we'll see  
What the last of the lay shall be,  
As the dismal tip of the tune, O friends,  
Swoons away and the long tale ends.  
And it's O and alack !  
For the tangled legs  
And the sprangled back  
Of the green grig's eggs,  
And the unstrung strain  
Of the strange refrain  
That the winds wind up like a strand of rain !

And it's O,  
Also,  
For the ears wreathed low,  
Like a laurel-wreath on the lifted brow  
Of the frog that chants of the why and how,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the wherefore too, and the thus and so  
Of the wail he weaves in a woof of woe!  
Twangle, then, with your wrangling strings,  
The tinkling links of a thousand things!  
And clang the pang of a maddening moan  
Till the Echo, hid in a land unknown,  
Shall leap as he hears, and hoot and hoo  
Like the wretched wraith of a Whoopy-Doo!

### 115 *The Dream of the Little Princess*

'TWAS a curious dream, good sooth!—  
The dream of The Little Princess;  
It seemed a dream, yet a truth,  
Long years ago in her youth.—  
It *came* as a dream—no less  
It was *not* a dream, she says.

(She is singing and saying things  
Musical as the wile  
Of the eerie quaverings  
That drip from the grievèd strings  
Of her lute.—We weep or smile  
Even as she, meanwhile.)

In a day, long dead and gone,  
When her castle-turrets threw  
Their long, sharp shadows on  
The sward like lances,—wan  
And lone, she strayed into  
Strange grounds where lilies grew.

## THE LOCKERIE BOOK

There, late in the afternoon,  
As she sate in the terrace shade,  
Rav'ling a half-spun tune  
From a lute like a wee new-moon,—  
High off was a bugle played,  
And a sound as of steeds that neighed.

And the lute fell from her hands,  
As her eyes raised, half in doubt,  
To the arch of the azure lands  
Where lo! with the fluttering strands  
Of a rainbow reined about  
His wrist, rode a horseman out.

And The Little Princess was stirred  
No less at his steeds than him;—  
A jet-black span of them gird  
In advance, he bestrode the third;  
And the troop of them seemed to swim  
The skies as the Seraphim.

Wingless they were, yet so  
Upborne in their wondrous flight—  
As their master bade them go,  
They dwindled on high; or lo!  
They curved from their heavenmost height  
And swooped to her level sight.

And the eyes of The Little Princess  
Grow O so bright as the chants  
Of the horseman's courtliness,—  
Saluting her low—Ah, yes!  
And lifting a voice that haunts  
Her own song's weird romance.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

For (she sings) at last he swept  
As near to her as the tips  
Of the lilies, that whitely slept,  
As he leaned o'er one and wept  
And touched it with his lips—  
Sweeter than honey-drips!

And she keeps the lily yet—  
As the horseman bade (she says)  
As he launched, with a wild curvet,  
His steeds toward the far sunset,  
Till gulfed in its gorgeousness  
And lost to The Little Princess :

But *O*, my master sweet!  
*He is coming again! (she sings)*  
*My Prince of the Coursers fleet,*  
*With his bugle's echoings,*  
*And the breath of his voice for the wings*  
*Of the sandals of his feet!*

### 116      *The Way the Baby Woke*

**A**ND this is the way the baby woke:  
As when in deepest drops of dew  
The shine and shadows sink and soak,  
The sweet eyes glimmered through and through;  
And eddyings and dimples broke  
About the lips, and no one knew  
Or could divine the words they spoke—  
And this is the way the baby woke.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

117

### *The Circus-Day Parade*

O H! the Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles played  
and played!

And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and  
neighed,

As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time  
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its  
own,

And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never  
known!

And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,  
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of  
white and blue

And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you.  
Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of  
yore,

Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles  
that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed.  
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side.  
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their  
fame,

With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast.  
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last  
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there  
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer  
air!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, last of all, The Clown, making mirth for all the town,  
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever  
down,

And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played  
A tattoo on the dash-board with his heels, in the Parade.

Oh! the Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles played and  
played!

And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and  
neighed,

As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time  
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

118

### *Little Girly-Girl*

LITTLE Girly-Girl, of you  
Still forever I am dreaming.—  
Laughing eyes of limpid blue—  
Tresses glimmering and gleaming  
Like glad waters running over  
Shelving shallows, rimmed with clover,  
Trembling where the eddies whirl,  
Gurgling, "Little Girly-Girl!"

For your name it came to me  
Down the brink of brooks that brought it  
Out of Paradise—and we—  
Love and I—we, leaning, caught it  
From the ripples romping nigh us,  
And the bubbles bumping by us  
Over shoals of pebbled pearl,  
Lilting, "Little Girly-Girl!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

That was long and long ago,  
But in memory the tender  
Winds of summer weather blow,  
And the roses burst in splendor;  
And the meadow's grassy billows  
Break in blossoms round the willows  
Where the currents curve and curl,  
Calling, "Little Girly-Girl!"

119

### *The Boy-Friend*

C LARENCE, my boy-friend, hale and strong—  
O he is as jolly as he is young;  
And all of the laughs of the lyre belong  
To the boy all unsung:

So I want to sing something in his behalf—  
To clang some chords, for the good it is  
To know he is near, and to have the laugh  
Of that wholesome voice of his.

I want to tell him in gentler ways  
Than prose may do, that the arms of rhyme  
Warm and tender with tuneful praise,  
Are about him all the time.

I want him to know that the quietest nights  
We have passed together are yet with me,  
Roistering over the old delights  
That were born of his company.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I want him to know how my soul esteems  
The fairy stories of Andersen,  
And the glad translations of all the themes  
Of the hearts of boyish men.

Want him to know that my fancy flows,  
With the lilt of a dear old-fashioned tune,  
Through "Lewis Carroll's" poemly prose,  
And the tale of "The Bold Dragoon."

O this is the Prince that I would sing—  
Would drape and garnish in velvet line,  
Since courtlier far than any king  
Is this brave boy-friend of mine.

120

### *The Old, Old Wish*

LAST night, in some lost mood of meditation,  
The while my dreamy vision ranged the far  
Unfathomable arches of creation,  
I saw a falling star:

And as my eyes swept round the path it embered  
With the swift-dying glory of its glow,  
With sudden intuition I remembered,  
A wish of long ago—

A wish that, were it made—so ran the fancy  
Of credulous young lover and of lass—  
As fell a star, by some strange necromancy,  
Would surely come to pass.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, of itself, the wish, reiterated  
A thousand times in youth, flashed o'er my brain,  
And, like the star, as soon obliterated,  
Dropped into night again.

For my old heart had wished for the unending  
Devotion of a little maid of nine—  
And that the girl-heart, with the woman's blending,  
Might be forever mine.

And so it was, with eyelids raised, and weighty  
With ripest clusterings of sorrow's dew,  
I cried aloud through heaven: "O little Katie!  
When will my wish come true?"

121

### *A Mother-Song*

MOTHER, O mother! forever I cry for you.  
Sing the old song I may never forget;  
Even in slumber I murmur and sigh for you.—  
Mother, O Mother,  
Sing low, "Little brother,  
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! the years are so lonely,  
Filled but with weariness, doubt and regret!  
Can't you come back to me—for to-night only,  
Mother, my mother,  
And sing, "Little brother,  
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Mother, O mother! of old I had never  
One wish denied me, nor trouble to fret;  
Now—must I cry out all vainly forever,—  
Mother, sweet mother,  
    O sing, "Little brother,  
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! must longing and sorrow  
Leave me in darkness, with eyes ever wet,  
And never the hope of a meeting to-morrow?  
Answer me, mother,  
    And sing, "Little brother,  
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

122

### *With the Current*

R<sup>A</sup>REST mood of all the year!  
Aimless, idle, and content—  
Sky and wave and atmosphere  
Wholly indolent.

Little daughter, loose the band  
From your tresses—let them pour  
Shadow-like o'er arm and hand  
Idling at the oar.

Low and clear, and pure and deep,  
Ripples of the river sing—  
Water-lilies, half asleep,  
Drowsed with listening:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Tremulous reflex of skies—  
Skies above and skies below,—  
Paradise and Paradise  
Blending even so!

Blossoms with their leaves unrolled  
Laughingly, as they were lips  
Cleft with ruddy beaten gold  
Tongues of pollen-tips.

Rush and reed, and thorn and vine,  
Clumped with grasses lithe and tall—  
With a web of summer-shine  
Woven round it all.

I  
Back and forth, and to and fro—  
Flashing scale and wing as one,—  
Dragon-flies that come and go,  
Shuttled by the sun.

Fairy lilt and lullabies,  
Fine as fantasy conceives,—  
Echoes wrought of cricket-cries  
Sifted through the leaves.

O'er the rose, with drowsy buzz,  
Hangs the bee, and stays his kiss,  
Even as my fancy does,  
Gypsy, over this,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Let us both be children—share  
Youth's glad voyage night and day,  
Drift adown it, half aware,  
Anywhere we may.—

Drift and curve and deviate,  
Veer and eddy, float and flow,  
Waver, swerve and undulate,  
As the bubbles go.

123

### *The Hunter Boy*

HUNTER Boy of Hazelwood—  
Happier than Robin Hood!  
Dance across the green, and stand  
Suddenly, with lifted hand  
Shading eager eyes, and be  
Thus content to capture me!—  
Cease thy quest for wilder prey  
Than my willing heart to-day!

Hunter Boy! with belt and bow,  
Bide with me, or let me go,  
An thou wilt, in wake of thee,  
Resting for my mine infancy!  
In thy glad face in the sun,  
In thy laughter overrun  
Thy ripe lips, until mine own  
Answer, ringing, tone for tone!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O my Hunter! tilt the cup  
Of thy silver bugle up,  
And like wine pour out for me  
All its limpid melody!  
Pout thy happy lips and blare  
Music's kisses everywhere—  
Whiff o'er forest, field and town,  
Tufts of tune like thistle-down!  
O to go, as once I could,  
Hunter Boy of Hazelwood!

124

### *The Whitheraways*

(Set Sail, October 15, 1890)

THE Whitheraways!—That's what I'll have to call  
You—sailing off, with never a word at all  
Of parting!—sailing 'way across the sea,  
With never one good-bye to me—to Me!

Sailing away from me, with no farewell!—  
Ah, Parker Hitt and sister Muriel—  
And Rodney, too, and little Laurance—all  
Sailing away—just as the leaves, this Fall!

Well, then, I too shall sail on cheerily  
As now you all go sailing o'er the sea:  
I've other little friends with me on shore—  
Though they but make me yearn for you the more!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And so, sometime, dear little friends afar,  
When this faint voice shall reach you, and you are  
All just a little homesick, you must be  
As brave as I am now, and think of me!

Or, haply, if your eyes, as mine, droop low,  
And would be humored with a tear or so,—  
Go to your *Parents, Children!*— let them do  
The crying—'twill be easier for them to!

### 125 *The Orchard Lands of Long Ago*

THE orchard lands of Long Ago!  
O drowsy winds, awake, and blow  
The snowy blossoms back to me,  
And all the buds that used to be!  
Blow back along the grassy ways  
Of truant feet, and lift the haze  
Of happy summer from the trees  
That trail their tresses in the seas  
Of grain that float and overflow  
The orchard lands of Long Ago!

Blow back the melody that slips  
In lazy laughter from the lips  
That marvel much if any kiss  
Is sweeter than the apple's is.  
Blow back the twitter of the birds—  
The lisp, the titter, and the words

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Of merriment that found the shine  
Of summer-time a glorious wine  
That drenched the leaves that loved it so,  
In orchard lands of Long Ago!

O memory! alight and sing  
Where rosy-bellied pippins cling,  
And golden russets glint and gleam,  
As, in the old Arabian dream,  
The fruits of that enchanted tree  
The glad Aladdin robbed for me!  
And, drowsy winds, awake and fan  
My blood as when it overran  
A heart ripe as the apples grow  
In orchard lands of Long Ago!

126

### *A Passing Hail*

LET us rest ourselves a bit!  
Worry?—wave your hand to it—  
Kiss your finger-tips, and smile  
It farewell a little while.

Weary of the weary way  
We have come from Yesterday,  
Let us fret us not, instead,  
Of the weary way ahead.

Let us pause and catch our breath  
On the hither side of death,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

While we see the tender shoots  
Of the grasses—not the roots,—

While we yet look down—not up—  
To seek out the buttercup  
And the daisy where they wave  
O'er the green home of the grave.

Let us launch us smoothly on  
The soft billows of the lawn,  
And drift out across the main  
Of our childish dreams again:

Voyage off, beneath the trees,  
O'er the field's enchanted seas,  
Where the lilies are our sails,  
And our sea-gulls, nightingales:

Where no wilder storm shall beat  
Than the wind that waves the wheat,  
And no tempest-burst above  
The old laughs we used to love:

Lose all troubles—gain release,  
Languor, and exceeding peace,  
Cruising idly o'er the vast,  
Calm mid-ocean of the Past.

Let us rest ourselves a bit!  
Worry?—Wave your hand to it—  
Kiss your finger-tips, and smile  
It farewell a little while.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

127

*Envoy*

MANY pleasures of Youth have been buoyantly sung—  
And, borne on the winds of delight, may they beat  
With their palpitant wings at the hearts of the Young.

And in bosoms of Age find as warm a retreat!—  
Yet sweetest of all of the musical throng,

Though least of the numbers that upward aspire,  
Is the one rising now into wavering song,  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

'Tis a Winter long dead that beleaguers my door  
And muffles his steps in the snows of the past:  
And I see, in the embers I'm dreaming before,

Lost faces of love as they looked on me last:—  
The round, laughing eyes of the desk-mate of old  
Gleam out for a moment with truant desire—  
Then fade and are lost in a City of Gold,  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

And then comes the face, peering back in my own,  
Of a shy little girl, with her lids drooping low,  
As she faltering tells, in a far-away tone,

The ghost of a story of long, long ago.—  
Then her dewy blue eyes they are lifted again;  
But I see their glad light slowly fail and expire,  
As I reach and cry to her in vain, all in vain!—  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

Then the face of a Mother looks back, through the mist  
Of the tears that are welling; and, lucent with light,  
I see the dear smile of the lips I have kissed  
As she knelt by my cradle at morning and night;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And my arms are outstretched, with a yearning too wild  
For any but God in His love to inspire,  
As she pleads at the foot of His throne for her child,—  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

O pathos of rapture! O glorious pain!  
My heart is a blossom of joy overrun  
With a shower of tears, as a lily with rain  
That weeps in the shadow and laughs in the sun.  
The blight of the frost may descend on the tree,  
And the leaf and the flower may fall and expire,  
But ever and ever love blossoms for me,  
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

## GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS

128

*A Country Pathway*

I COME upon it suddenly, alone—  
A little pathway winding in the weeds  
That fringe the roadside; and with dreams my own.  
I wander as it leads.

Full wistfully along the slender way,  
Through summer tan of freckled shade and shine,  
I take the path that leads me as it may—  
Its every choice is mine.

A chipmunk, or a sudden-whirring quail,  
Is startled by my step as on I fare—  
A garter-snake across the dusty trail  
Glances and—is not there.

Above the arching jimson-weeds flare twos  
And twos of sallow-yellow butterflies,  
Like blooms of torn primroses blowing loose  
When autumn winds arise.

The trail dips—dwindle~~s~~—broadens then, and lifts  
Itself astride a cross-road dubiously.  
And, from the fennel marge beyond it, drifts  
Still onward, beckoning me.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And though it needs must lure me mile on mile  
Out of the public highway, still I go,  
My thoughts, far in advance in Indian-file,  
Allure me even so.

Why, I am as a long-lost boy that went  
At dusk to bring the cattle to the bars,  
And was not found again, though Heaven lent  
His mother all the stars

With which to seek him through that awful night.  
O years of nights as vain!—Stars never rise  
But well might miss their glitter in the light  
Of tears in mother-eyes!

So—on, with quickened breath. I follow still—  
My avant-courier must be obeyed!  
Thus am I led, and thus the path, at will,  
Invites me to invade

A meadow's precincts, where my daring guide  
Clammers the steps of an old-fashioned stile,  
And stumbles down again, the other side,  
To gambol there awhile

In pranks of hide-and-seek, as on ahead  
I see it running, while the clover-stalks  
Shake rosy fists at me, as though they said—  
“You dog our country-walks

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

"And mutilate us with your walking-stick!—

We will not suffer tamely what you do,  
And warn you at your peril,—for we'll sic  
Our bumblebees on you!"

But I smile back, in airy nonchalance,—

The more determined on my wayward quest,  
As some bright memory a moment dawns  
A morning in my breast—

Sending a thrill that hurries me along

In faulty similes of childish skips,  
Enthused with lithe contortions of a song  
Performing on my lips.

In wild meanderings o'er pasture wealth—

Erratic wanderings through dead'ning-lands,  
Where sly old brambles, plucking me by stealth,  
Put berries in my hands:

Or the path climbs a boulder—wades a slough—

Or, rollicking through buttercups and flags,  
Goes gaily dancing o'er a deep bayou  
On old tree-trunks and snags:

Or, at the creek, leads o'er a limpid pool

Upon a bridge the stream itself has made,  
With some Spring-freshet for the mighty tool  
That its foundation laid.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I pause a moment here to bend and muse,  
With dreamy eyes, on my reflection, where  
A boat-backed bug drifts on a helpless cruise,  
Or wildly oars the air,

As, dimly seen, the pirate of the brook—  
The pike, whose jaunty hulk denotes his speed—  
Swings pivoting about, with wary look  
Of low and cunning greed.

Till, filled with other thought, I turn again  
To where the pathway enters in a realm  
Of lordly woodland, under sovereign reign  
Of towering oak and elm.

A puritanic quiet here reviles  
The almost whispered warble from the hedge,  
And takes a locust's rasping voice and files  
The silence to an edge.

In such a solitude my somber way  
Strays like a misanthrope within a gloom  
Of his own shadows till the perfect day  
Bursts into sudden bloom,

And crowns a long, declining stretch of space,  
Where King Corn's armies lie with flags unfurled,  
And where the valley's dint in Nature's face  
Dimples a smiling world.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And lo! through mists that may not be dispelled,  
I see an old farm homestead, as in dreams,  
Where, like a gem in costly setting held,  
The old log cabin gleams.

. . . . .

O darling Pathway! lead me bravely on  
Adown your valley-way, and run before  
Among the roses crowding up the lawn  
And thronging at the door,—

And carry up the echo there that shall  
Arouse the drowsy dog, that he may bay  
The household out to greet the prodigal  
That wanders home to-day.

**O** HER eyes are amber-fine—  
Dark and deep as wells of wine,  
While her smile is like the noon  
Splendor of a day of June.  
If she sorrow—lo! her face  
It is like a flowery space  
In bright meadows, overlaid  
With light clouds and lulled with shade.  
If she laugh—it is a trill  
Of the wayward whippoorwill  
Over upland pastures, heard  
Echoed by the mocking-bird

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

In dim thickets dense with bloom  
And blurred cloyings of perfume.  
If she sigh—a zephyr swells  
Over odorous asphodels  
And wan lilies in lush plots  
Of moon-drown'd forget-me-nots,  
Then, the soft touch of her hand—  
Takes all breath to understand  
What to liken it thereto!—  
Never roseleaf rinsed with dew  
Might slip soother-suave than slips  
Her slow palm, the while her lips  
Swoon through mine, with kiss on kiss  
Sweet as heated honey is.

130

*John Brown*

WRIT in between the lines of his life-deed  
We trace the sacred service of a heart  
Answering the Divine command, in every part  
Beari. g on human weal: His love did feed  
The loveless; and his gentle hands did lead  
The blind, and lift the weak, and balm the smart  
Of other wounds than rankled at the dart  
In his own breast, that gloried thus to bleed.  
He served the lowliest first—nay, them alone—  
The most despisèd that e'er wreaked vain breath  
In cries of suppliance in the reign whereat  
Red Guilt sate squat upon her spattered throne.—  
For these doomed there it was he went to death.  
God! how the merest man loves one like that!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

131

### *Where-Away*

O THE Lands of Where-Away!  
Tell us—tell us—where are they?  
Through the darkness and the dawn  
We have journeyed on and on—  
From the cradle to the cross—  
From possession unto loss.—  
Seeking still, from day to day,  
For the lands of Where-Away.

When our baby-feet were first  
Planted where the daisies burst,  
And the greenest grasses grew  
In the fields we wandered through,—  
On, with childish discontent,  
Ever on and on we went,  
Hoping still to pass, some day,  
O'er the verge of Where-Away.

Roses laid their velvet lips  
On our own, with fragrant sips;  
But their kisses held us not,  
All their sweetness we forgot;—  
Though the brambles in our track  
Plucked at us to hold us back—  
“Just ahead,” we used to say,  
“Lie the Lands of Where-Away.”

Children at the pasture-bars,  
Through the dusk, like glimmering stars,  
Waved their hands that we should bide  
With them over eventide:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Down the dark their voices failed  
Falteringly, as they hailed,  
And died into yesterday—  
Night ahead and—Where-Away?

Twining arms about us thrown—  
Warm caresses, all our own,  
Can but stay us for a spell—  
Love hath little new to tell  
To the soul in need supreme,  
Aching ever with the dream  
Of the endless bliss it may  
Find in Lands of Where-Away!

132

### *Being His Mother*

B EING his mother,—when he goes away  
I would not hold him overlong, and so  
Sometimes my yielding sight of him grows O  
So quick of tears, I joy he did not stay  
To catch the faintest rumor of them! Nay,  
Leave always his eyes clear and glad, although  
Mine own, dear Lord, do fill to overflow;  
Let his remembered features, as I pray,  
Smile ever on me! Ah! what stress of love  
Thou givest me to guard with Thee thiswise:  
Its fullest speech ever to be denied  
Mine own—being his mother! All thereof  
Thou knowest only, looking from the skies  
As when not Christ alone was crucified.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

133

### *A Water-Color*

LOW hidden in among the forest-trees  
An artist's tilted easel, ankle-deep  
In tousled ferns and mosses, and in these  
A fluffy water-swan, half asleep  
Beside a sketch-book and a fallen hat—  
A little wicker flask tossed into that.

A sense of utter carelessness and grace  
Of pure abandon in the slumb'rous scene,—  
As if the June, all hoydenish of face,  
Had romped herself to sleep there on the green  
And brink and sagging bridge and sliding stream  
Were just romantic parcels of her dream.

134

### *The Old Year and the New*

I

AS one in sorrow looks upon  
The dead face of a loyal friend,  
By the dim light of New Year's dawn  
I saw the Old Year end.

Upon the pallid features lay  
The dear old smile—so warm and bright  
Ere thus its cheer had died away  
In ashes of delight.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The hands that I had learned to love  
With strength of passion half divine,  
Were folded now, all heedless of  
The emptiness of mine.

The eyes that once had shed their bright  
Sweet looks like sunshine, now were dull,  
And ever lidded from the light  
That made them beautiful.

### II

The chimes of bells were in the air,  
And sounds of mirth in hall and street,  
With pealing laughter everywhere  
And throb of dancing feet:

The mirth and the convivial din  
Of revelers in wanton glee,  
With tunes of harp and violin  
In tangled harmony.

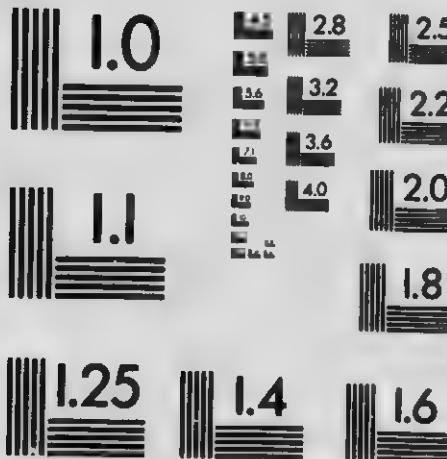
But with a sense of nameless dread,  
I turned me, from the merry face  
Of this newcomer, to my dead;  
And, kneeling there a space,

I sobbed aloud, all tearfully:—  
By this dear face so fixed and cold,  
O Lord, let not this New Year be  
As happy as the old!



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## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

135

### *North and South*

O F the North I wove a dream,  
All bespangled with the gleam  
    Of the glancing wings of swallows  
Dipping ripples in a stream,  
That, like a tide of wine,  
Wound through lands of shade and shine  
Where purple grapes hung bursting on the vine.

And where orchard-boughs were bent  
Till their tawny fruitage blent  
    With the golden wake that marked the  
Way the happy reapers went;  
Where the dawn died into noon  
As the May-mists into June,  
And the dusk fell like a sweet face in a swoon.

Of the South I dreamed: And there  
Came a vision clear and fair  
    As the marvelous enchantments  
Of the mirage of the air;  
And I saw the bayou-trees,  
With their lavish draperies,  
Hang heavy o'er the moon-washed cypress-knees.

Peering from lush fens of rice,  
I beheld the Negro's eyes,  
    Lit with that old superstition  
Death itself can not disguise;  
And I saw the palm-tree nod  
Like an Oriental god,  
And the cotton froth and bubble from the pod.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And I dreamed that North and South,  
With a sigh of dew and drouth,  
    Blew each unto the other  
The salute of lip and mouth;  
And I wakened, awed and thrilled—  
    Every doubting murmur stilled  
In the silence of the dream I found fulfilled.

136

### *Blind*

YOU think it is a sorry thing  
    That I am blind. Your pitying  
Is welcome to me; yet indeed,  
I think I have but little need  
Of it. Though you may marvel much  
That we, who see by sense of touch  
And taste and hearing, see things you  
May never look upon; and true  
Is it that even in the scent  
Of blossoms we find something meant  
No eyes have in their faces read,  
Or wept to see interpreted.

And you might think it strange if now  
I told you you were smiling. How  
Do I know that? I hold your hand—  
*Its language I can understand—*  
Give both to me, and I will show  
You many other things I know.  
Listen: We never met before  
Till now?—Well, you are something lower

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Than five-feet-eight in height; and you  
Are slender; and your eyes are blue—  
Your mother's eyes—your mother's hair—  
Your mother's likeness everywhere  
Save in your walk—and that is quite  
Your father's; nervous.—Am I right?  
I thought so. And you used to sing,  
But have neglected everything  
Of vocalism—though you may  
Still thrum on the guitar, and play  
A little on the violin,—  
I know that by the callous in  
The finger-tips of your left hand—  
And, by-the-by, though nature planned  
You as most men, you are, I see,  
“Left-handed,” too,—the mystery  
Is clear, though,—your right arm has been  
Broken, to “break” the left one in.  
And so, you see, though blind of sight,  
I still have ways of seeing quite  
Too well for you to sympathize—  
Excessively, with your good eyes.—  
Though *once*, perhaps, to be sincere,  
Within the whole asylum here,  
From cupola to basement hall,  
I was the blindest of them all!

Let us move farther down the walk—  
The man here waiting hears my talk,  
And is disturbed; besides, he may  
Not be quite friendly anyway.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

In fact—(this will be far enough;  
Sit down)—the man just spoken of  
Was once a friend of mine. He came  
For treatment here from Burlingame—  
A rich though brilliant student there,  
Who read his eyes out of repair,  
And groped his way up here, where we  
Became acquainted, and where he  
Met one of our girl-teachers, and,  
If you'll believe me, asked her hand  
In marriage, though the girl was blind  
As I am—and the girl *declined*.  
Odd, wasn't it? Look, you can see  
Him waiting there. Fine, isn't he?  
And handsome, eloquently wide  
And high of brow, and dignified  
With every outward grace, his sight  
Restored to him, clear and bright  
As day-dawn; waiting, waiting still  
For the blind girl that never will  
Be wife of his. How do I know?  
You will recall a while ago  
I told you he and I were friends.  
In all that friendship comprehends,  
I was his friend, I swear! why, now,  
Remembering his love, and how  
His confidence was all my own,  
I hear, in fancy, the low tone  
Of his deep voice, so full of pride  
And passion, yet so pacified  
With his affliction, that it seems  
An utterance sent out of dreams

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Of saddest melody, withal  
So sorrowfully musical  
It was, and is, must ever be—  
But I'm digressing, pardon me.  
*I knew not anything of love*  
In those days, but of that above  
All worldly passion,—for my art—  
Music,—and that, with all my heart  
And soul, blent in a love too great  
For words of mine to estimate  
And though among my pupils she  
Whose love my friend sought came to me,  
I only knew her fingers' touch  
Because they loitered overmuch  
In simple scales, and needs must be  
Untangled almost constantly.  
But she was bright in other ways,  
And quick of thought; with ready plays  
Of wit, and with a voice as sweet  
To listen to as one might meet  
In any oratorio—  
And once I gravely told her so,—  
And, at my words, her limpid tone  
Of laughter faltered to a moan,  
And fell from that into a sigh  
That quavered all so wearily,  
That I, without the tear that crept  
Between the keys, had known she wept;  
And yet the hand I reached for then  
She caught away, and laughed again.  
And then that evening I strolled  
With my old friend, I, smiling, told

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Him I believed the girl and he  
Were matched and mated perfectly:  
He was so noble; she, so fair  
Of speech, and womanly of air;  
He, strong, ambitious; she, as mild  
And artless even as a child;  
And with a nature, I was sure,  
As worshipful as it was pure  
And sweet, and brimmed with tender things  
Beyond his rarest fancyings.  
He stopped me solemnly. He knew,  
He said, how good, and just, and true  
Was all I said of her; but as  
For his own virtues, let them pass,  
Since they were nothing to the one  
That he had set his heart upon;  
For but that morning she had turned  
Forever from him. Then I learned  
That for a month he ha' delayed  
His going from us, with no aid  
Of hope to hold him,—meeting still  
Her ever-firm denial, till  
Not even in his new-found sight  
He found one comfort or delight,  
And as his voice broke there, I felt  
The brother-heart within me melt  
In warm compassion for his own  
That throbbed so utterly alone.  
And then a sudden fancy hit  
Along my brain; and coupling it  
With a belief that I, indeed,  
Might help my friend in his great need,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I warmly said that I would go  
Myself, if he decided so,  
And see her for him—that I knew  
My pleadings would be listened to  
Most seriously, and that she  
Should love him, listening to me.  
Go; bless me! And that was the last—  
The last time his warm hand shut fast  
Within my own—so empty since,  
That the remembered finger-prints  
I've kissed a thousand times, and wet  
Them with the tears of all regret!

I know not how to rightly tell  
How fared my quest, and what befell  
Me, coming in the presence of  
That blind girl, and her blinder love.  
I know but little else than that  
Above the chair in which she sat  
I leant—reached for, and found her hand,  
And held it for a moment, and  
Took up the other—held them both—  
As might a friend, I will take oath:  
Spoke leisurely, as might a man  
Praying for no thing other than  
He thinks Heaven's justice:—She was blind,  
I said, and yet a noble mind  
Most truly loved her; one whose fond  
Clear-sighted vision looked beyond  
The bounds of her infirmity,  
And saw the woman, perfectly

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Modeled, and wrought out pure and true  
And lovable. She quailed, and drew  
Her hands away, but closer still  
I caught them. "Rack me as you will!"  
She cried out sharply—"Call me 'blind'—  
Love ever is—I am resigned!  
Blind is your friend; as blind as he  
Am I—but blindest of the three—  
Yea, blind as death—you will not see  
My love for you is killing me!"

There is a memory that may  
Not ever wholly fade away  
From out my heart, so bright and fair  
The light of it still glimmers there.  
Why, it did seem as though my sight  
Flamed back upon me, dazzling white  
And godlike. Not one other word  
Of hers I listened for or heard,  
But I saw songs sung in her eyes  
Till they did swoon up drowning-wise,  
As my mad lips did strike her own,  
And we flashed one, and one alone!  
Ah! was it treachery for me  
To kneel there, drinking eagerly  
That torrent-flow of words that swept  
Out laughingly the tears she wept?—  
Sweet words! O sweeter far, maybe,  
Than light of day to those tha' see,—  
God knows, who did the rapture send  
To me, and hold it from my friend.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And we were married half a year  
Ago.—And he is—waiting here,  
Heedless of that—or anything,  
But just that he is lingering  
To say good-bye to her and how—  
As you may see him doing now,—  
For there's her footprint in the hall;  
God bless her!—help him!—save us all!

137

### *To Hear Her Sing*

**T**O hear her sing—to hear her sing—  
It is to hear the birds of Spring  
In dewy groves on blooming sprays  
Pour out their blithest roundelay.

It is to hear the robin trill  
At morning, or the whippoorwill  
At dusk, when stars are blossoming—  
To hear her sing—to hear her sing!

To hear her sing—it is to hear  
The laugh of childhood ringing clear  
In woody path or grassy lane  
Our feet may never fare again.

Faint, far away as Memory dwells,  
It is to hear the village bells  
At twilight, as the truant hears  
Them, hastening home, with smiles and tears.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Such joy it is to hear her sing,  
We fall in love with everything—  
The simple things of every day  
Grow lovelier than words can say.

The idle brooks that purl across  
The gleaming pebbles and the moss  
We love no less than classic streams—  
The Rhines and Arnos of our dreams:

To hear her sing—with folded eyes,  
It is, beneath Venetian skies,  
To hear the gondoliers' refrain,  
Or troubadours of sunny Spain.—

To hear the bulbul's voice that shook  
The throat that trilled for Lalla Rookh:  
What wonder we in homage bring  
Our hearts to her—to hear her sing!

138

### *The Hereafter*

H EREAFTER! O we need not waste  
Our smiles or tears, whate'er befall;  
No happiness but holds a taste  
Of something sweeter, after all;—  
No depth of agony but feels  
Some fragment of abiding trust,—  
Whatever Death unlocks or seals,  
The mute beyond is just.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

139

### *While the Musician Played*

O IT was but a dream I had  
While the musician played!—  
And here the sky, and here the glad  
Old ocean kissed the glade;  
And here the laughing ripples ran,  
And here the roses grew  
That threw a kiss to every man  
That voyaged with the crew.

Our sunken sails in lazy folds  
Drooped in the breathless breeze:  
As o'er a field of marigolds  
Our eyes swam o'er the seas;  
While here the eddies lisped and purled  
Around the island's rim,  
And up from out the underworld  
We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle-day  
And midnight—for the moon  
On silver rounds across the bay  
Had climbed the skies of June,  
And there the glowing, glorious king  
Of day ruled o'er his realm,  
With stars of midnight glittering  
About his diadem.

The sea-gull reeled on languid wing  
In circles round the mast,  
We heard the songs the sirens sing  
As we went sailing past;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOO'.

And up and down the golden sands  
A thousand fairy throngs  
Flung at us from their flashing hands  
The echoes of their songs.

O it was but a dream I had  
While the musician played!—  
For here the sky, and here the glad  
Old ocean kissed the glade;  
And here the laughing ripples ran,  
And here the roses grew  
That threw a kiss to every man  
That voyaged with the crew.

**N**O song is mine of Arab steed—  
My courser is of nobler blood,  
And cleaner limb and fleeter speed,  
And greater strength and hardihood  
Than ever cantered wild and free  
Across the plains of Araby.

Go search the level desert-land  
From Sana on to Samarcand—  
Wherever Persian prince has been  
Or Dervish, Sheik or Bedouin,  
And I defy you there to point  
Me out a steed the half so fine—  
From tip of ear to pastern-joint—  
As this old iron horse of mine.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

You do not know what beauty is—  
You do not know what gentleness  
His answer is to my caress!—  
Why, look upon this gait of his,—  
A touch upon his iron rein—  
He moves with such a stately grace  
The sunlight on his burnished mane  
Is barely shaken in its place;  
And at a touch he changes pace,  
And, gliding backward, stops again.

And talk of mettle—Ah! my friend,  
Such passion smoulders in his breast  
That when awakened it will send  
A thrill of rapture wilder than  
Ere palpitated heart of man  
When flaming at its mightiest.  
And there's a fierceness in his ire—  
A maddened majesty that leaps  
Along his veins in blood of fire,  
Until the path his vision sweeps  
Spins out behind him like a thread  
Unraveled from the reel of time,  
As, wheeling on his course sublime,  
The earth revolves beneath his tread.

Then stretch away, my gallant steed!  
Thy mission is a noble one:  
Thou bear'st the father to the son,  
And sweet relief to bitter need;  
Thou bear'st the stranger to his friends;  
Thou bear'st the pilgrim to the shrine,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And back again the prayer he sends  
That God will prosper me and mine,—  
The star that on thy forehead gleams  
Has blossomed in our brightest dreams.  
Then speed thee on thy glorious race!  
The mother waits thy ringing pace;  
The father leans an anxious ear  
The thunder of thy hooves to hear;  
The lover listens, far away,  
To catch thy keen exultant neigh;  
And, where thy breathings roll and rise,  
The husband strains his eager eyes,  
And laugh of wife and baby-glee  
Ring out to greet and welcome thee.  
Then stretch away! and when at last  
The master's hand shall gently check  
Thy mighty speed, and hold thee fast,  
The world will pat thee on the neck.

141

### *The Plain Human*

**S**EASON of snows, and season of flowers,  
Seasons of loss and gain!—  
Since grief and joy must alike be ours,  
Why do we still complain?

Ever our failing, from sun to sun,  
O my intolerant brother:—  
We want just a little too little of one,  
And much too much of the other.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

142

### *The Quarrel*

THEY faced each other: Topaz-brown  
And lambent burnt her eyes and shot  
Sharp flame at his of amethyst.—  
“I hate you! Go, and be forgot  
As death forgets!” their glitter *hissed*  
(So *seemed* it) in their hatred. Ho!  
Dared any mortal front her so?—  
Tempestuous eyebrows knitted down—  
Tense nostril, mouth—no muscle slack,—  
And black—the suffocating black—  
The stifling blackness of her frown!

Ah! but the lifted face of her!  
And the twitched lip and tilted head!  
Yet he did neither wince nor stir,—  
Only—his hands clenched; and, instead  
Of words, he answered with a stare  
That stammered not in aught it said,  
As might his voice if trusted there.

And what—what spake his steady gaze?—  
Was there a look that harshly fell  
To scoff her?—or a syllable  
Of anger?—or the bitter phrase  
That myrrhs the honey of love’s lips,  
Or curdles blood as poison-drips?  
What made their breasts to heave and swell  
As billows under bows of ships  
In broken seas on stormy days?  
We may not know—nor *they* indeed—  
What mercy found them in their need.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

A sudden sunlight smote the gloom;  
And round about them swept a breeze,  
With faint breaths as of clover-bloom;  
A bird was heard, through drone of bees,—  
Then, far and clear and eerily,  
A child's voice from an orchard-tree—  
Then laughter, sweet as the perfume  
Of lilacs, could the hearing see.  
And he—O Love! he fed thy name  
On bruised kisses, while her dim  
Deep eyes, with all their inner flame,  
Like drowning gems were turned on him.

143

### *His Vigil*

CLOSE the book and dim the light,  
I shall read no more to-night.  
No—I am not sleepy, dear—  
Do not go: sit by me here  
In the darkness and the deep  
Silence of the watch I keep.  
Something in your presence so  
Soothes me—as in long ago  
I first felt your hand—as now—  
In the darkness touch my brow:  
I've no other wish than you  
Thus should fold mine eyelids to,  
Saying naught of sigh or tear—  
Just as God were sitting here.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

144

### *Tom Van Arden*

**T**OM VAN ARDEN, my old friend,  
Our warm fellowship is one  
Far too old to comprehend  
Where its bond was first begun:  
Mirage-like before my gaze  
Gleams a land of other days,  
Where two truant boys, astray,  
Dream their lazy lives away.

There's a vision, in the guise  
Of Midsummer, where the Past  
Like a weary beggar lies  
In the shadow Time has cast;  
And as blends the bloom of trees  
With the drowsy hum of bees,  
Fragrant thoughts and murmurs blend,  
Tom Van Arden, my old friend.

Tom Van Arden, my old friend,  
All the pleasures we have known  
Thrill me now as I extend  
This old hand and grasp your own—  
Feeling, in the rude caress,  
All affection's tenderness;  
Feeling, though the touch be rough,  
Our old souls are soft enough.

So we'll make a mellow hour:  
Fill your pipe, and taste the wine—  
Warp your face, if it be sour,  
I can spare a smile from mine;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

If it sharpen up your wit,  
Let me feel the edge of it—  
I have eager ears to lend,  
Tom Van Arden, my old friend.

Tom Van Arden, my old friend,  
Are we "lucky dogs," indeed?  
Are we all that we pretend  
In the jolly life we lead?—  
Bachelors, we must confess,  
Boast of "single blessedness"  
To the world, but not alone—  
Man's best sorrow is his own!

And the saddest truth is this,—  
Life to us has never proved  
What we tasted in the kiss  
Of the women we have loved:  
Vainly we congratulate  
Our escape from such a fate  
As their lying lips could send,  
Tom Van Arden, my old friend!

Tom Van Arden, my old friend,  
Hearts, like fruit upon the stem,  
Ripen sweetest, I contend,  
As the frost falls over them:  
Your regard for me to-day  
Makes November taste of May,  
And through every vein of rhyme  
Pours the blood of summer-time.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

When our souls are cramped with youth  
Happiness seems far away  
In the future, while, in truth,  
We look back on it to-day  
Through our tears, nor dare to boast,—  
“Better to have loved and lost!”  
Broken hearts are hard to mend,  
Tom Van Arden, my old friend.

Tom Van Arden, my old friend,  
I grow prosy, and you tire;  
Fill the glasses while I bend  
To prod up the failing fire . . .  
You are restless:—I presume  
There’s a dampness in the room.—  
Much of warmth our nature begs,  
With rheumatics in our legs!...

Humph! the legs we used to fling  
Limber-jointed in the dance,  
When we heard the fiddle ring  
Up the curtain of Romance,  
And in crowded public halls  
Played with hearts like jugglers’ balls.—  
*Feats of mountebanks, depend!*—  
Tom Van Arden, my old friend.

Tom Van Arden, my old friend,  
Pardon, then, this theme of mine:  
While the firelight leaps to lend  
Higher color to the wine,—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I propose a health to those  
Who have *homes*, and home's repose,  
Wife- and child-love without end!  
...Tom Van Arden, my old friend.

### 145      *The Blossoms on the Trees*

BLOSSOMS crimson, white, or blue,  
Purple, pink, and every hue,  
From sunny skies, to tintings drowned  
In dusky drops of dew,  
I praise you all, wherever found,  
And love you through and through;—  
*But, Blossoms On The Trees,*  
With your breath upon the breeze,  
There's nothing all the world around  
As half as sweet as you!

Could the rhymer only wring  
All the sweetness to the lees  
Of all the kisses clustering  
In juicy Used-to-bes,  
To dip his rhymes therein and sing  
The blossoms on the trees,—  
“O Blossoms on the Trees,”  
He would twitter, trill, and coo,  
“However sweet, such songs as these  
Are not as sweet as you;—  
For you are *blooming* melodies  
The eyes may listen to!”

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

146

### *Her Beautiful Eyes*

O HER beautiful eyes! they are as blue as the dew  
On the violet's bloom when the morning is new,  
And the light of their love is the gleam of the sun  
O'er the meadows of Spring where the quick shadows run:  
As the morn shifts the mists and the clouds from the skies—  
So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as mid-day to me,  
When the lily-bell bends with the weight of the bee,  
And the throat of the thrush is a-pulse in the heat,  
And the senses are drugged with the subtle and sweet  
And delirious breaths of the air's lullabies—  
So I swoon in the noon of her beautiful eyes.

O her beautiful eyes! they have smitten mine own  
As a glory glanced down from the glare of The Throne;  
And I reel, and I falter and fall, as afar  
Fell the shepherds that looked on the mystical Star,  
And yet dazed in the tidings that bade them arise—  
So I grope through the night of her beautiful eyes.

147

### *Home at Night*

WHEN chirping crickets fainter cry,  
And pale stars blossom in the sky,  
And twilight's gloom has dimmed the bloom  
And blurred the butterfly:

When locust-blossoms fleck the walk,  
And up the tiger-lily stalk  
The glow-worm crawls and clings and falls  
And glimmers down the garden-walls:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

When buzzing things, with double wings  
Of crisp and raspish flutterings,  
Go whizzing by so very nigh  
One thinks of fangs and stings:—

O then, within, is stilled the din  
Of crib she rocks the baby in,  
And heart and gate and latch's weight  
Are lifted—and the lips of Kate.

148

### *Just to be Good*

JUST to be good—

This is enough—enough!

O we who find sin's billows wild and rough,  
Do we not feel how more than any gold  
Would be the blameless life we led of old  
While yet our lips knew but a mother's kiss?

Ah! though we miss

All else but this,

To be good is enough!

It is enough—

Enough—just to be good!

To lift our hearts where they are understood;  
To let the thirst for worldly power and place  
Go unappeased; to smile back in God's face  
With the glad lips our mothers used to kiss.

Ah! though we miss

All else but this,

To be good is enough!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

149

### *Autumn*

AS a harvester, at dusk,  
Faring down some woody trail  
Leading homeward through the musk  
Of May-apple and pawpaw,  
Hazel-bush, and spice and haw,—  
So comes Autumn, swart and hale,  
Drooped of frame and slow of stride,  
But withal an air of pride  
Looming up in stature far  
Higher than his shoulders are;  
Weary both in arm and limb,  
Yet the wholesome heart of him  
Sheer at rest and satisfied.

Greet him as with glee of drums  
And glad cymbals, as he comes!  
Robe him fair, O Rain and Shine!  
He the Emperor—the King—  
Royal lord of everything  
Sagging Plenty's granary floors  
And out-bulging all her doors;  
He the god of corn and wine,  
Honey, milk, and fruit and oil—  
Lord of feast, as lord of toil—  
Jocund host of yours and mine!

Ho! the revel of his laugh!—  
Half is sound of winds, and half  
Roar of ruddy blazes drawn  
Up the throats of chimneys wide,  
Circling which, from side to side,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Faces—lit as by the Dawn,  
With her highest tintings on  
Tip of nose, and cheek, and chin—  
Smile at some old fairy-tale  
Of enchanted lovers, in  
Silken gown and coat of mail.  
With a retinue of elves  
Merry as their very selves,  
Trooping ever, hand in hand,  
Down the dales of Wonderland.

Then the glory of his song!—  
Lifting up his dreamy eyes—  
Singing haze across the skies;  
Singing clouds that trail along  
Towering tops of trees that seize  
Tufts of them to stanch the breeze;  
Singing slanted strands of rain  
In between the sky and earth,  
For the lyre to mate the mirth  
And the might of his refrain:  
Singing southward-flying birds  
Down to us, and afterwards  
Singing them to flight again:  
Singing blushes to the cheeks  
Of the leaves upon the trees—  
Singing on and changing these  
Into pallor, slowly wrought,  
Till the little, moaning creeks  
Bear them to their last farewell,  
As Elaine, the lovable,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Was borne down to Lancelot.—  
Singing drip of tears, and then  
Drying them with smiles again.

Singing apple, peach and grape,  
Into roundest, plumpest shape;  
Rosy ripeness to the face  
Of the pippin; and the grace  
Of the dainty stamin-tip  
To the huge bulk of the pear,  
Pendant in the green caress  
Of the leaves, and glowing through  
With the tawny laziness  
Of the gold that Ophir knew,—  
Haply, too, within its rind  
Such a cleft as bees may find,  
Bungling on it half aware,  
And wherein to set them sip,  
Fancy lifts an oozy lip,  
And the singer's falter there.

Sweet as swallows swimming through  
Eddyings of dusk and dew,  
Singing happy scenes of home  
Back to sight of eager eyes  
That have longed for them to come,  
Till their coming is surprise  
Uttered only by the rush  
Of quick tears and prayerful hush:  
Singing on, in clearer key,  
Hearty palms of you and me  
Into grasps that tingle still  
Rapturous, and ever will!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Singing twank and twang of strings—  
Trill of flute and clarinet  
In a melody that rings  
Like the tunes we used to play,  
And our dreams are playing yet!  
Singing lovers, long astray,  
Each to each; and, sweeter things,—  
Singing in their marriage-day,  
And a banquet holding all  
These delights for festival.

O LOVE is like an untamed steed!—  
So hot of heart and wild of speed,  
And with fierce freedom so in love,  
The desert is not vast enough,  
With all its leagues of glimmering sands,  
To pasture it! Ah, that my hands  
Were more than human in their strength,  
That my deft lariat at length  
Might safely noose this splendid thing  
That so despises all conquering!  
Ho! but to see it whirl and reel—  
The sands spurt forward—and to feel  
The quivering tension of the thong  
That throned me high, with shriek and song!  
To grapple tufts of tossing mane—  
To spurn it to its feet again,  
And then, *sans* saddle, rein or bit,  
To lash the mad life out of it!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

151

### *Let Us Forget*

LET us forget. What matters it that we  
Once reigned o'er happy realms of long ago,  
And talked of love, and let our voices low,  
And ruled for some brief sessions royally?  
What if we sung, or laughed, or wept maybe?  
It has availed not anything, and so  
Let it go by that we may better know  
How poor a thing is lost to you and me.  
But yesterday I kissed your lips, and yet  
Did thrill you not enough to shake the dew  
From your drenched lids—and missed, with no regret,  
Your kiss shot back, with sharp breaths failing you:  
And so, to-day, while our worn eyes are wet  
With all this waste of tears, let us forget!

152

### *Sleep*

O RPHANED, I cry to thee:  
Sweet Sleep! O kneel and be  
A mot'er unto me!  
Calm thou my childish fears:  
Fold—fold mine eyelids to, all tenderly,  
And dry my tears.

Come, Sleep, all drowsy-eyed  
And faint with languor,—slide  
Thy dim face down beside  
Mine own, and let me rest  
And nestle in thy heart, and there abide,  
A favored guest.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Good night to every care,  
And shadow of despair!  
Good night to all things where  
    Within is no delight!—  
Sleep opens her dark arms, and, swooning there,  
    I sob: Good night—good night!

153

### *When Age Comes On*

WHEN Age comes on!—  
The deepening dusk is where the dawn  
Once glittered splendid, and the dew,  
In honey-drips from red rose-lips,  
Was kissed away by me and you.—  
And now across the frosty lawn  
Black footprints trail, and Age comes on—  
    And Age comes on!  
And biting wild-winds whistle through  
Our tattered hopes—and Age comes on!

When Age comes on!—  
O tide of raptures, long withdrawn,  
    Flow back in summer floods, and fling  
Here at our feet our childhood sweet,  
    And all the songs we used to sing! . . .  
Old loves, old friends—all dead and gone—  
Our old faith lost—and Age comes on—  
    And Age comes on!  
Poor hearts! have we not anything  
But longings left when Age comes on?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

154

*Dan Paine*

OLD friend of mine, whose chiming name  
Has been the burthen of a rhyme  
Within my heart since first I came  
To know thee in thy mellow prime:  
With warm emotions in my breast  
That can but coldly be expressed,  
And hopes and wishes wild and vain,  
I reach my hand to thee, Dan Paine.

In fancy, as I sit alone  
In gloomy fellowship with care,  
I hear again thy cheery tone,  
And wheel for thee an easy-chair;  
And from my hand the pencil falls—  
My book upon the carpet sprawls,  
As eager soul and heart and brain  
Leap up to welcome thee, Dan Paine.

A something gentle in thy mien,  
A something tender in thy voice,  
Has made my trouble so serene,  
I can but weep, from very choice.  
And even then my tears, I guess,  
Hold more of sweet than bitterness,  
And more of gleaming shine than rain,  
Because of thy bright smile, Dan Paine.

The wrinkles that the years have spun  
And tangled round thy tawny face,  
Are kinked with laughter, every one,  
And fashioned in a mirthful grace.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And though the twinkle of thine eyes  
Is keen as frost when Summer dies,  
It can not long as frost remain  
While thy warm soul shines out, Dan Paine.

And so I drain a health to thee:—  
May merry Joy and jolly Mirth  
Like children clamber on thy knee,  
And ride thee round the happy earth!  
And when, at last, the hand of Fate  
Shall lift the latch of Canaan's gate,  
And usher me in thy domain,  
Smile on me just as now, Dan Paine.

155

### *Their Sweet Sorrow*

THEY meet to say farewell: Their way  
Of saying this is hard to say.—  
He holds her hand an instant, wholly  
Distressed—and she unclasps it slowly.

He bends *his* gaze evasively  
Over the printed page that she  
Recurrs to, with a new-moon shoulder  
Glimpsed from the lace-mists that enfold her.

The clock, beneath its crystal cup,  
Discreetly clicks—"Quick! Act! Speak up!"  
A tension circles both her slender  
Wrists—and her raised eyes flash in splendor,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Even as he feels his dazzled own.—  
Then, blindingly, round either thrown,  
They feel a stress of arms that ever  
Strain tremblingly and—"Never! Never!"

Is whispered brokenly, with half  
A sob, like a belated laugh,—  
While cloyingly their blurred kiss closes,—  
Sweet as the dew's lip to the rose's.

### 156     *The Old Retired Sea-Captain*

THE old sea-captain has sailed the seas  
So long, that the waves at mirth,  
Or the waves gone wild, and the crests of these,  
Were as near playmates from birth:  
He has loved both the storm and the calm, because  
They seemed as his brothers twain,—  
The flapping sail was his soul's applause,  
And his rapture, the roaring main.

But now—like a battered hulk seems he,  
Cast high on a foreign strand,  
Though he feels "in port," as it need must be,  
And the stay of a daughter's hand—  
Yet ever the round of the listless hours,—  
His pipe, in the languid air—  
The grass, the trees, and the garden flowers,  
And the strange earth everywhere!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And so betimes he is restless here  
In this little inland town,  
With never a wing in the atmosphere  
But the wind-mill's, up and down;  
His daughter's home in this peaceful vale,  
And his grandchild 'twixt his knees—  
But never the hail of a passing sail,  
Nor the surge of the angry seas!

He quits his pipe, and he snaps its neck—  
Would speak, though he coughs instead,  
Then paces the porch like a quarter-deck  
With a reeling mast o'erhead!  
Ho! the old sea-captain's cheeks glow warm,  
And his eyes gleam grim and weird,  
As he mutters about, like a thunder-storm,  
In the cloud of his beetling beard.

157

*August*

A DAY of torpor in the sullen heat  
Of Summer's passion: In the sluggish stream  
The panting cattle lave their lazy feet,  
With drowsy eyes, and dream.

Long since the winds have died, and in the sky  
There lives no cloud to hint of Nature's grief;  
The sun glares ever like an evil eye,  
And withers flower and leaf.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Upon the gleaming harvest-field remote  
The thresher lies deserted, like some old  
Dismantled galleon that hangs afloat  
Upon a sea of gold.

The yearning cry of some bewildered bird  
Above an empty nest, and truant boys  
Along the river's shady margin heard—  
A harmony of noise—

A melody of wrangling voices blent  
With liquid laughter, and with rippling calls  
Of piping lips and trilling echoes sent  
To mimic waterfalls.\*

And through the hazy veil the atmosphere  
Has draped about the gleaming face of Day,  
The sifted glances of the sun appear  
In splinterings of spray.

The dusty highway, like a cloud of dawn,  
Trails o'er the hillside, and the passer-by,  
A tired ghost in misty shroud, toils on  
His journey to the sky.

And down across the valley's drooping sweep,  
Withdrawn to farthest limit of the glade,  
The forest stands in silence, drinking deep  
Its purple wine of shade.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The gossamer floats up on phantom wing;  
The sailor-vision voyages the skies  
And carries into chaos everything  
That freights the weary eyes:

Till, throbbing on and on, the pulse of heat  
Increases—reaches—passes fever's height,  
And Day sinks into slumber, cool and sweet,  
Within the arms of Night.

158

### *Go, Winter!*

**G**O, Winter! Go thy ways! We want again  
The twitter of the bluebird and the wren;  
Leaves ever greener growing, and the shine  
Of Summer's sun—not thine.—

Thy sun, which mocks our need of warmth and love  
And all the heartening fervencies thereof,  
It scarce hath heat enow to warm our thin  
Pathetic yearnings in.

So get thee from us! We are cold, God wot,  
Even as *thou* art.—We remember not  
How blithe we hailed thy coming.—That was O  
Too long—too long ago!

Get from us utterly! Ho! Summer then  
Shall spread her grasses where thy snows have been,  
And thy last icy footprint melt and mold  
In her first marigold.

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

159

*Donn Piatt of Mac-o-Chee*

I

DONN Piatt—of Mac-o-chee,—  
Not the one of History,  
Who, with flaming tongue and pen,  
Scathes the vanities of men;  
Not the one whose biting wit  
Cuts pretense and etches it  
On the brazen brow that dares  
Filch the laurel that it wears:  
Not the Donn Piatt whose praise  
Echoes in the noisy ways  
Of the faction, onward led  
By the statesman!—But, instead,  
Give the simple man to me,—  
Donn Piatt of Mac-o-chee!

II

Donn Piatt of Mac-o-chee!  
Branches of the old oak-tree,  
Drape him royally in fine  
Purple shade and golden shine!  
Emerald plush of sloping lawn  
Be the throne he sits upon!  
And, O Summer Sunset, thou  
Be his crown, and gild a brow  
Softly smoothed and soothed and calmed  
By the breezes, mellow-palmed  
As Erata's white hand agleam  
On the forehead of a dream.—  
So forever rule o'er me,  
Donn Piatt of Mac-o-chee!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### III

Donn Piatt of Mac-o-chee :  
Through a lilded memory  
Plays the wayward little creek  
Round thy home at hide-and-seek—  
As I see and hear it, still  
Romping round the wooded hill,  
Till its laugh-and-babble blends  
With the silence while it sends  
Glances back to kiss the sight,  
In its babyish delight,  
Ere it strays amid the gloom  
Of the glens that burst in bloom  
Of the rarest rhyme for thee,  
Donn Piatt of Mac-o-chee !

### IV

Donn Piatt of Mac-o-chee !  
What a darling destiny  
Has been mine—to meet him there—  
Lolling in an easy-chair  
On the terrace, while he told  
Reminiscences of old—  
Letting my cigar die out,  
Hearing poems talked about ;  
And entranced to hear him say  
Gentle things of Thackeray,  
Dickens, Hawthorne, and the rest,  
Known to him as host and guest—  
Known to him as he to me—  
Donn Piatt of Mac-o-chee !

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

160

*Longfellow*

THE winds have talked with him confidingly;  
The trees have whispered to him; and the night  
Hath held him gently as a mother might,  
And taught him all sad tones of melody:  
The mountains have bowed to him; and the sea,  
In clamorous waves, and murmurs exquisite,  
Hath told him all her sorrow and delight—  
Her legends fair—her darkest mystery.  
His verse blooms like a flower, night and day;  
Bees cluster round his rhymes; and twitterings  
Of lark and swallow, in an endless May,  
Are mingling with the tender songs he sings.—  
Nor shall he cease to sing—in every lay  
Of Nature's voice he sings—and will alway.

161

*The Quiet Lodger*

THE man that rooms next door to me:  
Two weeks ago, this very night,  
He took possession quietly,  
As any other lodger might—  
But why the room next mine should so  
Attract him I was vexed to know,—  
Because his quietude, in fine,  
Was far superior to mine.

"Now, I like quiet, truth to tell,  
A tranquil life is sweet to me—  
But *this*," I sneered, "suits me too well.—  
He shuts his door so noiselessly,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And glides about so very mute,  
In each mysterious pursuit,  
His silence is oppressive, and  
Too deep for me to understand."

Sometimes, forgetting book or pen,  
I've found my head in breathless poise  
Listed, and dropped in shame again,  
Hearing some alien ghost of noise—  
Some smothered sound that seemed to be  
A trunk-lid dropped unguardedly,  
Or the crisp writhings of some quire  
Of manuscript thrust in the fire.

Then I have climbed, and closed in vain  
My transom, opening in the hall;  
Or close against the window-pane  
Have pressed my fevered face,—but all  
The day or night without held not  
A sight or sound or counter-thought  
To set my mind one instant free  
Of this man's silent mastery.

And often I have paced the floor  
With muttering anger, far at night,  
Hearing, and cursing, o'er and o'er,  
The muffled noises, and the light  
And tireless movements of this guest  
Whose silence raged above my rest  
Hoarser than howling storms at sea—  
The man that rooms next door to me.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But twice or thrice, upon the stair,  
I've seen his face—most strangely wan,—  
Each time upon me unaware  
He came—smooth'd past me, and was gone.—  
So like a whisper he went by,  
I listened after, ear and eye,  
Nor could my chafing fancy tell  
The meaning of one syllable.

Last night I caught him, face to face,—  
He entering his room, and I  
Glaring from mine: He paused a space  
And met my scowl all shrinkingly,  
But with full gentleness: The key  
Turned in his door—and I could see  
It tremblingly withdrawn and put  
Inside, and then—the door was shut.

Then silence. *Silence!*—why, last night  
The silence was tumultuous,  
And thundered on till broad daylight:—  
O never has it stunned me thus!—  
It rolls, and moans, and mumbles yet.—  
Ah, God! how loud may silence get  
When man mocks at a brother man  
Who answers but as silence can!

The silence grew, and grew, and grew,  
Till at high noon to-day 'twas heard  
Throughout the house; and men flocked through  
The echoing halls, with faces blurred

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

With pallor, gloom, and fear, and awe,  
And shuddering at what they saw,—  
The quiet lodger, as he lay  
Stark of the life he cast away.

So strange to-night—those voices there,  
Where all so quiet was before:  
They say the face has not a care  
Nor sorrow in it any more . . .  
His latest scrawl:—"Forgive me—You  
Who prayed, 'They know not what they do!'"  
My tears will never let me see  
This man that rooms next door to me!

162

### *The Rival*

I SO loved once, when Death came by I hid  
Away my face,  
And all my sweetheart's tresses she undid  
To make my hiding-place.

The dread shade passed me thus unheeding; and  
I turned me then  
To calm my love—kiss down her shielding hand  
And comfort her again.

And lo! she answered not: And she did sit  
All fixedly,  
With her fair face and the sweet smile of it,  
In love with Death, not me.

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

163 *A Monument for the Soldiers*

A MONUMENT for the Soldiers!

And what will ye build it of?

Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,

Outlasting the Soldiers' love?

Can ye glorify it with legends

As grand as their blood hath writ

From the inmost shrine of this land of thine

To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it

Out of our hopes made sure,

And out of our purest prayers and tears,

And out of our faith secure:

We would build it out of the great white truths

Their death hath sanctified,

And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,

And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures

Can the sculptor carve in stone?

Can the marble breast be made to bleed,

And the marble lips to moan?

Can the marble brow be fevered?

And the marble eyes be graved

To look their last, as the flag floats past,

On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures

Shall all be fair and brave,

And, as befitting, as pure and white

As the stars above their grave!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The marble lips, and breast and brow  
Whereon the laurel lies,  
Bequeath us right to guard the flight  
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!  
Built of a people's love,  
And blazoned and decked and panoplied  
With the hearts ye build it of!  
And see that ye build it stately,  
In pillar and niche and gate,  
And high in pose as the souls of those  
It would commemorate!

### 164      *The Watches of the Night*

O THE waiting in the watches of the night!  
In the darkness, desolation, and contrition and af-  
fright;  
The awful hush that holds us shut away from all delight:  
The ever-weary memory that ever weary goes  
Recounting ever over every aching loss it knows—  
The ever-weary cyclids gasping ever for repose—  
In the dreary, weary watches of the night!

Dark—stifling dark—the watches of the night!  
With tingling nerves at tension, how the blackness flashes  
white  
With spectral visitations smitten past the inner sight!—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

What shuddering sense of wrongs we've wrought that  
may not be redressed—  
Of tears we did not brush away—of lips we left un-  
pressed,  
And hands that we let fall, with all their loyalty un-  
guessed!  
Ah! the empty, empty watches of the night!

What solace in the watches of the night?—  
What frailest staff of hope to stay—what faintest shaft of  
light?  
Do we *dream*, and dare *believe* it, that by never weight . . .  
right  
Of our own poor weak deserving, we shall win the dawn  
at last—  
Our famished souls find freedom from this penance f . . .  
the past,  
In a faith that leaps and lightens from the gloom that  
flees aghast—  
Shall we survive the watches of the night?

ONE leads us through the watches of the night—  
By the ceaseless intercession of our loved ones lost to sight  
He is with us through all trials, in His mercy and His  
might;—  
With our mothers there about Him, all our sorrow dis-  
appears,  
Till the silence of our sobbing is the prayer the Master  
hears,  
And His hand is laid upon us with the tenderness of  
tears  
In the waning of the watches of the night.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

165

### *My Friend*

"HE is my friend," I said,—  
"Be patient!" Overhead  
The skies were drear and dim;  
And lo! the thought of him  
Smiled on my heart—and then  
The sun shone out again!

"He is my friend!" The words  
Brought summer and the birds;  
And all my winter-time  
Thawed into running rhyme  
And rippled into song,  
Warm, tender, brave, and strong.

And so it sings to-day.—  
So may it sing alway!  
Though waving grasses grow  
Between, and lilies blow  
Their trills of perfume clear  
As laughter to the ear,  
Let each mute measure end  
With "Still he is thy friend."

166

### *The Passing of a Heart*

O TOUCH me with your hands—  
For pity's sake!  
My brow throbs ever on with such an ache  
As only your cool touch may take away;  
And so, I pray  
    You, touch me with your hands!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Touch—touch me with your hands.—

Smooth back the hair

You once care sed, and kissed, and called so fair

That I did dream its gold would wear alway,

And lo, to-day—

O touch me with your hands !

Just touch me with your hands,

And let them press

My weary eyelids with the old caress,

And lull me till I sleep. Then go your way,

That Death may say :

He touched her with his hands.

### 167      *We to Sigh Instead of Sing*

“**R**AIN and rain! and rain and rain!”

Yesterday we muttered

Grimly as the grim refrain

That the thunders uttered:

All the heavens under cloud—

All the sunshine sleeping;

All the grasses limply bowed

With their weight of weeping.

Sigh and sigh! and sigh and sigh!

Never end of sighing:

Rain and rain for our reply—

Hopes half-drowned and dying;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Peering through the window-pane,  
Naught but endless raining—  
Endless sighing, and, as vain,  
Endlessly complaining.

Shine and shine! and shine and shine!  
Ah! to-day the splendor!—  
All this glory yours and mine—  
God! but God is tender!  
We to sigh instead of sing,  
*Yesterday, in sorrow,*  
While the Lord was fashioning  
This for our To-morrow!

168

### *Suspense*

A WOMAN'S figure, on a ground of night  
Inlaid with sallow stars that dimly stare  
Down in the lonesome eyes, uplifted there  
As in vague hope some alien lance of light  
Might pierce their woe. The tears that blind her sight—  
The salt and bitter blood of her despair—  
Her hands toss back through torrents of her hair  
And grip toward God with anguish infinite.  
And O the carven mouth, with all its great  
Intensity of longing frozen fast  
In such a smile as well may designate  
The slowly murdered heart, that, to the last,  
Conceals each newer wound, and back at Fate  
Throbs Love's eternal lie—"Lo, I can wait!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

169

*John McKeen*

JOHN McKEEN, in his rusty dress,  
His loosened collar, and swarthy throat,  
His face unshaven, and none the less,  
His hearty laugh and his wholesomeness,  
And the wealth of a workman's vote!

Bring him, O Memory, here once more,  
And tilt him back in his Windsor chair  
By the kitchen stove, when the day is o'er  
And the light of the hearth is across the floor,  
And the crickets everywhere!

And let their voices be gladly blent  
With a watery jingle of pans and spoons,  
And a motherly chirrup of sweet content,  
And neighborly gossip and merriment,  
And old-time fiddle-tunes!

Tick the clock with a wooden sound,  
And fill the hearing with childish glee  
Of rhyming riddle, or story found  
In the Robinson Crusoe, leather-bound  
Old book of the Used-to-be!

John McKeen of the Past! Ah, John,  
To have grown ambitious in worldly ways!—  
To have rolled your shirt-sleeves down, to don  
A broadcloth suit, and, forgetful, gone  
Out on election days!

John, ah, John! did it prove your worth  
To yield you the office you still maintain?—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

To fill your pockets, but leave the dearth  
Of all the happier things on earth  
    To the hunger of heart and brain?

Under the dusk of your villa trees,  
    Edging the drives where your blooded span  
Paw the pebbles and wait your ease,—  
Where are the children about your knees,  
    And the mirth, and the happy man?

The blinds of your mansion are battened to;  
    Your faded wife is a close recluse;  
And your "finished" daughters will doubtless do  
Dutifully all that is willed of you,  
    And marry as you shall choose!—

But O for the old-home voices, blent  
    With the watery jingle of pans and spoons,  
And the motherly chirrup of glad content,  
And neighborly gossip and merriment,  
    And the old-time fiddle-tunes!

AN afternoon as ripe with heat  
    As might the golden pippin be  
With mellowness if at my feet  
    It dropped now from the apple-tree  
My hammock swings in lazily.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The boughs about me spread a shade  
That shields me from the sun, but weaves  
With breezy shuttles through the leaves  
Blue rifts of skies, to gleam and fade  
Upon the eyes that only see  
Just of themselves, all drowsily.

Above me drifts the fallen skein  
Of some tired spider, looped and blown,  
As fragile as a strand of rain,  
Across the air, and upward thrown  
By breaths of hay-fields newly mown—  
So glimmering it is and fine,  
I doubt these drowsy eyes of mine.

Far-off and faint as voices pent  
In mines, and heard from underground,  
Come murmurs as of discontent,  
And clamorings of sullen sound  
The city sends me, as, I guess,  
To vex me, though they do but bless  
Me in my drowsy fastnesses.

I have no care. I only know  
My hammock 'rides and holds me here  
In lands of shade a prisoner:  
While lazily the breezes blow  
Light leaves of sunshine over me,  
And back and forth and to and fro  
I swing, enwrapped in some hushed glee,  
Smiling at all things drowsily.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

171

### *September Dark*

THE air falls chill;  
The whippoorwill  
Pipes lonesomely behind the hill:  
The dusk grows dense,  
The silence tense;  
And lo, the katydids commence.

Through shadowy rifts  
Of woodland, lifts  
The low, slow moon, and upward drifts,  
While left and right  
The fireflies' light  
Swirls eddying in the skirts of Night.

O Cloudland, gray  
And level, lay  
Thy mists across the face of Day!  
At foot and head,  
Above the dead,  
O Dews, weep on uncomforted!

172

### *A Glimpse of Pan*

I CAUGHT but a glimpse of him. Summer was here,  
And I strayed from the town and its dust and heat,  
And walked in a wood, while the noon was near,  
Where the shadows were cool, and the atmosphere  
Was misty with fragrances stirred by my feet  
From surges of blossoms that hallowed sheer  
O'er the grasses, green and sweet.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And I peered through a vista of leaning trees,  
Tressed with long tangles of vines that swept  
To the face of a river, that answered these  
With vines in the wave like the vines in the breeze,  
Till the yearning lips of the ripples crept  
And kissed them, with quavering ecstasies,  
And wistfully laughed and wept.

And there, like a dream in a swoon, I swear  
I saw Pan lying,—his limbs in the dew  
And the shade, and his face in the dazzle and glare  
Of the glad sunshine; while everywhere,  
Over, across, and around him blew  
Filmy dragon-flies hither and there,  
And little white butterflies, two and two,  
In eddies of odorous air.

173

### *A Southern Singer*

*Written in Madison Cawein's "Lyrics and Idylls."*

**H**EREIN are blown from out the South  
Songs blithe as those of Pan's pursed mouth—  
As sweet in voice as, in perfume,  
The night-breath of magnolia-bloom.

Such sumptuous languor lures the sense—  
Such luxury of indolence—  
The eyes blur as a nymph's might blur,  
With water-lilies watching her.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

You waken, thrilling at the trill  
Of some wild bird that seems to spill  
The silence full of winey drips  
Of song that Fancy sips and sips.

Betimes, in brambled lanes wherethrough  
The chipmunk stripes himself from view,  
You pause to lop a creamy spray  
Of elder-blossoms by the way.

Or where the morning dew is yet  
Gray on the topmost rail, you set  
A sudden palm and, vaulting, meet  
Your vaulting shadow in the wheat.

On lordly swards, of suave incline,  
Interscattered with shade and shine,  
You shall misdoubt your lowly birth,  
Clad on as one of princely worth:

The falcon on your wrist shall ride—  
Your milk-white Arab side by side  
With one of raven-black.—You fain  
Would kiss the hand that holds the rein.

Nay, nay, Romancer! Poet! Seer!  
Sing us back home—from there to here:  
Grant your high grace and wit, but we  
Most honor your simplicity—

Herein are blown from out the South  
Songs blithe as those of Pan's pursed mouth—  
As sweet in voice as, in perfume,  
The night-breath of magnolia-bloom,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 174      *A Song of Long Ago*

**A** SONG of Long Ago:

Sing it lightly—sing it low—

Sing it softly—like the lisping of the lips we used  
to know

When our baby-laughter spilled  
From the glad hearts ever filled  
With music blithe as robin ever trilled!

Let the fragrant summer breeze,  
And the leaves of locust-trees,  
And the apple-buds and -blossoms, and the wing  
of honey-bees,  
All palpitate with glee,  
Till the happy harmony  
Brings back each childish joy to you and me.

Let the eyes of fancy turn  
Where the tumbled pippins burn  
Like embers in the orchard's lap of tangled grass  
and fern,—  
There let the old path wind  
In and out, and on behind  
The cider-press that chuckles as we grind.

Blend in the song the moan  
Of the dove that grieves alone,  
And the wild whir of the locust, and the bumble's  
drowsy drone;  
And the low of cows that call  
Through the pasture-bars when all  
The landscape fades away at evenfall.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Then, far away and clear,  
Through the dusky atmosphere,  
Let the wailing of the killdeer be the only sound we  
hear:

O sad and sweet and low  
As the memory may know  
Is the glad-pathetic song of Long Ago!

175

### *The Wife-Blessèd*

**I**N youth he wrought, with eyes ablur,  
Lorn-faced and long of hair—  
In youth—in youth he painted her  
A sister of the air—  
Could clasp her not, but felt the stir  
Of pinions everywhere.

She lured his gaze, in braver days,  
And tranced him sirenwise;  
And he did paint her, through a haze  
Of sullen paradise,  
With scars of kisses on her face  
And embers in her eyes.

And now—nor dream nor wild conceit—  
Though faltering, as before—  
Through tears he paints her, as is meet,  
Tracing the dear face o'er  
With lilied patience meek and sweet  
As Mother Mary wore.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

176

*By Her White Bed*

**B**Y her white bed I muse a little space:  
She fell asleep—not very long ago,—  
And yet the grass was here and not the snow—  
The leaf, the bud, the blossom, and—her face!—  
Midsummer's heaven above us, and the grace  
Of Love's own day, from dawn to afterglow;  
The fireflies' glimmering, and the sweet and low  
Plaint of the whippoorwills, and every place  
In thicker twilight for the roses' scent.  
Then *night*.—She slept—in such tranquillity,  
I walk atiptoe still, nor *dare* to weep,  
Feeling, in all this hush, she rests content—  
That though God stood to wake her for me, she  
Would mutely plead: “Nay, Lord! Let him so sleep.”

177

*Reach Your Hand to Me*

**R**EACH your hand to me, my friend,  
With its heartiest caress—  
Sometime there will come an end  
To its present faithfulness—  
Sometime I may ask in vain  
For the touch of it again,  
When between us land or sea  
Holds it ever back from me.

Sometime I may need it so,  
Groping somewhere in the night,  
It will seem to me as though  
Just a touch, however light,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Would make all the darkness day,  
And along some sunny way  
Lead me through an April-shower  
Of my tears to this fair hour.

O the present is too sweet  
To go on forever thus!  
Round the corner of the street  
Who can say what waits for us?—  
Meeting—greeting, night and day,  
Faring each the selfsame way—  
Still somewhere the path must end.—  
Reach your hand to me, my friend!

ep."

178

### *Thanksgiving*

LET us be thankful—not alone because  
Since last our universal thanks were told  
We have grown greater in the world's applause,  
And fortune's newer smiles surpass the old—

But thankful for all things that come as alms  
From out the open hand of Providence:—  
The winter clouds and storms—the summer calms—  
The sleepless dread—the drowse of indolence

Let us be thankful—thankful for the prayers  
Whose gracious answers were long, long delayed  
That they might fall upon us unawares,  
And bless us, as in greater need we prayed.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand  
That love held out in welcome to our own,  
When love and *only* love could understand  
The need of touches we had never known.

Let us be thankful for the longing eyes  
That gave their secret to us as they wept,  
Yet in return found, with a sweet surprise,  
Love's touch upon their lids, and, smiling, slept.

And let us, too, be thankful that the tears  
Of sorrow have not all been drained away,  
That through them still, for all the coming years,  
We may look on the dead face of To-day.

179

*A Ditty of No Tone—*

*Piped to the Spirit of John Keats*

WOULD that my lips might pour out in thy praise  
A fitting melody—an air sublime,—  
A song sun-washed and draped in dreamy haze—  
The floss and velvet of luxurious rhyme:  
A lay wrought of warm languors, and o'er-brimmed  
With balminess, and fragrance of wild flowers  
Such as the droning bee ne'er wearies of—  
Such thoughts as might be hymned  
To thee from this midsummer land of ours  
Through shower and sunshine, blent for very love.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Deep silences in woody aisles wherethrough  
Cool paths go loitering, and where the trill  
Of best-remembered birds hath something new  
In cadence for the hearing—lingering still  
Through all the open day that lies beyond;  
Reaches of pasture-lands, vine-wreathen oaks,  
Majestic still in pathos of decay;—  
The road—the wayside pond  
Wherein the dragon-fly an instant soaks  
His filmy wing-tips ere he flits away.

And I would pluck from out the dank, rich mould,  
Thick-shaded from the sun of noon, the long  
Lithe stalks of barley, topped with ruddy gold,  
And braid them in the meshes of my song;  
And with them I would tangle wheat and rye,  
And wisps of greenest grass the katydid  
Ere crept beneath the blades of, sulkily,  
As harvest-hands went by;  
And weave of all, as wildest fancy bid,  
A crown of mingled song and bloom for thee.

### 180      *A Dream of Autumn*

MELLOW hazes, lowly trailing  
Over wood and meadow, veiling  
Sombre skies, with wild-fowl sailing  
Sailor-like to foreign lands;  
And the north-wind overleaping  
Summer's brink, and flood-like sweeping  
Wrecks of roses where the weeping—  
Willows wring their helpless hands.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Flared, like Titan torches flinging  
Flakes of flame and embers, springing  
From the vale, the trees stand swinging  
    In the moaning atmosphere;  
While in dead'ning lands the lowing  
Of the cattle, sadder growing,  
Fills the sense to overflowing  
    With the sorrow of the year.

Sorrowfully, yet the sweeter  
Sings the brook in rippled meter  
Under boughs that lithely teeter  
    Lorn birds, answering from the shores  
Through the viny, shady-shiny  
Interspaces, shot with tiny  
Flying motes that fleck the winy  
    Wave-engraven sycamores.

Fields of ragged stubble, wrangled  
With rank weeds, and shocks of tangled  
Corn, with crests like rent plumes dangled  
    Over Harvest's battle-plain;  
And the sudden whir and whistle  
Of the quail that, like a missile,  
Whizzes over thorn and thistle,  
    And, a missile, drops again.

Muffled voices, hid in thickets  
Where the redbird stops to stick its  
Ruddy beak betwixt the pickets  
    Of the truant's rustic trap;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the sound of laughter ringing  
Where, within the wild vine swinging,  
Climb Bacchante's schoolmates, flinging  
Purple clusters in her lap.

Rich as wine, the sunset flashes  
Round the tilted world, and dashes  
Up the sloping west, and splashes  
Red foam over sky and sea—  
Till my dream of Autumn, paling  
In the splendor all-prevailing,  
Like a sallow leaf goes sailing  
Down the silence solemnly.

181

*Robert Burns Wilson*

WHAT intuition named thee?—Through what thrill  
Of the awed soul came the command divine  
Into the mother-heart, foretelling thine  
Should palpitate with his whose raptures will  
Sing on while daisies bloom and lavrocks trill  
Their undulating ways up through the fine  
Fair mists of heavenly reaches? Thy pure line  
Falls as the dew of anthems, quiring still  
The sweeter since the Scottish singer raised  
His voice therein, and, quit of every stress  
Of earthly ache and longing and despair,  
Knew certainly each simple thing he praised  
Was no less worthy, for its lowness,  
Than any joy of all the glory There.

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

182

*The Rose*

I T tossed its head at the wooing breeze;  
And the sun, like a bashful swain,  
Beamed on it through the waving trees  
With a passion all in vain,—  
For my rose laughed in a crimson glee,  
And hid in the leaves in wait for me.

The honey-bee came there to sing  
His love through the languid hours,  
And vaunt of his hives, as a proud old king  
Might boast of his palace-towers:  
But my rose bowed in a mockery,  
And hid in the leaves in wait for me.

The humming-bird, like a courtier gay,  
Dipped down with a dalliant song,  
And twanged his wings through the roundelay  
Of love the whole day long:  
Yet my rose turned from his minstrelsy  
And hid in the leaves in wait for me.

The firefly came in the twilight dim  
My red, red rose to woo—  
Till quenched was the flame of love in him,  
And the light of his lantern too,  
As my rose wept with dewdrops three  
And hid in the leaves in wait for me.

And I said: I will cull my own sweet rose—  
Some day I will claim as mine  
The priceless worth of the flower that knows  
No change, but a bloom divine—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The bloom of a fadeless constancy  
That hides in the leaves in wait for me!

But time passed by in a strange disguise,  
And I marked it not, but lay  
In a lazy dream, with drowsy eyes,  
Till the summer slipped away,  
And a chill wind sang in a minor key:  
"Where is the rose that waits for thee?"

I dream to-day, o'er a purple stain  
Of bloom on a withered stalk,  
Pelted down by the autumn rain  
In the dust of the garden-walk,  
That an Angel-rose in the world to be  
Will hide in the leaves in wait for me.

183

*Elizabeth*

*May 1, 1891*

E LIZABETH! Elizabeth!  
The first May-morning whispereth  
Thy gentle name in every breeze  
That lisbeth through the young-leaved trees,  
New raimented in white and green  
Of bloom and leaf to crown thee queen;—  
And, as in odorous chorus, all  
The orchard-blossoms sweetly call  
Even as a singing voice that saith,  
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Elizabeth! Lo, lily-fair,  
In deep, cool shadows of thy hair,  
Thy face maintaineth its repose.—  
Is it, O sister of the rose,  
So better, sweeter, blooming thus  
Than in this briery world with us?—

Where frost o'ertaketh, and the breath  
Of biting winter harrieth  
With sleeted rains and blighting snows  
All fairest blooms—Elizabeth!

Nay, then!—So reign, Elizabeth,  
Crowned, in thy May-day realm of death!  
Put forth the scepter of thy love  
In every star-tipped blossom of  
The grassy dais of thy throne!  
Sadder are we, thus left alone,  
But gladder they that thrill to see  
Thy mother's rapture, greeting thee.

Bereaved are we by life—not death—  
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

184

### *The Wandering Jew*

THE stars are failing, and the sky  
Is like a field of faded flowers;  
The winds on weary wings go by;  
The moon hides, and the tempest lowers;  
And still through every clime and age  
I wander on a pilgrimage  
That all men know an idle quest,  
For that the goal I seek is—REST!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I hear the voice of summer streams,  
And, following, I find the brink  
Of cooling springs, with childish dreams  
Returning as I bend to drink—  
But suddenly, with startled eyes,  
My face looks on its grim disguise  
Of long gray beard; and so, distressed,  
I hasten on, nor taste of rest.

I come upon a merry group  
Of children in the dusky wood,  
Who answer back the owlet's whoop,  
That laughs as it had understood;  
And I would pause a little space,  
But that each happy blossom-face  
Is like to one *His* hands have blessed  
Who sent me forth in search of rest.

Sometimes I fain would stay my feet  
In shady lanes, where huddled kine  
Couch in the grasses cool and sweet,  
And lift their patient eyes to mine;  
But I, for thoughts that ever then  
Go back to Bethlehem again,  
Must needs fare on my weary quest,  
And weep for very need of rest.

Is there no end? I plead in vain:  
Lost worlds nor living answer me.  
Since Pontius Pilate's awful reign  
Have I not passed eternity?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Have I not drunk the fetid breath  
Of every fevered phase of death,  
And come unscathed through every pest  
And scourge and plague that promised rest?

Have I not seen the stars go out  
That shed their light o'er Galilee,  
And mighty kingdoms tossed about  
And crumbled clod-like in the sea?  
Dead ashes of dead ages blow  
And cover me like drifting snow,  
And time laughs on as 'twere a jest  
That I have any need of rest.

185

### *The Cyclone*

**S**O lone I stood, the very trees seemed drawn  
In conference with themselves.—Intense—inten-  
Seemed everything;—the summer splendor on  
The sight,—magnificence!

A babe's life might not lighter fail and die  
Than failed the sunlight.—Though the hour was noon,  
The palm of midnight might not lighter lie  
Upon the brow of June.

With eyes upraised, I saw the underwings  
Of swallows—gone the instant afterward—  
While from the elms there came strange twitterings,  
Stilled scarce ere they were heard.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The river seemed to shiver; and, far down  
Its darkened length, I saw the sycamores  
Lean inward closer, under the vast frown  
That weighed above the shores.

Then was a roar, born of some awful burst! . . .  
And one lay, shrieking, chattering, in my path—  
Flung—he or I—out of some space accurst  
As of Jehovah's wrath:

Nor barely had he wreaked his latest prayer,  
Ere back the noon flashed o'er the ruin done,  
And, o'er uprooted forests tousel'd there,  
The birds sang in the sun.

186

### *To the Serenader*

TINKLE on, O sweet guitar,  
Let the dancing fingers  
Loiter where the low notes are  
Blended with the singer's:  
Let the midnight pour the moon's  
Mellow wine of glory  
Down upon him through the tune's  
Old romantic story!

I am listening, my love,  
Through the cautious lattice,  
Wondering why the stars above  
All are blinking at us;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Wondering if his eyes from there  
Catch the moonbeam's shimmer  
As it lights the robe I wear  
With a ghostly glimmer.

Lilt thy song, and lute away  
In the wildest fashion :—  
Pour thy rippling roundelay  
O'er the heights of passion !—  
Flash it down the fretted strings  
Till thy mad lips, missing  
All but smothered whisperings,  
Press this rose I'm kissing.

### 187 *The Curse of the Wandering Foot*

**A**LL hope of rest withdrawn me !—  
What dread command hath put  
This awful curse upon me—  
The curse of the wandering foot ?  
Forward and backward and thither,  
And hither and yon again—  
Wandering ever ! And whither ?  
Answer them, God ! Amen.

The blue skies are far o'er me—  
The bleak fields near below :  
Where the mother that bore me ?—  
Where her grave in the snow ?—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Glad in her trough of a coffin—  
The sad eyes frozen shut  
That wept so often, often,  
The curse of the wandering foot !

Here in your marts I care not  
Whatsoever ye think  
Good folk many who dare not  
Give me to eat and drink :  
Give me to sup of your pity—  
Feast me on prayers!—O ye,  
Met I your Christ in the city,  
He would fare forth with me—

Forward and onward and thither,  
And hither again and yon,  
With milk for our drink together  
And honey to feed upon—  
Nor hope of rest withdrawn us,  
Since the one Father put  
The blesSED curse upon us  
The curse of the wandering foot.

### 188      *A Wraith of Summer-time*

**I**N its color, shade and shine,  
'Twas a summer warm as wine,  
With an effervescent flavoring of flowered  
bough and vine,  
And a fragrance and a taste  
Of ripe roses gone to waste,  
And a dreamy sense of sun- and moon- and  
star-light interlaced.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

"Twas a summer such as broods  
O'er enchanted solitudes,  
Where the hand of Fancy leads us through  
    voluptuary moods,  
And with lavish love outpours  
All the wealth of out-of-doors,  
And woos our feet o'er velvet paths and  
    honeysuckle floors.

"Twas a summer-time long dead,—  
And its roses, white and red,  
And its reeds and water-lilies down along  
    the river-bed,—  
O they all are ghostly things—  
For the ripple never sings,  
And the rocking lily never even rustles as  
    it rings!

189

*Out of Nazareth*

"**H**E shall sleep unscathed of thieves  
    Who loves Allah and believes."  
Thus heard one who shared the tent,  
In the far-off Orient,  
Of the Bedouin ben Ahrzz—  
Nobler never loved the stars  
Through the palm-leaves nigh the dim  
Dawn his courser neighed to him!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

He said: "Let the sands be swarmed  
With such thieves as I, and thou  
Shalt at morning rise, unharmed,  
Light as eyelash to the brow  
Of thy camel, amber-eyed,  
Ever munching either side,  
Striding still, with nestled knees,  
Through the midnight's oases.

"Who can rob thee and thou hast  
More than this that thou hast cast  
At my feet—this dust of gold?  
Simply this and that, all told!  
Hast thou not a treasure of  
Such a thing as men call love?

"Can the dusky band I lead  
Rob thee of thy daily need  
Of a whiter soul, or steal  
What thy lordly prayers reveal:  
Who could be enriched of thee  
By such hoard of poverty  
As thy niggard hand pretends  
To dole me—thy worst of friends?  
Therefore shouldst thou pause to bless  
One indeed who blesses thee:  
Robbing thee, I dispossess  
But myself.—Pray thou for me!"

He shall sleep unscathed of thieves  
Who loves Allah and believes.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

190

*Nessmuk*

I HAIL thee, Nessmuk, for the lofty tone  
Yet simple grace that marks thy poetry!  
True forester thou art, and still to be,  
Even in happier fields than thou hast known.  
Thus, in glad visions, glimpses am I shown  
    Of groves delectable—"preserves" for thee—  
Ranged but by friends of thine—I name thee three:—  
First, Chaucer, with his bald old pate new-grown  
    With changeless laurel; next, in Lincoln-green,  
    Gold-belted, -bowed and-bugled, Robin Hood;  
And next, Ike Walton, patient and serene:  
These three, O Nessmuk, gathered hunter-wise,  
Are camped on hither slopes of Paradise.  
    To hail thee first and greet thee, as they should.

191

*The Hoosier Folk-Child*

THE Hoosier Folk-Child—all unsung—  
    Unlettered all of mind and tongue;  
    Unmastered, unmolested—made  
    Most wholly frank and unafraid:  
    Untaught of any school—unvexed  
    Of law or creed—all unperplexed—  
    Unsermoned, ay, and undefiled,  
    An all imperfect-perfect child—  
    A type which (Heaven forgive us!) you  
    And I do tardy honor to,  
    And so profane the sanctities  
    Of our most sacred memories.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Who, growing thus from boy to man,  
That dares not be American?  
Go, Pride, with prudent underbuzz—  
Go *whistle!* as the Folk-Child does.

The Hoosier Folk-Child's world is not  
Much wider than the stable-lot  
Between the house and highway fence  
That bounds the home his father rents.  
His playmates mostly are the ducks  
And chickens, and the boy that "shucks  
Corn by the shock," and talks of town,  
And whether eggs are "up" or "down,"  
And prophesies in boastful tone  
Of "owning horses of his own,"  
And "being his own man," and "when  
He gets to be, what he'll do then."—  
Takes out his jack-knife dreamily  
And makes the Folk-Child two or three  
Crude corn-stalk figures,—a wee span  
Of horses and a little man.

The Hoosier Folk-Child's eyes are wise  
And wide and round as Brownies' eyes:  
The smile they wear is ever blent  
With all-expectant wonderment,—  
On homeliest things they bend a look  
As rapt as o'er a picture-book,  
And seem to ask, whate'er befall,  
The happy reason of it all:—  
Why grass is all so glad a green,  
And leaves—and what their lisplings mean;—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Why buds grow on the boughs, and why  
They burst in blossom by and by—  
As though the orchard in the breeze  
Had shook and popped its *pop-corn trees*,  
To ike and whet, as well they might,  
Some seven-league giant's appetite!

The Hoosier Folk-Child's chubby face  
Has scant refinement, caste or grace,—  
From crown to chin, and cheek to cheek,  
It bears the grimy water-streak  
Of rinsings such as some long rain  
Might drool across the window-pane  
Wherethrough he peers, with troubled frown,  
As some lorn team drives by for town.  
His brow is elfed with wispy hair,  
With tangles in it here and there,  
As though the warlocks snarled it so  
At midmirk when the moon sagged low,  
And boughs did toss and skreek and shake,  
And children moaned themselves awake,  
With fingers clutched, and starting sight  
Blind as the blackness of the night!

The Hoosier Folk-Child!—Rich is he  
In all the wealth of poverty!  
He owns nor title nor estate,  
Nor speech but half articulate,—  
He owns nor princely robe nor crown;—  
Yet, draped in patched and faded brown,  
He owns the bird-songs of the hills—  
The laughter of the April tills;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And his are all the diamonds set  
In Morning's dewy coronet,—  
And his the Dusk's first minted stars  
That twinkle through the pasture-bars  
And litter all the skies at night  
With glittering scraps of silver light;—  
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,  
In beaten gold, belongs to him.

192

### *The Singer*

WHILE with Ambition's hectic flame  
He wastes the midnight oil,  
And dreams, high-throned on heights of fame,  
To rest him from his toil,—

Death's Angel, like a vast eclipse,  
Above him spreads her wings,  
And fans the embers of his lips  
To ashes as he sings.

193      *To An Importunate Ghost*

GET gone, thou most uncomfortable ghost!  
Thou really dost annoy me with thy thin  
Impalpable transparency of grin;  
And the vague, shadowy shape of thee almost  
Hath vext me beyond boundary and coast  
Of my broad patience. Stay thy chatterin' chin,  
And reel the tauntings of thy vain tongue in,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Nor tempt me further with thy vaporish boast  
That I am *helpless* to combat thee! Weil,  
Have at thee, then! Yet if a doom most dire  
Thou wouldest escape, flee whilst thou canst!—Revile  
Me not, Miasmic Mist!—Rank Air! *retire!*  
One instant longer an thou haunt'st me, I'll  
*Inhale* thee, O thou wraith despicable!

194

### *June at Woodruff*

OUT at Woodruff Place—afar  
From the city's glare and jar,  
With the leafy trees, instead  
Of the awnings, overhead;  
With the shadows cool and sweet,  
For the fever of the street;  
With the silence, like a prayer,  
Breathing round us everywhere.

Gracious anchorage, at last,  
From the billows of the vast  
Tide of life that comes and goes,  
Whence and where nobody knows—  
Moving, like a skeptic's thought,  
Out of nowhere into naught.  
Touch and tame us with thy grace,  
Placid calm of Woodruff Place!

Weave a wreath of beechen leaves  
For the brow that throbs and grieves  
O'er the ledger, bloody-lined,  
'Neath the sunstruck window-blind!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Send the breath of woodland bloom  
Through the sick man's prison-room,  
Till his old farm-home shall swim  
Sweet in mind to hearten him!

Out at Woodruff Place the Muse  
Dips her sandal in the dews,  
Sacredly as night and dawn  
Baptize lilded grove and lawn:  
Woody path, or paven way—  
She doth haunt them night and day,—  
Sun or moonlight through the trees,  
To her eyes, are melodies.

Swinging lanterns, twinkling clear  
Through night-scenes, are songs to her—  
Tinted lilts and choirings hues,  
Blent with children's glad halloos;  
Then belated lays that fade  
Into midnight's serenade—  
Vine-like words and zithern-strings  
Twined through all her slumberings.

Blessèd be each hearthstone set  
Neighboring the violet!  
Blessèd every roof-tree prayed  
Over by the beech's shade!  
Blessèd doorway, opening where  
We may look on Nature—there  
Hand to hand and face to face—  
. Storied realm, or Woodruff Place.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

195

### *Envoy*

JUST as of old! The world rolls on and on;  
The day dies into night—night into dawn—  
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold.—  
Just as of old.

Time loiters not. The river ever flows,  
Its brink or white with blossoms or with snows;  
Its tide or warm with spring or winter cold:  
Just as of old.

Lo! where is the beginning, where the end  
Of living, loving, longing? *Listen*, friend!—  
God answers with a silence of pure gold—  
Just as of old.

## ARMAZINDY

196      *The Little Red Ribbon*

THE little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!  
The summer-time comes, and the summer-time goes—  
And never a blossom in all of the land  
As white as the gleam of her beckoning hand!

The long winter months, and the glare of the snows;  
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!  
And never a glimmer of sun in the skies  
As bright as the light of her glorious eyes!

Dreams only are true; but they fade and are gone—  
For her face is not here when I waken at dawn;  
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose  
*Mine* only; *hers* only the dream and repose.

I am weary of waiting, and weary of tears,  
And my heart wearies, too, all these desolate years,  
Moaning over the one only song that it knows,—  
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

197

### *A Poor Man's Wealth*

A POOR man? Yes, I must confess—  
No wealth of gold do I possess;  
No pastures fine, with grazing kine,  
Nor fields of waving grain are mine;  
No foot of fat or fallow land  
Where rightfully my feet may stand  
The while I claim it as my own—  
By deed and title, mine alone.

Ah, poor indeed! perhaps you say—  
But spare me your compassion, pray!—  
When I ride not—with you—I walk  
In Nature's company, and talk  
With one who will not slight or slur  
The child forever dear to her—  
And one who answers back, be sure,  
With smile for smile, though I am poor.

And while communing thus, I count  
An inner wealth of large amount,—  
The wealth of honest purpose blent  
With Penury's environment,—  
The wealth of owing naught to-day  
But debts that I would gladly pay,  
With wealth of thanks still unexpressed  
With cumulative interest.—

A wealth of patience and content—  
For all my ways improvident;  
A faith still fondly exercised—  
For all my plans unrealized;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

A wealth of promises that still,  
Howe'er I fail, I hope to fill;  
A wealth of charity for those  
Who pity me my ragged clothes.

A poor man? Yes, I must confess—  
No wealth of gold do I possess;  
No pastures fine, with grazing kine,  
Nor fields of waving grain are mine;  
But ah, my friend! I've wealth, no end!  
For millionaires might condescend  
To bend the knee and envy me  
This opulence of poverty.

198

*To Edgar Wilson Nye*

O "WILLIAM,"—in thy blithe companionship  
What liberty is mine—what sweet release  
From clamorous strife, and yet what boisterous peace!  
Ho! ho! it is thy fancy's finger-tip  
That dints the dimple now, and kinks the lip  
That scarce may sing, in all this glad increase  
Of merriment! So, pray-thee, do not cease  
To cheer me thus;—for, underneath the quip  
Of thy droll sorcery, the wrangling fret  
Of all distress is stilled—no syllable  
Of sorrow vexeth me—no teardrops wet  
My teeming lids save those that leap to tell  
Thee thou 'st a guest that overweepeth, yet  
Only because thou jokest overwell.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

199

### *The Silent Victors*

MAY 30, 1878

*"Dying for victory, cheer on cheer  
Thundered on his eager ear."*

—CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN.

I

DEEP, tender, firm and true, the Nation's heart  
Throbs for her gallant heroes passed away,  
Who in grim Battle's drama played their part,  
And slumber here to-day.—

Warm hearts that beat their lives out at the shrine  
Of Freedom, while our country held its breath  
As brave battalions wheeled themselves in line  
And marched upon their death:

When Freedom's Flag, its natal wounds scarce healed,  
Was torn from peaceful winds and flung again  
To shudder in the storm of battle-field—  
The elements of men,—

When every star that glittered was a mark  
For Treason's ball, and every rippling bar  
Of red and white was sullied with the dark  
And purple stain of war:

When angry guns, like famished beasts of prey,  
Were howling o'er their gory feast of lives,  
And sending dismal echoes far away  
To mothers, maids, and wives:—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The mother, kneeling in the empty night,  
With pleading hands uplifted for the son  
Who, even as she prayed, had fought the fight—  
The victory had won:

The wife, with trembling hand that wrote to say  
The babe was waiting for the sire's caress—  
The letter meeting that upon the way,—  
The babe was fatherless:

The maiden, with her lips, in fancy, pressed  
Against the brow once dewy with her breath,  
Now lying numb, unknown, and uncaressed  
Save by the dews of death.

### II

What meed of tribute can the poet pay  
The Soldier, but to trail the ivy-vine  
Of idle rhyme above his grave to-day  
In epitaph design?—

Or wreath with laurel-words the icy brows  
That ache no longer with a dream of fame,  
But, pillow'd lowly in the narrow house,  
Renown'd beyond the name.

The dewy tear-dr̄s of the night may fall,  
And tender morning with her shining hand  
May brush them from the grasses green and tall  
That undulate the land.—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Yet song of Peace nor din of toil and thrift,  
Nor chanting honors, with the flowers we heap,  
Can yield us hope the Hero's head to lift  
Out of its dreamless sleep:

The dear old flag, whose faintest flutter flies  
A stirring echo through each patriot breast,  
Can never coax to life the folded eyes  
That saw its wrongs redressed—

That watched it waver when the fight was hot,  
And blazed with newer courage to its aid,  
Regardless of the shower of shell and shot  
Through which the charge was made;—

And when, at last, they saw it plume its wings,  
Like some proud bird in stormy element,  
And soar untrammeled on its wanderings,  
They closed in death, content.

### III

O mother, you who miss the smiling face  
Of that dear boy who vanished from your sight,  
And left you weeping o'er the vacant place  
He used to fill at night,—

Who left you dazed, bewildered, on a day  
That echoed wild huzzas, and roar of guns  
That drowned the farewell words you tried to say  
To incoherent ones;—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Be glad and proud you had the life to give—  
Be comforted through all the years to come,—  
Your country has a longer life to live,  
Your son a better home.

O widow, weeping o'er the orphaned child,  
Who only lifts his questioning eyes to send  
A keener pang to grief unreconciled,—  
Teach him to comprehend

He had a father brave enough to stand  
Before the fire of Treason's blazing gun,  
That, dying, he might will the rich old land  
Of Freedom to his son.

And, maiden, living on through lonely years  
In fealty to love's enduring ties,—  
With strong faith gleaming through the tender tears  
That gather in your eyes,

Look up! and own, in gratefulness of prayer,  
Submission to the will of Heaven's High Host.—  
I see your Angel-soldier pacing there,  
Expectant at his post.—

I see the rank and file of armies vast,  
That muster under one supreme control;  
I hear the trumpet sound the signal-blast—  
The calling of the roll—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The grand divisions falling into line  
And forming, under voice of One alone  
Who gives command, and joins with tongue divine  
The hymn that shakes the Throne.

### v

And thus, in tribute to the forms that rest  
In their last camping-ground, we strew the bloom  
And fragrance of the flowers they loved the best,  
In silence o'er the tomb.

With reverent hands we twine the Hero's wreath  
And clasp it tenderly on stake or stone  
That stands the sentinel for each beneath  
Whose glory is our own.

While in the violet that greets the sun,  
We see the azure eye of some lost boy;  
And in the rose the ruddy cheek of one  
We kissed in childish joy, -

Recalling, haply, when he marched away,  
He laughed his loudest though his eyes were wet.—  
The kiss he gave his mother's brow that day  
Is there and burning yet:

And through the storm of grief around her tossed,  
One ray of saddest comfort she may see.—  
Four hundred thousand sons like hers were lost  
To weeping Liberty.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But draw aside the drapery of gloom,  
And let the sunshine chase the clouds away  
And gild with brighter glory every tomb  
We decorate to-day:

And in the holy silence reigning round,  
While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere,  
Where loyal souls of love and faith are found,  
Thank God that Peace is here!

And let each angry impulse that may start,  
Be smothered out of every loyal breast;  
And, rocked within the cradle of the heart,  
Let every sorrow rest.

H ERE where the wayward stream  
Is restful as a dream,  
And where the banks o'erlook  
A pool from out whose deeps  
My pleased face upward peeps,  
I cast my hook.

Silence and sunshine blent!—  
A Sabbath-like content  
Of wood and wave;—a free-  
Hand landscape grandly wrought  
Of Summer's brightest thought  
And mastery.—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

For here form, light and shade,  
And color—all are laid  
With skill so rarely fine,  
The eye may even see  
The ripple tremblingly  
Lip at the line.

I mark the dragon-fly  
Flit waveringly by  
In ever-veering flight,  
Till, in a hush profound,  
I see him eddy round  
The "cork" and—"light"!

Ho! with the boy's faith then  
Brimming my heart again,  
And knowing, soon or late,  
The "nibble" yet shall roll  
Its thrills along the pole,  
I—breathless—wait.

201

### *What Redress*

I PRAY you, do not use this thing  
For vengeance; but if questioning  
What wound, when dealt your humankind,  
Goes deepest,—surely he will find  
Who wrongs *you*, loving *him* no less—  
There's nothing hurts like tenderness.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

202

### *The Old School-Chum*

HE puts the poem by, to say  
His eyes are not themselves to-day!

A sudden glamour o'er his sight—  
A something vague, indefinite—

An oft-recurring blur that blinds  
The printed meaning of the lines,

And leaves the mind all dusk and dim  
In swimming darkness—strange to him!

It is not childishness, I guess,—  
Yet something of the tenderness

That used to wet his lashes when  
A boy seems troubling him again;—

The old emotion, sweet and wild,  
That drove him truant when a child,

That he might hide the tears that fell  
Above the lesson—"Little Nell."

And so it is he puts aside  
The poem he has vainly tried

To follow; and, as one who sighs  
In failure, through a poor disguise

Of smiles, he dries his tears, to say  
His eyes are not themselves to-day.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### *Three Singing Friends*

I

LEE O. HARRIS

SCHOOLMASTER and Songmaster! Memory  
Enshrines thee with an equal love for thy  
Duality of gifts,—thy pure and high  
Endowments—Learning rare, and Poesy.  
These were as mutual handmaids, serving thee,  
Throughout all seasons of the years gone by,  
With all enduring joys 'twixt earth and sky—  
In turn shared nobly with thy friends and me.  
Thus is it that thy clear song, ringing on,  
Is endless inspiration, fresh and free  
As the old Mays at verge of June sunshine;  
And musical as then, at dewy dawn,  
The robin hailed us, and all twinklingly  
Our one path wandered under wood and vine.

II

BENJ. S. PARKER

Thy rapt song makes of Earth a realm of light  
And shadow mystical as some dreamland  
Arched with unfathomed azure—vast and grand  
With splendor of the morn; or dazzling bright  
With orient noon; or strewn with stars of night

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Thick as the daisies blown in grasses fanned  
By odorous midsummer breezes and  
Showered over by all bird-songs exquisite.  
This is thy voice's beatific art—  
To make melodious all things below,  
Calling through them, from far, diviner space  
Thy clearer hail to us.—The faltering heart  
Thou cheerest; and thy fellow-mortal so  
Fares onward under Heaven with lifted face.

### III

#### JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS

Bard of our Western world!—its prairies wide,  
With edging woods, lost creeks and hidden ways;  
Its isolated farms, with roundelay  
Of orchard warblers heard on every side;  
Its cross-road school-house, wherein still abide  
Thy fondest memories,—since there thy gaze  
First fell on classic verse; and thou, in praise  
Of that, didst find thine own song glorified.  
So singing, smite the strings and counterchange  
The lucently melodious drippings of  
Thy happy harp, from airs of "Tempe Vale,"  
To chirp and trill of lowliest flight and range,  
In praise of our To-day and home and love—  
Thou meadow-lark no less than nightingale.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

201      *The Song I Never Sing*

AS when in dreams we sometimes hear  
A melody so faint and fine  
And musically sweet and clear,  
It flavors all the atmosphere  
With harmony divine,—  
So, often in my waking dreams,  
I hear a melody that seems  
Like fairy voices whispering  
To me the song I never sing.

Sometimes when brooding o'er the years  
My lavish youth has thrown away—  
When all the glowing past appears  
But as a mirage that my tears  
Have crumbled to decay,—  
I thrill to find the ache and pain  
Of my remorse is stilled again,  
As, forward bent and listening,  
I hear the song I never sing.

A murmuring of rhythmic words,  
Adrift on tunes whose currents flow  
Melodious with the trill of birds,  
And far-off lowing of the herds  
In lands of long ago;  
And every sound the truant loves  
Comes to me like the coo of doves  
When first in blooming fields of Spring  
I heard the song I never sing.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The echoes of old voices, wound  
In limpid streams of laughter where  
The river Time runs bubble-crowned,  
And giddy eddies ripple round

The lilies growing there;  
Where roses, bending o'er the brink,  
Drain their own kisses as they drink,  
And ivies climb and twine and cling  
About the song I never sing.

An ocean-surge of sound that falls  
.s though a tide of Heavenly art  
Had tempested the gleaming halls  
And crested o'er the golden walls  
In showers on my heart. . . .

Thus—thus, with open arms and eyes  
Uplifted toward the alien skies,  
Forgetting every earthly thing,  
I hear the song I never sing.

O nameless lay, sing clear and strong,  
Pour down thy melody divine  
Till purifying floods of song  
Have washed away the stains of wrong  
That dim this soul of mine!

O woo me near and nearer thee,  
Till my glad lips may catch the key,  
And, with a voice unwavering,  
Join in the song I never sing.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

205

### *Little David*

THE mother of the little boy that sleeps  
Has blest assurance, even as she weeps:  
She knows her little boy has now no pain—  
No further ache, in body, heart or brain;  
All sorrow is lulled for him—all distress  
Passed into utter peace and restfulness.—  
All health that heretofore has been denied—  
All happiness, all hope, and all beside  
Of childish longing, now he clasps and keeps  
In voiceless joy—the little boy that sleeps.

206

### *The Old Trundle-Bed*

O THE old trundle-bed where I slept when a boy!  
What canopied king might not covet the joy?  
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,  
Like a long, gracious rest in the bosom divine:  
The quaint, homely couch, hidden close from the light,  
But daintily drawn from its hiding at night.  
O a nest of delight, from the foot to the head,  
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle-bed!

O the old trundle-bed, where I wondering saw  
The stars through the window, and listened with awe  
To the sigh of the winds as they tremblingly crept  
Through the trees where the robin so restlessly slept:  
Where I heard the low, murmurous chirp of the wren,  
And the katydid listlessly chirrup again,  
Till my fancies grew faint and were drowsily led  
Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle bed.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O the old trundle bed! O the old trundle bed!  
With its plump little pillow, and old-fashioned spread;  
Its snowy-white sheets, and the blankets above,  
Smoothed down and tucked round with the touches of love;  
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep  
With the old fairy stories my memories keep  
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head  
Once bowed o'er my own in the old trundle-bed.

**D**OWN in the night I hear them:  
The Voices—unknown—unguessed,—  
That whisper, and lisp, and murmur,  
And will not let me rest.—

Voices that seem to question,  
In unknown words, of me,  
Of fabulous ventures, and hopes and dreams  
Of this and the World to be.

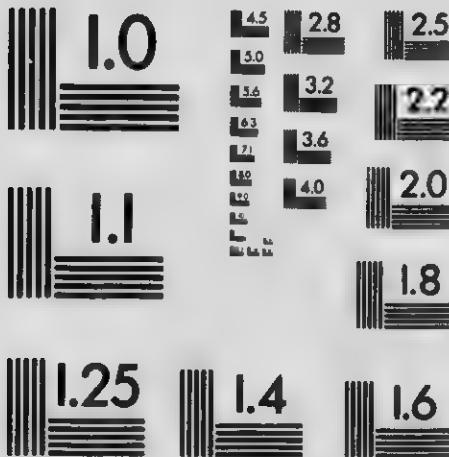
Voices of mirth and music,  
As in sumptuous homes; and sounds  
Of mourning, as of gathering friends  
In country burial-grounds.

Cadence of maiden voices—  
Their lovers' blent with these;  
And of little children singing,  
As under orchard trees.



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## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And often, up from the chaos  
    Of my deepest dreams, I hear  
Sounds of their phantom laughter  
    Filling the atmosphere:

They call to me from the darkness;  
    They cry to me from the gloom,  
Till I start sometimes from my pillow  
    And peer through the haunted room;

When the face of the moon at the window  
    Wears a pallor like my own,  
And seems to be listening with me  
    To the low, mysterious tone,—

The low, mysterious clamor  
    Of voices that seem to be  
Striving in vain to whisper  
    Of secret things to me;—

Of a something dread to be warned of;  
    Of a rapture yet withheld;  
Or hints of the marvelous beauty  
    Of songs unsyllabled.

But ever and ever the meaning  
    Falters and fails and dies,  
And only the silence quavers  
    With the sorrow of my sighs.

And I answer:—O Voices, ye may not  
    Make me to understand  
Till my own voice, mingling with you,  
    Laughs in the Shadow-land.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

208

### *The Lovely Child*

LILIES are both pure and fair,  
Growing midst the roses there—  
Roses, too, both red and pink,  
Are quite beautiful, I think.

But of all bright blossoms—best—  
Purest—fairest—loveliest,—  
Could there be a sweeter thing  
Than a primrose, blossoming?

209

### *A Good-Bye*

"GOOD-BYE, my friend!"  
He takes her hand—  
The pressures blend:  
They understand

But vaguely why, with drooping eye,  
Each moans—"Good-bye!—Good-bye!"

"Dear friend, good-bye!"  
O she could smile  
If she might cry  
A little while!—

She says, "I *ought* to smile—but I—  
Forgive me—*There!*—Good-bye!"

"Good-bye?" Ah, no:  
I hate," says he,  
"These 'good-byes' so!"  
"And I," says she,  
"Detest them so—why, I should *dislike*,  
Were this a *real* 'good-bye!'"

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

210

*Orlie Wilde*

A GODDESS, with a siren's grace,—  
A sun-haired girl on a craggy place  
Above a bay where fish-boats lay  
Drifting about like birds of prey.

Wrought was she of a painter's dream—  
Wise only as are artists wise,  
My artist-friend, Rolf Herschkelhiem,  
With deep sad eyes of oversize,  
And face of melancholy guise.

I pressed him that he tell to me  
This masterpiece's history.  
He turned—returned—and thus beguiled  
Me with the tale of Orlie Wilde:—

"We artists live ideally:  
We breed our firmest facts of air;  
We make our own reality—  
We dream a thing and it is so.  
The fairest scenes we ever see  
Are mirages of memory;  
The sweetest thoughts we ever know  
We plagiarize from Long-Ago:  
And as the girl on canvas there  
Is marvelously rare and fair,  
'Tis only inasmuch as she  
Is dumb and may not speak to me!"  
He tapped me with his mahlstick—then  
The picture,—and went on again:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

"Orlie Wilde, the fisher's child—  
I see her yet, as fair and mild  
As ever nursling summer-day  
Dreamed on the bosom of the bay:  
For I was twenty then, and went  
Alone and long-haired—all content  
With promises of sounding name  
And fantasies of future fame,  
And thoughts that now my mind discards  
As tutor a fledgling bard's.

"At evening once I chanced to go,  
With pencil and portfolio,  
Adown the street of silver sand  
That winds beneath this craggy land,  
To make a sketch of some old scurf  
Of driftage, nosing through the surf  
A splintered mast, with knarl and strand  
Of rigging-rope and tattered threads  
Of flag and streamer and of sail  
That fluttered idly in the gale  
Or whipped themselves to sadder shreds.  
The while I wrought, half listlessly,  
On my dismantled subject, came  
A sea-bird, settling on the same  
With plaintive moan, as though that he  
Had lost his mate upon the sea;  
And—with my melancholy trend—  
It brought dim dreams half understood—  
It wrought upon my morbid mood,—  
I thought of my own voyagings  
That had no end—that have no end.—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, like the sea-bird, I made moan  
That I was loveless and alone.  
And when at last with weary wings  
It went upon its wanderings,  
With upturned face I watched its flight  
Until this picture met my sight :  
A goddess, with a siren's grace,—  
A sun-haired girl on a craggy place  
Above a bay where fish-boats lay  
Drifting about like birds of prey.

"In airy poise she, gazing, stood  
A matchless form of womanhood,  
That brought a thought that if for me  
Such eyes had sought across the sea,  
I could have swum the widest tide  
That ever mariner defied,  
And, at the shore, could on have gone  
To that high crag she stood upon,  
To there entreat and say, 'My Sweet,  
Behold thy servant at thy feet.'  
And to my soul I said : 'Above,  
There stands the idol of thy love !'

"In this rapt, awed, ecstatic state  
I gazed—till lo ! I was aware  
A fisherman had joined her there—  
A weary man, with halting gait,  
Who toiled beneath a basket's weight :  
Her father, as I guessed, for she  
Had run to meet him gleefully

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And ta'en his burden to herself,  
That perched upon her shoulder's shelf  
So lightly that she, tripping, neared'  
A jutting crag and disappeared;  
But left the echo of a song  
That thrills me yet, and will as long  
As I have being! . . .

. . . "Evenings came  
And went,—but each the same—the same:  
She watched above, and even so  
I stood there watching from below;  
Till, grown so bold at last, I sung,—  
(What matter now the theme thereof!)  
It brought an answer from her tongue—  
Faint as the murmur of a dove,  
Yet all the more the song of love. . . ,

"I turned and looked upon the bay,  
With palm to forehead—eyes a-blur  
In the sea's smile—meant but for her!—  
I saw the fish-boats far away  
In misty distance, lightly drawn  
In chalk-dots on the horizon—  
Looked back at her, long, wistfully,—  
And, pushing off an empty skiff,  
I beckoned her to quit the cliff  
And yield me her rare company  
Upon a little pleasure-cruise.—  
She stood, as loathful to refuse,  
To muse for full a moment's time,—  
Then answered back in pantomime

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

'She feared some danger from the sea  
Were she discovered thus with me.'  
I motioned then to ask her if  
I might not join her on the cliff;  
And back again, with graceful wave  
Of lifted arm, she answer gave  
'She feared some danger from the sea.'

"Impatient, piqued, impetuous, I  
Sprang in the boat, and flung 'Good-bye'  
From pouted mouth with angry hand,  
And madly pulled away from land  
With lusty stroke, despite that she  
Held out her hands entreatingly:  
And when far out, with covert eye  
I shoreward glanced, I saw her fly  
In reckless haste adown the crag,  
Her hair a-flutter like a flag  
Of gold that danced across the strand  
In little mists of silver sand.  
All curious I, pausing, tried  
To fancy what it all implied,—  
When suddenly I found my feet  
Were wet; and, underneath the seat  
On which I sat, I heard the sound  
Of gurgling waters, and I found  
The boat aleak alarmingly. . . .  
I turned and looked upon the sea,  
Whose every wave seemed mocking me;  
I saw the fishers' sails once more—  
In dimmer distance than before;  
I saw the sea-bird wheeling by,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

With foolish wish that I could fly:  
I thought of firm earth, home and friends—  
I thought of everything that tends  
To drive a man to frenzy and  
To wholly lose his own command;  
I thought of all my waywardness—  
Thought of a mother's deep distress;  
Of youthful follies yet unpurged—  
Sins, as the seas, about me surged—  
Thought of the printer's ready pen  
To-morrow drowning me again;—  
A million things without a name—  
I thought of everything but—Fame. . . .

"A memory yet is in my mind,  
So keenly clear and sharp-defined,  
I picture every phase and line  
Of life and death, and neither mine,—  
While some fair seraph, golden-haired,  
Bends over me,—with white arms bared,  
That strongly plait themselves about  
My drowning weight and lift me out—  
With joy too great for words to state  
Or tongue to dare articulate!"

"And this seraphic ocean-child  
And heroine was Orlie Wilde:  
And thus it was I came to hear  
Her voice's music in my ear—  
Ay, thus it was Fate paved the way  
That I walk desolate to-day!" . . .

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The artist paused and bowed his face  
Within his palms a little space,  
While reverently on his form  
I bent my gaze and marked a storm  
That shook his frame as wrathfully  
As some typhoon of agony,  
And fraught with sobs—the more profound  
For that peculiar laughing sound  
We hear when strong men weep . . . I bent  
With warmest sympathy—I bent  
To stroke with soothing hand his brow,  
He murmuring—"Tis over now!—  
And shall I tie the silken thread  
Of my frail romance?" "Yes," I said.—  
He faintly smiled; and then, with brow  
In kneading palm, as one in dread—  
His tasseled cap pushed from his head;—

"'Her voice's music,' I repeat,"  
He said,—"'twas sweet—O passing sweet!—  
Though she herself, in uttering  
Its melody, proved not the thing  
Of loveliness my dreams made meet  
For me—there, yearning, at her feet—  
Prone at her feet—a worshiper,—  
For lo! she spake a tongue," moaned he,  
"Unknown to me;—unknown to me  
As mine to her—as mine to her."

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 211 *When I Do Mock*

WHEN I do mock the blackness of the night  
With my despair—outweep the very dews  
And wash my wan cheeks stark of all delight,  
Denying every counsel of dear use  
In mine embittered state; with infinite  
Perversity, mine eyes drink in no sight  
Of pleasance that nor moon nor stars refuse  
In silver l<sup>e</sup>ross and gold twinklings bright;—  
I question me what mannered brain is mine  
That it doth trick me of the very food  
It panteth for—the very meat and wine  
That yet should plump my starvéd soul with good  
And comfortable plethora of ease,  
That I might drowse away such rhymes as these.

### 212 *Slumber-Song*

SLEEP, little one! The Twilight folds her gloom  
Full tenderly about the drowsy Day,  
And all his tinsel'd hours of light and bloom  
Like toys are laid away.

Sleep! sleep! The noon-sky's airy cloud of white  
Has deepened wide o'er all the azure plain;  
And, trailing through the leaves, the skirts of Night  
Are wet with dews as rain.

But rest thou sweetly, smiling in thy dreams,  
With round fists tossed like roses o'er thy head,  
And thy tranc'd lips and eyelids kissed with gleams  
Of rapture perfected.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 213 "This Dear Child-Hearted Woman That is Dead"

I

THIS woman, with the dear child-heart,  
Ye mourn as dead, is—where and what?  
With faith as artless as her Art,  
I question not,—

But dare divine, and feel, and know  
Her blessedness—as hath been writ  
In allegory.—Even so  
I fashion it:—

II

A stately figure, rapt and awed  
In her new guise of Angelhood,  
Still lingered, wistful—knowing God  
Was very good.—

Her thought's fine whisper filled the pause;  
And, listening, the Master smiled,  
And lo! the stately angel was  
—A little child.

214

### To a Jilted Swain

GET thee back neglected friends;  
And repay, as each one lends,  
Tithes of shallow-sounding glee  
Or keen-ringing railery:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Get thee from lone vigils; be  
But in jocund company,  
Where is laughter and acclaim  
Boisterous above the name.—  
Get where sulking husbands sip  
Ale-house cheer, with pipe at lip;  
And where Mol the barmaid saith  
Curst is she that marrieth.

215

### *The Frog*

WHO am I but the Frog—the Frog!  
My realm is the dark bayou,  
And my throne is the muddy and moss-grown log  
That the poison-vine clings to—  
And the blacksnakes slide in the slimy tide  
Where the ghost of the moon looks blue.

What am I but a King—a King!—  
For the royal robes I wear—  
A sceptre, too, and a signet-ring,  
As vassals and serfs declare;  
And a voice, god wot, that is equaled not  
In the wide world anywhere!

I can talk to the Night—the Night!—  
Under her big black wing  
She tells me the tale of the world outright,  
And the secret of everything:  
For she knows you all, from the time you crawl,  
To the doom that death will bring.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The Storm swoops down, and he blows—and blows,—  
    While I drum on his swollen cheek,  
And croak in his angered eye that glows  
    With the lurid lightning's streak;  
While the rushes drown in the watery frown  
    That his bursting passions leak.

And I can see through the sky—the sky—  
    As clear as a piece of glass;  
And I can tell you the how and why  
    Of the things that come to pass—  
And whether the dead are there instead,  
    Or under the graveyard grass.

To your Sovereign lord all hail—all hail!—  
    To your Prince on his throne so grim!  
Let the moon swing low, and the high stars trail  
    Their heads in the dust to him;  
And the wide world sing: Long live the King,  
    And grace to his royal whim!

### 216     *Out of the Hitherwhere*

OUT of the hitherwhere into the yon—  
    The land that the Lord's love rests upon;  
Where one may rely on the friends he meets,  
    And the smiles that greet him along the streets;  
Where the mother that left you years ago  
    Will lift the hands that were folded so,  
And put them about you, with all the love  
    And tenderness you are dreaming of.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

ows.—  
Out of the hitherwhere into the YON—  
Where all of the friends of your youth have gone,—  
Where the old schoolmate that laughed with you  
Will laugh again as he used to do,  
Running to meet you, with such a face  
As lights like a moon the wondrous place  
Where God is living, and glad to live,  
Since He is the Master and may forgive.

Out of the hitherwhere into the YON!—  
Stay the hopes we are leaning on—  
You, Divine, with Your merciful eyes  
Looking down from the far-away skies,—  
Smile upon us, and reach and take  
Our worn souls Home for the old home's sake.—  
And so Amen,—for our all seems gone  
Out of the hitherwhere into the YON.

### 217      *My Bride That is to Be*

O SOUL of mine, look out and see  
My bride, my bride that is to be!—  
Reach out with mad, impatient hands,  
And draw aside futurity  
As one might draw a veil aside—  
And so unveil her where she stands  
Madonna-lil:e and glorified—  
The queen of undiscovered lands  
Of lov , to where she beckons me—  
My bride—my bride that is to be.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The shadow of a willow-tree  
That wavers on a garden-wall  
In summer-time may never fall  
In attitude as gracefully  
As my fair bride that is to be;—  
Nor ever Autumn's leaves of brown  
As lightly flutter to the lawn  
As fall her fairy-feet upon  
The path of love she loiters down.—  
O'er drops of dew she walks, and yet  
Not one may stain her sandal wet—  
Ay, she might *dance* upon the way  
Nor crush a single drop to spray,  
So airy-like she seems to me,—  
My bride, my bride that is to be.

I know not if her eyes are light  
As summer skies or dark as night,—  
I only know that they are dim  
With mystery: In vain I peer  
To make their hidden meaning clear,  
While o'er their surface, like a tear  
That ripples to the silken brim,  
A look of longing seems to swim  
All worn and weary-like to me;  
And then, as suddenly, my sight  
Is blinded with a smile so bright,  
Through folded lids I still may see  
My bride, my bride that is to be.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Her face is like a night of June  
Upon whose brow the crescent-moon  
Hangs pendent in a diadem  
Of stars, with envy lighting them.—

And, like a wild cascade, her hair  
Floods neck and shoulder, arm and wrist,  
Till only through a gleaming mist

I seem to see a Siren there,  
With lips of love and melody

And open arms and heaving breast  
Wherein I fling myself to rest,  
The while my heart cries hopelessly  
For my fair bride that is to be.

Nay, foolish heart and blinded eyes!  
My bride hath need of no disguise.—

But, rather, let her come to me  
In such a form as bent above

My pillow when, in infancy,  
I knew not anything but love.—

O let her come from out the lands  
Of Womanhood—not fairy isles,—

And let her come with Woman's hands  
And Woman's eyes of tears and smiles,—

With Woman's hopefulness and grace  
Of patience lighting up her face:

And let her diadem be wrought  
Of kindly deed and prayerful thought,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

That ever over all distress  
May beam the light of cheerfulness.—  
And let her feet be brave to fare  
The labyrinths of doubt and care,  
That, following, my own may find  
The path to Heaven God designed.—  
O let her come like this to me—  
My bride—my bride that is to be.

218

### *Through Sleepy-Land*

W HERE do you go when you go to sleep,  
Little Boy! Little Boy! where?  
'Way—'way in where's Little Bo-Peep,  
And Little Boy Blue, and the Cows and Sheep  
A-wandering 'way in there—in there—  
A-wandering 'way in there!

And what do you see when lost in dreams,  
Little Boy, 'way in there?  
Firefly-glimmers and glow-worm gleams,  
And silvery, low, slow-sliding streams,  
And mermaids, smiling out—'way in where  
They're a-hiding—'way in there!

Where do you go when the Fairies call,  
Little Boy! Little Boy! where?  
Wade through the dews of the grasses tall,  
Hearing the weir and the waterfall  
And the Wee-Folk—'way in there—in there—  
And the Kelpies—'way in there!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And what do you do when you wake at dawn,  
Little Boy! Little Boy! what?  
Hug my Mommy and kiss her on  
Her smiling eyelids, sweet and wan,  
And tell her everything I've forgot  
A-wandering 'way in there—in there—  
Through the blind-world 'way in there!

219

### *He and I*

JUST drifting on together—  
He and I—  
As through the balmy weather  
Of July  
Drift two thistle-tufts imbedded  
Each in each—by zephyrs wedded—  
Touring upward, giddy-headed,  
For the sky.

And, veering up and onward,  
Do we seem  
Forever drifting downward  
In a dream,  
Where we meet song-birds that know us,  
And the winds their kisses blow us,  
While the years flow far below us  
Like a stream.

And we are happy—very—  
He and I—  
Aye, even glad and merry  
Though on high

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The heavens are sometimes shrouded  
By the midnight storm, and clouded  
Till the pallid moon is crowded  
From the sky.

My spirit ne'er expresses  
Any choice  
But to clothe him with caresses  
And rejoice;  
And as he laughs, it is in  
Such a tone the moonbeams glisten  
And the stars come out to listen  
To his voice.

And so, whate'er the weather,  
He and I,—  
With our lives linked thus together,  
Float and fly  
As two thistle-tufts imbedded  
Each in each—by zephyrs wedded—  
Touring upward, giddy-headed,  
For the sky.

**H**EY! my little Yellowbird,  
What you doing there?  
Like a flashing sun-ray,  
Flitting everywhere:  
Dangling down the tall weeds

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the hollyhocks,  
And the lordly sunflowers  
Along the garden-walks.

Ho! my gallant Golden-bill,  
Pecking 'mongst the weeds,  
You must have for breakfast  
Golden flower-seeds:  
Won't you tell a little fellow  
What you have for tea?—  
'Spect a peck o' yellow, mellow  
Pippin on the tree.

221

### *The Blind Girl*

I If I might see his face to-day!—  
He is so happy now!—To hear  
His laugh is like a roundelay—  
So ringing-sweet and clear!  
His step—I heard it long before  
He bounded through the open door  
To tell his marriage.—Ah! so kind—  
So good he is!—And I—so blind!

But thus he always came to me—  
Me, first of all, he used to bring  
His sorrow to—his ecstasy—  
His hopes and everything;  
And if I joyed with him or wept,  
It was not long *the music slept*,—  
And if he sung, or if I playcd—  
Or both,—we were the braver made.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I grew to know and understand  
His every word at every call,—  
The gate-latch hinted, and his hand  
In mine confessed it all :  
He need not speak one word to me—  
He need not sigh—I need not see,—  
But just the one touch of his palm,  
And I would answer—song or psalm.

He wanted recognition—name—  
He hungered so for higher things,—  
The altitudes of power and fame,  
And all that fortune brings :  
Till, with his great heart fevered thus,  
And aching as impetuous,  
I almost wished sometimes that he  
Were blind and patient made, like me.

But he has won!—I knew he would.—  
Once in the mighty Eastern mart,  
I knew his music only could  
Be sung in every heart!  
And when he proudly sent me this  
From out the great metropolis,  
I bent above the graven score  
And, weeping, kissed it o'er and o'er.—

And yet not blither sing the birds  
Than this glad melody,—the tune  
As sweetly wedded with the words  
As flowers with middle-June;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Had he not *told* me, I had known  
It was composed of love alone—  
His love for *her*.—And she can see  
His happy face eternally!—

While *I*—O God, forgive, I pray!—  
    Forgive me that I did so long  
To look upon his face to-day!—  
    I know the wish was wrong.—  
Yea, I am thankful that my sight  
Is shielded safe from such delight:—  
I can pray better, with this blur  
Of blindness—both for him and her.

222

### Dreamer, Say

DREAMER, say, will you dream for me  
    A wild sweet dream of a foreign land,  
Whose border sips of a foaming sea  
    With lips of coral and silver sand;  
Where warm winds loll on the shady deeps,  
    Or lave themselves in the tearful mist  
The great wild wave of the breaker weeps  
    O'er crags of opal and amethyst?

Dreamer, say, will you dream a dream  
    Of tropic shades in the lands of shine,  
Where the lily leans o'er an amber stream  
    That flows like a rill of wasted wine.—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Where the palm-trees, lifting their shields of green,  
    Parry the shafts of the Indian sun  
Whose splintering vengeance falls between  
    The reeds below where the waters run?

Dreamer, say, will you dream of love  
    That lives in a land of sweet perfume,  
Where the stars drip down from the skies above  
    In molten spatters of bud and bloom?  
Where never the weary eyes are wet,  
    And never a sob in the balmy air,  
And only the laugh of the paroquet  
    Breaks the sleep of the silence there?

223

*An Empty Glove*

I

**A**N empty glove—long withering in the grasp  
    Of Time's cold palm. I lift it to my lips,—  
And lo, once more I thrill beneath its clasp,  
    In fancy, as with odorous finger-tips  
        It reaches from the years that used to be  
        And proffers back love, life and all, to me.

II

Ah! beautiful she was beyond belief:  
    Her face was fair and lustrous as the moon's;  
Her eyes—too large for small delight or grief.—  
    The smiles of them were Laughter's afternoons;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Their tears were April showers, and their love—  
All sweetest speech swoons ere it speaks thereof.

### III

White-fruited cocoa shown against the shell  
Were not so white as was her brow below  
The cloven tresses of the hair that fell  
Across her neck and shoulders of nude snow;  
Her cheeks—chaste pallor, with a crimson stain—  
Her mouth was like a red rose rinsed with rain.

### IV

And this was she my fancy held as good—  
As fair and lovable—in every wise  
As peerless in pure worth of womanhood  
As was her wondrous beauty in men's eyes.—  
Yet, all alone, I kiss this empty glove—  
The poor husk of the hand I loved—and love.

224

## *Our Own*

THEY walk here with us, hand-in-hand;  
We gossip, knee-by-knee;  
They tell us all that they have planned—  
Of all their joys to be,—  
And, laughing, leave us: And, to-day,  
All desolate we cry  
Across wide waves of voiceless graves—  
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

225

*Leonainie*

**L**EONAINIE—Angels named her;  
And they took the light  
Of the laughing stars and framed her  
In a smile of white;  
And they made her hair of gloomy  
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy  
Moonshine, and they brought her to me  
In the 'emn night.—

In a solemn night of summer,  
When my heart of gloom  
Blossomed up to greet the com'er  
Like a rose in bloom;  
All forebodings that distressed me  
I forgot as Joy caressed me—  
(*Lying Joy!* that caught and pressed me  
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper  
In the Angel-tongue;  
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper,—  
“Songs are only sung  
Here below that they may grieve you—  
Tales b'it told you to deceive you,—  
So must Leonainie leave you  
While her love is young.”

Then God smiled and it was morning.  
Matchless and supreme  
Heaven's glory seemed adorning  
Earth with its esteem:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Every heart but mine seemed gifted  
With the voice of prayer, and lifted  
Where my Leonairie drifted  
From me like a dream.

226

### *A Windy Day*

THE dawn was a dawn of splendor,  
And the blue of the morning skies  
Was as placid and deep and tender  
As the blue of a baby's eyes;  
The sunshine flooded the mountain,  
And flashed over land and sea  
Like the spray of a glistening fountain.—  
But the wind—the wind—Ah me!

Like a weird invisible spirit,  
It swooped in airy flight;  
And the earth, as the stress drew near it,  
Quailed as in much affright;  
The grass in the green fields quivered—  
The waves of the smitten brook  
Chillily shuddered and shivered,  
And the reeds bowed down and shook.

Like a sorrowful miserere  
It sobbed, and it blew and blew  
Till the leaves on the trees looked weary,  
And my prayers were weary, too;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And then, like the sunshine's glimmer  
That failed in the awful strain,  
All the hope of my eyes grew dimmer  
In a spatter of spiteful rain.

227

*Envoy*

WHEN but a little boy, it seemed  
My dearest rapture ran  
In fancy ever, when I dreamed  
I was a man—a man!

Now—sad perversity!—my theme  
Of rarest, purest joy  
Is when, in fancy blest, I dream  
I am a little boy.

## HOME-FOLKS

228

*Lincoln*

A PEACEFUL life;—just toil and rest—  
All his desire;—  
To read the books he liked the best  
Beside the cabin fire—  
God's word and man's;—to peer sometimes  
Above the page, in smouldering gleams,  
And catch, like far heroic rhymes,  
The onmarch of his dreams.

A peaceful life;—to hear the low  
Of pastured herds,  
Or woodman's ax that, blow on blow,  
Fell sweet as rhythmic words.  
And yet there stirred within his breast  
A fateful pulse that, like a roll  
Of drums, made high above his rest  
A tumult in his soul.

A peaceful life! . . . They haled him even  
As One was haled  
Whose open palms were nailed toward Heaven  
When prayers nor aught availed.  
And, lo, he paid the selfsame price  
To lull a nation's awful strife  
And will us, through the sacrifice  
Of self, his peaceful life.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 229 *Let Something Good be Said*

WHEN over the fair fame of friend or foe  
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead  
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,  
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet  
May fall so low but love may lift his head:  
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,  
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside  
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead  
But may awaken strong and glorified,  
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,  
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,  
And by your own souls' hope of fair renown,  
Let something good be said!

### 230 *Your Height is Ours*

TO RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, AT THE STODDARD BANQUET BY  
THE AUTHORS' CLUB, NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1897

PRINCELY poet!—kingly heir  
Of gifts divinely sent,—  
Your own!—nor envy anywhere,  
Nor voice of discontent.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Though, of ourselves, all poor are we,  
And frail and weak of wing,  
Your height is ours—your ecstasy—  
Your glory, when you sing.

Most favored of the gods, and great  
In gifts beyond our store,  
We covet not your rich estate,  
But prize our own the more.—

The gods give as but gods may do—  
We count *our* riches thus,—  
They gave their richest gifts to you,  
And then gave you to us.

### 231      "O Life! O Beyond!"

S TRANGE—strange, O mortal Life,  
The perverse gifts that came to me from you!  
From childhood I have wanted *all* good things:  
    You gave me few.

You gave me faith in One—  
Divine—above your own imperious might,  
O mortal Life, while I but wanted you  
    And your delight.

I wanted dancing feet,  
And flowery, grassy paths by laughing streams;  
You gave me loitering steps, and eyes all blurred  
    With tears and dreams.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I wanted love,—and, lo!  
As though in mockery, you gave me loss.  
O'erburdened sore, I wanted rest: you gave  
The heavier cross.

I wanted one poor hut  
For mine own home, to creep away into:  
You gave me only lonelier desert lands  
To journey through.

Now, at the last vast verge  
Of barren age, I stumble, reel, and fling  
Me down, with strength all spent and heart athirst  
And famishing.

Yea, now, Life, deal me death,—  
Your worst—your vaunted worst! . . . Across my breast  
With numb and fumbling hands I gird me for  
The best.

CONCORD, APRIL 27, 1882

WHAT shall we say? In quietude,  
Within his home, in dreams unguessed,  
He lies; the grief a nation would  
Evince must be repressed.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Nor meet is it the loud acclaim  
His countrymen would raise—that he  
Has left the riches of his fame  
The whole world's legacy.

Then, prayerful, let us pause until  
We find, as grateful spirits can,  
The way most worthy to fulfil  
The tribute due the man.

Think what were best in his regard  
Who voyaged life in such a cause:  
Our simplest faith were best reward—  
Our silence, best applause.

breast

233

### *Hymn Exultant*

FOR EASTER

VOICE of Mankind, sing over land and sea—  
Sing, in this glorious morn!  
The long, long night is gone from Calvary—  
The cross, the thong and thorn;  
The sealed tomb yields up its saintly guest,  
No longer to be burdened and oppressed.

Heart of Mankind, thrill answer to His own,  
So human, yet divine!  
For earthly love He left His heavenly throne—  
For love like thine and mine—  
For love of us, as one might kiss a bride,  
His lifted lips touched death's, all satisfied.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Soul of Mankind, He wakes—He lives once more!

O soul, with heart and voice

Sing! sing!—the stone rolls chorus from the door

Our Lord stands forth.—Rejoice!

Rejoice, O garden-land of song and flowers;

Our King returns to us, forever ours!

234

*The Name of Old Glory*

1898

I

OLD GLORY! say, who,  
By the ships and the crew,  
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,  
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear  
With such pride everywhere  
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air  
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to? —  
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,  
And the honor and fame so becoming to you? —  
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,  
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—  
By day or by night  
Their delightfulest light  
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue! —  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory? —say, who—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then  
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### II

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about  
How you happened to “favor” a name, so to say,  
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay  
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way—  
We—the *crowd*, every man of us, calling you that—  
*We*—Tom, Dick, and Harry—each swinging his hat  
And hurrahing “Old Glory!” like you were our kin,  
When—*Lord!*—we all know we’re as common as sin!  
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all  
And wait us your thanks, as we hail you and fall  
Into line, with you over us, waving us on  
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.—  
And this is the reason we’re wanting to know—  
(And we’re wanting it *so!*—  
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill  
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.*

### III

Old Glory: the story we’re wanting to hear  
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—  
For your name—just to hear it,  
Repeat it, and cheer it, ’s a tang to the spirit  
As salt as a tear;—  
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,  
There’s a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye  
And an aching to live for you always—or die,  
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And so, by our love  
For you, floating above,  
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why  
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,  
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—*

### IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—  
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red  
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—  
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,  
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,  
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—  
My name is as old as the glory of God.  
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

235

*As Created*

THERE'S a space for good to bloom in  
Every heart of man or woman,—  
And however wild or human,  
Or however brimmed with gall,  
Never heart may beat without it;  
And the darkest heart to doubt it  
Has something good about it

After all.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

236

### *A Song of the Road*

O I WILL walk with you, my lad, whichever way you fare,

You'll have me, too, the side o' you, with heart as light as air;

No care for where the road you take's a-leadin'-anywhere,—

It can but be a joyful jant the whilst *you* journey there.

The road you take's the path o' love, an' that's the brith o' two—

And I will walk with you, my lad—O I will walk with you.

Ho! I will walk with you, my lad,

Be weather black or blue

Or roadsides frost or dew, my lad—

O I will walk with you.

Aye glad, my lad, I'll walk with you, whatever winds may blow,

Or summer blossoms stay our steps, or blinding drifts of snow,

The way that you set face and foot's the way that I will go,  
And brave I'll be, abreast o' you, the Saints and Angels know!

With loyal hand in loyal hand, and one heart made o' two,  
Through summer's gold, or winter's cold, it's I will walk with you.

Sure, I will walk with you, my lad,

As love ordains me to,—

To Heaven's door, and through, my lad,

O I will walk with you.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

237

### *To the Judge*

A VOICE FROM THE INTERIOR OF OLD LITTLE POLE TOWNSHIP

FRIEND of my earliest youth,  
Can't you arrange to come down  
And visit a fellow out here in the woods—  
Out of the dust of the town?  
Can't you forget you're a Judge  
And put by your dolorous frown  
And tan your wan face in the smile of a friend—  
Can't you arrange to come down?  
  
Can't you forget for a while  
The arguments prosy and drear,—  
To lean at full-length in indefinite rest  
In the lap of the greenery here?  
Can't you kick over "the Bench,"  
And "husk" yourself out of your gown  
To dangle your legs where the fishing is good—  
Can't you arrange to come down?  
  
Bah! for your office of State!  
And bah! for its technical lore!  
What does our President, high in his chair,  
But wish himself low as before!  
Pick between peasant and king,—  
Poke your bald head through a crown  
Or shadow it here with the laurels of Spring!—  
Can't you arrange to come down?  
  
"Judge it" out *here*, if you will,—  
The birds are in session by dawn;  
You can draw, not *complaints*, but a sketch of the hill  
And a breath that your betters have drawn;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

You can open your heart, like a case,  
To a jury of kine, white and brown,  
And their verdict of "Moo" will just satisfy you!—  
Can't you arrange to come down?

Can't you arrange it, old Pard?—  
Pigeonhole Blackstone and Kent!—  
Here we have "Breitmann," and Ward,  
Twain, Burdette, Nye, and content!  
Can't you forget you're a Judge  
And put by your dolorous frown  
And tan your wan face in the smile of a friend—  
Can't you arrange to come down?

238

*Henry W. Grady*

ATLANTA, DECEMBER 23, 1889

TRUL-HEARTED friend of all true friendliness!—  
Brother of all true brotherhoods!—Thy hand  
And its late pressure now we understand  
Most fully, as it falls thus gestureless  
And Silence lulls thee into sweet excess  
Of sleep. Sleep thou content!—Thy loved Southland  
Is swept with tears, as rain in sunshine; and  
Through all the frozen North our eyes confess  
Like sorrow—seeing still the princely sign  
Set on thy lifted brow, and the rapt light  
Of the dark, tender, melancholy eyes—  
Thrilled with the music of those lips of thine,  
And yet the fire thereof that lights the night  
With the white splendor of thy prophecies.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 239      *From Delphi to Camden*

I

FROM Delphi to Camden—little Hoosier towns,—  
But here were classic meadows, blooming dales and  
downs;

And here were grassy pastures, dewy as the leas  
Trampled over by the trains of royal pageantries!

And here the winding highway loitered through the shade  
Of the hazel-covert, where, in ambuscade,  
Loomed the larch and linden, and the greenwood-tree  
Under which bold Robin Hood loud hallooed to me!

Here the stir and riot of the busy day  
Dwindled to the quiet of the breath of May;  
Gurgling brooks, and ridges lily-marged and spanned  
By the rustic bridges found in Wonderland!

II

From Delphi to Camden,—from Camden back again!—  
And now the night was on us, and the lightning and the  
rain;

And still the way was wondrous with the flash of hill and  
plain,—

The stars like printed asterisks—the moon a murky stain'

And I thought of tragic idyl, and of flight and hot pursuit.  
And the jingle of the bridle and cuirass, and spur on boot,  
As our horses' hooves struck showers from the flinty  
bowlders set

In freshet-ways of writhing reed and drowning violet.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And we passed beleaguered castles, with their battlements  
a-frown;  
Where a tree fell in the forest was a turret toppled down;  
While my master and commander - the brave knight I gal-  
loped with  
On this reckless road to ruin or to fame was--Dr. Smith!

240

### *The Naturalist*

OLIVER DAVIE

**I**N gentlest worship has he bowed  
To Nature. Rescued from the crowd  
And din of town and thoroughfare,  
He turns him from all worldly care  
Unto the sacred fastness of  
The forests, and the peace and love  
That bathes there prayer like in the breeze  
And coo of doves in dreamful trees—  
Their tops in laps of sunshine laid,  
Their lower boughs all slaked with shade.

With head uncovered has he stood,  
Hearing the Spirit of the Wood—  
Hearing aright the Master speak  
In trill of bird, and warbling creek;  
In lisp of reeds, or rainy sigh  
Of grasses as the loon darts by—  
Hearing aright the storm and lull,  
And all earth's voices wonderful,—  
Even this hail an unknown friend  
Lifts will he hear and comprehend.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

241

### *One With a Song*

FRANK L. STANTON

**H**E sings: and his song is heard,  
Pure as a joyous prayer,  
Because he sings of the simple things—  
The fields, and the open air,  
The orchard-bough, and the mockingbird,  
And the blossoms everywhere.

He sings of a wealth we hold  
In common ownership—  
The wildwood nook, and the laugh of the brook,  
And the dewdrop's drip and drip,  
The love of the lily's heart of gold,  
And the kiss of the rose's lip.

The universal heart  
Leans listening to his lay  
That glints and gleams with the glimmering dreams  
Of children at their play—  
A lay as rich with unconscious art  
As the first song-bird's of May.

Ours every rapturous tone  
Of every song of glee,  
Because his voice makes native choice  
Of Nature's harmony—  
So that his singing seems our own,  
And ours his ecstasy.

Steadfastly, bravely glad  
Above all earthly stress,  
He lifts his line to heights divine,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, singing, ever says,—  
This is a better world than bad—  
God's love is limitless.

He sings: and his song is heard,  
· Pure as a joyous prayer,  
Because he sings of the simple things—  
The fields, and the open air,  
The orchard-bough, and the mockingbird,  
And the blossoms everywhere.

242

### *On a Fly-Leaf*

IN JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S POEMS

SINGERS there are of courtly themes—  
*Drapers* in verse—who would dress their rhymes  
In robes of ermine; and singers of dreams  
Of gods high-throned in the classic times;  
Singers of nymphs, in their dim retreats,  
Satyrs, with scepter and diadem;  
But the singer who sings as a man's heart beats  
Well may blush for the rest of them.

I like the thrill of such poems as these,—  
All spirit and fervor of splendid fact—  
Pulse, and muscle, and arteries  
Of living, heroic thought and act!—  
Where every line is a vein of red  
And rapturous blood all unconfin'd  
As it leaps from a heart that has joyed and bled  
With the rights and the wrongs of all mankind.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

243

Oscar C. McCulloch

INDIANAPOLIS, DECEMBER 12, 1891

WHAT would best please our friend, in token of  
The sense of our great loss?—Our sighs and tears?  
Nay, these he fought against through all his years,  
Heroically voicing, high above  
Grief's ceaseless minor, moaning like a dove,  
The pæan triumphant that the soldier hears,  
Scaling the walls of death, midst shouts and cheers,  
The old Flag laughing in his eyes' last love.  
  
Nay, then, to pleasure him were it not meet  
To yield him bravely, as his fate arrives?—  
Drape him in radiant roses, head and feet,  
And be partakers, while his work survives,  
Of his fair fame,—paying the tribute sweet  
To all humanity—our nobler lives.

244      *The Sermon of the Rose*

WILFUL we are, in our infirmity  
Of childish questioning and discontent.  
Whate'er befalls us is divinely meant—  
Thou Truth the clearer for thy mystery!  
Make us to meet what is or is to be  
With fervid welcome, knowing it is sent  
To serve us in some way full excellent,  
Though we discern it all belatedly.  
The rose buds, and the rose blooms, and the rose  
Bows in the dews, and in its fullness, lo,  
Is in the lover's hand,—then on the breast  
Of her he loves,—and there dies.—And who knows

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

What fate of all a rose may undergo  
Is fairest, dearest, sweetest, loveliest?

Nay, we are children: we will not mature.  
A blessed gift must seem a theft; and tears  
Must storm our eyes when but a joy appears  
In drear disguise of sorrow; and how poor  
We seem when we are richest,—most secure  
Against all poverty the lifelong years  
We yet must waste in childish doubts and fears  
That, in despite of reason, still endure!  
Alas! the sermon of the rose we will  
Not wisely ponder; nor the sobs of grief  
Lulled into sighs of rapture, nor the cry  
Of fierce defiance that again is still.  
Be patient—patient with our frail belief,  
And stay it yet a little ere we die.

O opulent life of ours, though dispossessed  
Of treasure after treasure! Youth most fair  
Went first, but left its priceless coil of hair—  
Moaned over, sleepless nights, kissed and caressed  
Through drip and blur of tears the tenderest.  
And next went Love—the ripe rose glowing there,  
Her very sister! . . . It is here, but where  
Is *she*, of all the world the first and best?  
And yet how sweet the sweet earth after rain—  
How sweet the sunlight on the garden-wall  
Across the roses—and how sweetly flows  
The limpid yodel of the brook again!  
And yet—and yet how sweeter, after all,  
The smoldering sweetness of a dead red rose.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

245      *What the Wind Said*

*I MUSE to-day, in a listless way,  
In the gleam of a summer land;  
I close my eyes as a lover may  
At the touch of his sweetheart's hand,  
And I hear these things in the whisperings  
Of the zephyrs 'round me fanned:—*

I am the Wind, and I rule mankind,  
And I hold a sovereign reign  
Over the lands, as God designed,  
And the waters they contain:  
Lo! the bound of the wide world round  
Falleth in my domain!

I was born on a stormy morn  
In a kingdom walled with snow,  
Whose crystal cities laugh to scorn  
The proudest the world can show;  
And the daylight's glare is frozen there  
In the breath of the blasts that blow.

Life to me was a jubilee  
From the first of my youthful days:  
Clinking my icy toys with glee—  
Playing my childish plays;  
Filling my hands with the silver sands  
To scatter a thousand ways:

Chasing the flakes that the Polar shakes  
From his shaggy coat of white,  
Or hunting the trace of the track he makes

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And sweeping it from sight,  
As he turned to glare from the slippery stair  
Of the iceberg's farthest height.

Till I grew so strong that I strayed ere long  
From my home of ice and chill;  
With an eager heart and a merry song  
I traveled the snows until  
I heard the thaws in the ice-crag's jaws  
Crunched with a hungry will;

And the angry crash of the waves that dash  
Themselves on the jagged shore  
Where the splintered masts of the ice-wrecks flash,  
And the frightened breakers roar  
In wild unrest on the ocean's breast  
For a thousand leagues or more.

And the grand old sea invited me  
With a million beckoning hands,  
And I spread my wings for a flight as free  
As ever a sailor plans  
When his thoughts are wild and his heart beguiled  
With the dreams of foreign lands.

I passed a ship on its homeward trip,  
With a weary and toil-worn crew;  
And I kissed their flag with a welcome lip,  
And so glad a gale I blew  
That the sailors quaffed their grog and laughed  
At the work I made them do.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I drifted by where sea-groves lie  
Like brides in the fond caress  
Of the warm sunshine and the tender sky—  
Where the ocean, passionless  
And tranquil, lies like a child whose eyes  
Are blurred with drowsiness.

I drank the air and the perfume there,  
And bathed in a fountain's spray;  
And I smoothed the wings and the plumage rare  
Of a bird for his roundelay,  
And fluttered a rag from a signal-crag  
For a wretched castaway.

With a sea-gull resting on my breast,  
I launched on a madder flight:  
And I lashed the waves to a wild unrest,  
And howled with a fierce delight  
Till the daylight slept; and I wailed and wept  
Like a fretful babe all night.

For I heard the boom of a gun strike doom;  
And the gleam of a blood-red star  
Glared at me through the mirk and gloom  
From the lighthouse tower afar;  
And I held my breath at the shriek of death  
That came from the harbor bar.

For I am the Wind, and I rule mankind,  
And I hold a sovereign reign  
Over the lands, as God designed,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the waters they contain;  
Lo! the bound of the wide world round  
Falleth in my domain!

I journeyed on, when the night was gone,  
O'er a coast of oak and pine;  
And I followed a path that a stream had drawn  
Through a land of vale and vine,  
And here and there was a village fair  
In a nest of shade and shine.

I passed o'er lakes where the sunshine shakes  
And shivers his golden lance  
On the glittering shield of the wave that breaks  
Where the fish-boats dip and dance,  
And the trader sails where the mist unveils  
The glory of old romance.

I joyed to stand where the jeweled hand  
Of the maiden-morning lies  
On the tawny brow of the mountain-land,  
Where the eagle shrieks and cries,  
And holds his throne to himself alone  
From the light of human eyes.

Adown deep glades where the forest shades  
Are dim as the dusk of day—  
Where only the foot of the wild beast wades,  
Or the Indian dares to stray,  
As the blacksnakes glide through the reeds and hide  
In the swamp-depths grim and gray.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And I turned and fled from the place of dread  
To the far-off haunts of men.  
"In the city's heart is rest," I said,—  
But I found it not, and when  
I saw but care and vice reign there  
I was filled with wrath again:

And I blew a spark in the midnight dark  
Till it flashed to an angry flame  
And scarred the sky with a lurid mark  
As red as the blush of shame:  
And a hint of hell was the dying yell  
That up from the ruin came.

The bells went wild, and the black smoke piled  
Its pillars against the night,  
Till I gathered them, like flocks defiled,  
And scattered them left and right,  
While the holocaust's red tresses tossed  
As a maddened Fury's might.

"Ye overthrown!" did I jeer and groan—  
"Ho! who is your master?—say!—  
Ye shapes that writhe in the slag and moan  
Your slow-charred souls away—  
Ye worse than worst of things incurst—  
Ye dead leaves of a day!"

I am the Wind, and I rule mankind,  
And I hold a sovereign reign  
Over the lands, as God designed,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the waters they contain:  
Lo! the bound of the wide world round  
Falleth in my domain!

I wake, as one from a dream half done,  
And gaze with a dazzled eye  
On an autumn leaf like a scrap of sun  
That the wind goes whirling by.  
While afar I hear, with a chill of fear,  
The winter storm-king sigh.

### 246      *On a Youthful Portrait of Stevenson*

A FACE of youth mature; a mouth of tender,  
Sad, human sympathy, yet something stoic  
In clasp of lip: wide eyes of calmest splendor,  
And brow serenely ample and heroic:—  
The features—all—lit with a soul ideal . . .  
O visionary boy! what were you seeing,  
What hearing, as you stood thus midst the real  
Ere yet one master-work of yours had being?

Is it a foolish fancy that we humor—  
Investing daringly with life and spirit  
This youthful portrait of you ere one rumor  
Of your great future spoke that men might hear it?—  
Is it a fancy, or your first of glories,  
That you were listening, and the camera drew you  
Hearing the voices of your untold stories  
And all your lovely poems calling to you?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

247

### *The Loving Cup*

TRANSED in the glamour of a dream  
Where banquet-lights and fancies gleam,  
And ripest wit and wine abound,  
And pledges hale go round and round,—  
Lo, dazzled with enchanted rays—  
As in the golden olden days  
Sir Galahad—my eyes swim up  
To greet your splendor, Loving Cup!

What is the secret of your art,  
Linking together hand and heart  
Your myriad votaries who do  
Themselves most honor honoring you?  
What gracious service have ye done  
To win the name that you live on?—  
Kissing it back from tuneful lips  
That sing your praise between the sips!

Your spicy breath, O Loving Cup,  
That, like an incense steaming up,  
Full-freighted with a fragrance fine  
As ever swooned on sense of mine,  
Is rare enough.—But then, ah me!  
How rarer every memory  
That, rising with it, wreathes and blends  
In forms and faces of my friends!

O Loving Cup! in fancy still,  
I clasp their hands, and feel the thrill  
Of fellowship that still endures  
While lips are theirs and wine is yours!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And while my memory journeys down  
The years 't' it lead to Boston Town,  
Abide where first were rendered up  
Our mutual loves, O Loving Cup!

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### *The Onward Trail*

MYRON W. REED, DENVER, JANUARY 30, 1899

JUST as of old,—with fearless foot  
And placid face and resolute,  
He takes the faint, mysterious trail  
That leads beyond our earthly hail.

We would cry, as in last farewell,  
But that his hand waves, and a spell  
Is laid upon our tongues: and thus  
He takes unworded leave of us.

And it is fitting:—As he fared  
Here with us, so is he prepared  
For any fortuning the night  
May hold for him beyond our sight.

The moon and stars they still attend  
His wandering footsteps to the end,—  
He did not question, nor will we,  
Their guidance and security.

So, never parting word nor cry:—  
We feel, with him, that by and by  
Our onward trails will meet and then  
Merge and be ever one again.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 249 *A Peace-Hymn of the Republic*

LOUISVILLE, KY., SEPT. 12, 1895: 29TH ENCAMPMENT, G. A. R.

THERE'S a Voice across the Nation like a mighty ocean-hail,  
Borne up from out the Southward as the seas before the gale;  
Its breath is in the streaming Flag and in the flying sail—  
As we go sailing on.

'Tis a Voice that we remember—ere its summons soothed  
as now—  
When it rang in battle-challenge, and we answered vow  
with vow,—  
With roar of gun and hiss of sword and crash of prow  
and prow,  
As we went sailing on.

Our hope sank, even as we saw the sun sink faint and far,—  
The Ship of State went groping through the blinding smoke of War—  
Through blackest midnight lurching, all uncheered of moon  
or star,  
Yet sailing—sailing on.

As One who spake the dead awake, with life-blood leap  
ing warm—  
Who walked the troubled waters, all unscathed, in mortal form,—  
We felt our Pilot's presence with His hand upon the storm,  
As we went sailing on.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O Voice of passion lulled to peace, this dawning of To  
day—

O Voices twain now blent as one, ye sing all fears away,  
Since foe and foe are friends, and lo! the Lord, as glad  
as they.—

He sends us sailing on.

250

### *At Crozen Hill*

LEAVE him here in the fresh greening grasses and trees  
And the symbols of love, and the solace of these—  
The saintly white lilies and blossoms he keeps  
In endless caress as he breathlessly sleeps.  
The tears of our eyes wrong the scene of his rest,  
For the sky's at its clearest—the sun's at its best—  
The earth at its greenest—its wild bud and bloom  
At its sweetest—and sweetest its honey'd perfume.  
Home! home!—Leave him here in his lordly estate,  
And with never a tear as we turn from the gate!

Turn back to the home that will see you no more,—  
The vines at the window—the sun through the door.—  
Nor sound of his voice, nor the light of his face! . . . .  
But the birds will sing on, and the rose, in his place,  
Will tenderly smile till we daringly feign  
He is home with us still, though the tremulous rain  
Of our tears reappear, and again all is gloom,  
And all prayerless we sob in the long-darkened room.  
Heaven portions it thus—the old mystery dim,—  
It is midnight to us—it is morning to him.

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

251

*The Enduring*

A MISTY memory—faint, far away  
And vague and dim as childhood's long-lost day—  
Forever haunts and holds me with a spell  
Of awe and wonder indefinable :—  
A grimy old engraving tacked upon  
A shoe-shop wall.—An ancient temple, drawn  
Of crumbling granite, sagging portico,  
And gray, forbidding gateway, grim as woe ;  
And o'er the portal, cut in antique line,  
The words—cut likewise in this brain of mine—

“Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know what friend is  
best?

Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest.”

Again the old shoemaker pounds and pounds  
Resentfully, as the loud laugh resounds  
And the coarse jest is bandied round the throng  
That smokes about the smoldering stove; and long,  
Tempestuous disputes arise, and then—  
Even as all like discords—die again;  
The while a barefoot boy more gravely heeds  
The quaint old picture, and tiptoeing reads  
There in the rainy gloom the legend o'er  
The lowering portal of the old church door—

“Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know what friend is  
best?

Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest.”

So older—older—older, year by year,  
The boy has grown, that now, an old man here,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

He seems a part of Allegory, where  
He stands before Life as the old print there—  
Still awed, and marveling what light must be  
Hid by the door that bars Futurity  
Though, ever clearer than with eyes of youth,  
He reads with his *old* eyes—and tears forsooth—  
“Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know what friend is  
best?  
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest.”

252

### *The Mother Sainted*

AND yet she does not stir,—  
Such silence weighs on her  
We hear the drip  
Of tear-drops as we press  
Our kisses answerless  
On brow and lip.

Not even the yearning touch  
Of lips she loved so much  
She made their breath  
One with her own, will she  
Give answer to and be  
Wood back from death.

And though he kneel and plead  
Who was her greatest need,  
And on her cheek  
Lay the soft baby-face  
In its old resting-place,  
She will not speak.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

253

### *The Old Guitar*

NEGLECTED now is the old guitar  
And mouldering into decay;  
Fretted with many a rift and scar  
That the dull dust hides away,  
While the spider spins a silver star  
In its silent lips to-day.

The keys hold only nerveless strings—  
The sinews of brave old airs  
Are pulseless now; and the scarf that clings  
So closely here declares  
A sad regret in its ravelings  
And the faded hue it wears.

But the old guitar, with a lenient grace,  
Has cherished a smile for me;  
And its features hint of a fairer face  
That comes with a memory  
Of a flower-and-perfume-haunted place  
And a moonlit balcony.

Music sweeter than words confess,  
Or the minstrel's powers invent,  
Thrilled here once at the light caress  
Of the fairy hands that lent  
This excuse for the kiss I press  
On the dear old instrument.

The rose of pearl with the jeweled stem  
Still blooms; and the tiny sets  
In the circle all are here; the gem  
In the keys, and the silver frets;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But the dainty fingers that danced o'er them—  
Alas for the heart's regrets!—

Alas for the loosened strings to-day,  
And the wounds of rift and scar  
On a worn old heart, with its roundelay  
Enthralled with a stronger bar  
That Fate weaves on, through a dull decay  
Like that of the old guitar!

254

### *Red Riding-Hood*

SWEET little myth of the nursery story—  
Earliest love of mine infantile breast,  
Be something tangible, bloom in thy glory  
Into existence, as thou art addressed!  
Hasten! appear to me, guileless and good—  
Thou art so dear to me, Red Riding-Hood!

Azure-blue eyes, in a marvel of wonder,  
Over the dawn of a blush breaking out;  
Sensitive nose, with a little smile under  
Trying to hide in a blossoming pout—  
Couldn't be serious, try as you would,  
Little mysterious Red Riding-Hood!

Hah! little girl, it is desolate, lonely,  
Out in this gloomy old forest of Life!—  
Here are not pansies and buttercups only—  
Brambles and briars as keen as a knife;  
And a Heart, ravenous, trails in the wood  
For the meal have he must,—Red Riding-Hood!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

255

### *At His Wintry Tent*

SAMUEL RICHARDS—ARTIST—DENVER, COLORADO

NOT only master of his art was he,  
But master of his spirit—winged indeed  
For lordliest height, yet poised for lowliest need  
Of those, alas! upheld less buoyantly.  
He gloried even in adversity,  
And won his country's plaudits, and the meed  
Of Old World praise, as one loath to succeed  
While others were denied like victory.  
Though passed, I count him still my master-friend,  
Invincible as through<sup>h</sup> his mortal fight,—  
The laughing light of faith still in his eye  
As, at his wintry tent, pitched at the end  
Of life, he gaily called to me “Good night,  
Old friend, good night—for there is no good-bye.”

256

### *Say Something to Me*

SAY something to me! I've waited so long—  
Waited and wondered in vain;  
Only a sentence would fall like a song  
Over this listening pain—  
Over a silence that glowers and frowns,—  
Even my pencil to-night  
Slips in the dews of my sorrow and wounds  
Each tender word that I write.

Say something to me—if only to tell  
Me you remember the past;  
Let the sweet words, like the notes of a bell,  
Ring out my vigil at last.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O it were better, far better than this  
Doubt and distrust in the breast,—  
For in the wine of a fanciful kiss  
I could taste Heaven, and—rest.

Say something to me! I kneel and I plead,  
In my wild need, for a word;  
If my poor heart from this silence were freed,  
I could soar up like a bird  
In the glad morning, and twitter and sing,  
Carol and warble and cry  
Blithe as the lark as he cruises awing  
Over the deeps of the sky.

257

*The Noblest Service*

DR. WYCKLIFFE SMITH, LATE SURGEON 161ST REGIMENT INDIANA  
VOLUNTEERS, DELPHI, DECEMBER 29, 1899

If all his mourning friends unselfishly  
Might speak, high over grief, in one accord,  
What voice of joy were lifted to the Lord  
For having lent our need such ministry  
As this man's life has ever proved to be!  
Yea, even through battle-crash of gun and sword  
His steadfast step still found the pathway toward  
The noblest service paid Humanity.  
O ye to whose rich firesides he has brought  
A richer light! O watcher at the door  
Of the lone cabin!, O kindred! Comrades!—all!  
Since universal good he dreamed and wrought,  
Be brave, to pleasure him, as, on before,  
He leads us, answering Glory's highest call.

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

258

*The Ban*

I

S TRANGE dreams of what I used to be,  
And what I dreamed I *would* be, swim  
Before my vision, faint and dim  
As misty distances we see  
In pictured scenes of fairy-lands;  
And ever on, with empty hands,  
And eyes that ever lie to me,  
And smiles that no one understands,  
I grope adown my destiny.

II

Some say I waver as I walk  
Along the crowded thoroughfares;  
And some leer in my eyes, and talk  
Of dullness, while I see in theirs—  
Like fishes' eyes, alive or dead—  
But surfaces of vacancy—  
Blank disks that never seem to see,  
But glint and glow and glare instead.

III

The ragged shawl I wear is wet  
With driving, dripping rains, and yet  
It seems a royal raiment, where,  
Through twisted torrents of my hair,  
I see rare gems that gleam and shine  
Like jewels in a stream of wine;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The gaping shoes that clothe my feet  
Are golden sandals, and the shrine  
Where courtiers grovel and repeat  
Vain prayers, and where, in joy thereat,  
A fair Prince doffs his plumed hat,  
And kneels, and names me all things sweet.

### IV

Sometimes the sun shines, and the lull  
Of winter noon is like a tune  
The stars might twinkle to the moon  
If night were white and beautiful—  
For when the clangor of the town  
And strife of traffic softens down,  
The wakeful hunger that I nurse,  
In listening, forgets to curse,  
Until—ah, joy! with drooping head  
I drowse, and dream that I am dead  
And buried safe beyond their eyes  
Who either pity or despise.

259      *The Edge of the Wind*

YE stars in ye skies seem twinkling  
    In icicles of light,  
And ye edge of ye wind cuts keener  
    Than ever ye sword-edge might;  
Ye footsteps crunch in ye courtway,  
    And ye trough and ye cask go “ping!”—  
Ye china cracks in ye pantry,  
    And ye crickets cease to sing.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

260

*Eugene Field*

WITH gentlest tears, no less than jubilee  
Of blithest joy, we heard him, and still hear  
Him singing on, with full voice, pure and clear,  
Uplifted, as some classic melody  
In sweetest legends of old minstrelsy;  
Or, swarming Elfin-like upon the ear,  
His airy notes make all the atmosphere  
One blur of bird and bee and lullaby.  
His tribute:—Lustre in the faded bloom  
Of cheeks of old, old mothers; and the fall  
Of gracious dews in eyes long dry and dim;  
And hope in lovers' pathways midst perfume  
Of woodland haunts; and—meed exceeding all,—  
The love of little children laurels him.

261

*Our Boyhood Haunts*

HO! I'm going back to where  
We were youngsters.—Meet me there,  
Dear old barefoot chum, and we  
Will be as we used to be,—  
Lawless rangers up and down  
The old creek beyond the town—  
Little sunburnt gods at play,  
Just as in that far-away:—  
Water nymphs, all unafraid,  
Shall smile at us from the brink  
Of the old mill-race and wade  
Tow'rd us as we kneeling drink  
At the spring our boyhood knew,  
Pure and clear as morning-d<sup>a</sup>y;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, as we are rising there,  
Doubly dow'r'd to hear and see,  
We shall thus be made aware  
Of an eerie piping, heard  
High above the happy bird  
In the hazel: And then we,  
Just across the creek, shall see  
(Hah! the goat'y rascal!) Pan  
Hoof it o'er the sloping green,  
Mad with his own melody,  
Ay, and (bless the beastly man!)  
Stamping from the grassy soil  
Bruised scents of *fleur-de-lis*,  
Boneset, mint, and pennyroyal.

262

*To Robert Louis Stevenson*

ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA

**R**OBERT LOUIS STEVENSON!  
Blue the lift and braw the dawn  
O' yer comin' here amang  
Strangers wha hae luved ye lang!  
Strangers tae ye we maun be,  
Yet tae us ye're kenned a wee  
By the writin's ye hae done,  
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Syne ye've pit ye'r pen tae sic'  
Tales it stabbt us tae the quick—  
Whiles o' tropic isles an' seas  
An' o' gowden treasures—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Tales o' deid men's banes; an' tales  
Swete as sangs o' nightingales  
When the nune o' mirk's begun—  
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Sae we hail thee! nane the less  
For the "burr" that ye caress  
Wi' yer denty tongue o' Scots,  
Makin' words forget-me-nots  
O' yer bonnie braes that were  
Sung o' Burns the Poemer—  
And that later lavrock, one  
Robert Louis Stevenson.

263

*The Silent Singer*

MRS. D. M. JORDAN, APRIL 29, 1895

**A**LL sudden she hath ceased to sing  
Hushed in eternal slumbering,  
And we make moan that she is dead.—  
Nay; peace! be comforted.

Between her singing and her tears  
She pauses, listening—and she hears  
The Song we cannot hear.—And thus  
She mutely pities us.

Could she speak out, we doubt n' she  
Would turn to us full tenderly,  
And in the old melodious voice  
Say: "Weep not, but rejoice."

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Ay, musical as waters run  
In woodland rills through shade and sun,  
The sweet voice would flow on and say,—  
“Be glad with me to-day.—

“Your Earth was very dear and fair  
To me—the groves and grasses there;  
The bursting buds and blossoms—O  
I always loved them so!—

“The very dews within them seemed  
Reflected by mine eyes and gleamed  
Adown my cheeks in what you knew  
As ‘tears,’ and not as dew.

“Your birds, too, in the orchard-boughs—  
I could not hear them from the house,  
But I must leave my work and stray  
Out in the open day

“And the infinite range  
Of the vast freedom—always strange  
And new to me—It pierced my heart  
With sweetness as a dart!—

“The singing! singing! singing!—All  
The trees bloomed blossoms musical  
That chirped and trilled in colors till  
My whole soul seemed to fill

“To overflow with music, so  
That I have found me kneeling low

## THE LOCKERIE BOOK

Midst the lush grass, with murmurous words  
Thanking the flowers and birds.

"So with the ones to me most dear—  
I loved them, as I love them Here:  
Bear with my memory, therefore,  
As when in days of yore,

"O friends of mine, ye praised the note  
Of some song, quavering from my throat  
Out of the overstress of love  
And all the pain thereof.

"And ye, too, do I love with this  
Same love—and Heaven knows all it is,—  
The birds' song in it—bud and bloom—  
The turf, but not the tomb."

Between her singing and her tears  
She pauses, listening—and she hears  
The Song we cannot hear.—And thus  
She mutely pities us.

"FATHER!" (so The Word) He cried,—  
"Son of Thine, and yet denied;  
By my brothers dragged and tried,  
Scoffed and scourged, and crucified,  
With a thief on either side—  
Brothers mine, alike belied,—  
Arms of mercy open wide,  
Father! Father!" So He died.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

265

### *The Home-Voyage*

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON—FELL AT SAN MATEO, DECEMBER  
19, 1899. IN STATE, INDIANAPOLIS, FEBRUARY 6, 1900.

BEAR with us, O Great Captain, if our pride  
Show equal measure with our grief's excess  
In greeting you in this your helplessness  
To countermand our vanity or hide  
Your stern displeasure that we thus had tried  
To praise you, knowing praise was your distress:  
But this home-coming swells our hearts no less—  
Because for love of home you proudly died.  
Lo! then, the cable, fathoms 'neath the keel  
That shapes your course, is eloquent of you;  
The old flag, too, at half-mast overhead—  
We doubt not that its gale-kissed ripples feel  
A prouder sense of red and white and blue,—  
The stars—Ah, God, were *they* interpreted!

In strange lands were your latest honors won—  
In strange wilds, with strange dangers all beset;  
With rain like tears, the face of day was wet,  
As rang the ambushed foeman's fateful gun:  
And as you felt your final duty done,  
We feel *that* glory thrills your spirit yet,—  
When at the front, in swiftest death, you met  
The patriot's doom and best reward in one.  
And so the tumult of that island war,  
At last, for you, is stilled forevermore—  
Its scenes of blood blend white as ocean foam  
On your rapt vision as you sight afar  
The sails of peace, and from that alien shore  
The proud ship bears you on your voyage home.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Or rough or smooth the wave, or lowering day  
Or starlit sky—you hold, by native right,  
Your high tranquillity—the silent might  
Of the true hero—so you led the way  
To victory through stormiest battle-fray,  
Because your followers, high above the fight,  
Heard your soul's lightest whisper bid them smite  
For God and man and space to kneel and pray.  
And thus you cross the seas unto your own  
Beloved land, convoyed with honors meet,  
Saluted as your home's first heritage—  
Nor salutation from your State alone,  
But *all* the States, gathered in mighty fleet,  
Dip colors as you move to anchorage.

266

*The Bed*

I

“**T**HOU, of all God's gifts the best,  
    Blessèd Bed!” I muse, and rest  
Thinking how it havened me  
In my dazèd Infancy—  
Ere mine eyes could bear the kind  
Daylight through the window-blind,  
Or my lips, in yearning quest,  
Groping found the mother-breast,  
Or mine utterance but owned  
Minor sounds that sobbed and moaned.

II

Gracious Bed that nestled me  
Even ere the mother's knee,—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Lulling me to slumber ere  
Conscious of my treasure there—  
Save the tiny palms that kept  
Fondling, even as I slept,  
That rare dual-wealth of mine,—  
Softest pillow—sweetest wine!—  
Gentlest cheer for mortal guest,  
And of Love's fare lordliest.

### III

By thy grace, O Bed, the first  
Blooms of Boyhood-memories burst:—  
Dreams of riches, swift withdrawn  
As I, wakening, find the dawn  
With its glad Spring-face once more  
Glimmering on me as of yore:  
Then the bluebird's limpid cry  
Lulls me like a lullaby,  
Till falls every failing sense  
Back to sleep's sheer impotence.

### IV

Or, a truant, home again,—  
With the moonlight through the pane,  
And the kiss that ends the prayer—  
Then the footsteps down the stair;  
And the close hush; and far click  
Of the old clock; and the thick  
Sweetness of the locust-bloom  
Drugging all the enchanted room

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Into darkness fathoms deep  
As mine own pure childish sleep.

### v

Gift and spell, O Bed, retell  
Every lovely miracle—  
Up from childhood's simplest dream  
Unto manhood's pride supreme!—  
Sacredness no words express,—  
Lo, the young wife's fond caress  
Of her first-born, while beside  
Bends the husband, tearful-eyed,  
Marveling of kiss and prayer  
Which of these is holier there.

### VI

Trace the vigils through the long,  
Long nights, when the cricket's song  
Stunned the sick man's fevered brain,  
As he tossed and moaned in pain  
Piteous—till thou, O Bed,  
Smoothed the pillows for his head,  
And thy soothest solace laid  
Round him, and his fever weighed  
Into slumber deep and cool,  
And divinely merciful.

### VII

Thus, O Bed, all gratefully  
I would ever sing of thee—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Till the final sleep shall fall  
O'er me, and the crickets call  
In the grasses where at last  
I am indolently cast  
Like a play-worn boy at will.—  
'Tis a Bed befriends me still—  
Yea, and Bed, belike, the best,  
Softest, safest, blesseddest.

267      *Whittier—At Newburyport*

SEPTEMBER 7, 1892

HAIL to thee, with all good cheer!  
Though men say thou liest here  
Dead,  
And mourn, all uncomforted.

By thy faith refining mine,  
Life still lights those eyes of thine,  
Clear  
As the Autumn atmosphere.

Ever still thy smile appears  
As the rainbow of thy tears  
Bent  
O'er thy love's vast firmament.

Thou endurest—shalt endure,  
Purely, as thy song is pure.  
Hear  
Thus my hail: Good cheer! Good cheer!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

268

*The Unheard*

I

ONE in the musical throng  
Stood forth with his violin;  
And warm was his welcome, and long  
The later applause and the din.—  
He had uttered, with masterful skill,  
A melody hailed of men;  
And his own blood leapt a-thrill,  
As they thundered again.

II

Another stood forth.—And a rose  
Bloomed in her hair—likewise  
One at her tremulous throat—  
And a *rapture* bloomed in her eyes.  
Tempests of cheers upon cheers,  
Praises to last a life long;  
Roses in showers of tears—  
All for her song.

III

One sat apart and alone,  
Her lips clasped close and straight,  
Uttering never a tone  
That the World might hear, elate—  
Uttering never a low  
Murmurous verse nor a part  
Of the veriest song—But O  
The song in her heart!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

269

### *In the Evening*

I

IN the evening of our days,  
When the first far stars above  
Glimmer dimmer, through the haze,  
Than the dewy eyes of love,  
Shall we mournfully revert  
To the vanished morns and Mays  
Of our youth, with hearts that hurt,—  
In the evening of our days?

II

Shall the hand that holds your own  
Till the twain are thrilled as now,—  
Be withheld, or colder grown?  
Shall my kiss upon your brow  
Falter from its high estate?  
And, in all forgetful ways,  
Shall we sit apart and wait—  
In the evening of our days?

III

Nay, my wife—my life!—the gloom  
Shall enfold us velvetwise,  
And my smile shall be the groom  
Of the gladness of your eyes;  
Gently, gently as the dew  
Mingles with the darkening maze,  
I shall fall asleep with you—  
In the evening of our days.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

270

*At Sea*

YEA, we go down to sea in ships—  
But Hope remains behind,  
And Love, with laughter on his lips,  
And Peace, of passive mind;  
While out across the deeps of night,  
With lifted sails of prayer,  
We voyage off in quest of light,  
Nor find it anywhere.

O Thou who wroughtest earth and sea,  
Yet keepest from our eyes  
The shores of an eternity  
In calms of Paradise,  
Blow back upon our foolish quest  
With all the driving rain  
Of blinding tears and wild unrest,  
And waft us home again!

## HIS PA'S ROMANCE

271

### *Her Beautiful Hands*

O YOUR hands—they are strangely fair!  
Fair—for the jewels that sparkle there,—  
Fair—for the witchery of the spell  
That ivory keys alone can tell;  
But when their delicate touches rest  
Here in my own do I love them best,  
As I clasp with eager, acquisitive spans  
My glorious treasure of beautiful hands!

Marvelous—wonderful—beautiful hands!  
They can coax roses to bloom in the strands  
Of your brown tresses; and ribbons will twine,  
Under mysterious touches of thine,  
Into such knots as entangle the soul  
And fetter the heart under such a control  
As only the strength of my love understands—  
My passionate love for your beautiful hands.

As I remember the first fair touch  
Of those beautiful hands that I love so much,  
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled,  
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled—  
When I met your gaze, and the queenly bow,  
As you said to me, laughingly, “Keep it now!” . . .  
And dazed and alone in a dream I stand,  
Kissing this ghost of your beautiful hand.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

When first I loved, in the long ago,  
And held your hand as I told you so—  
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss  
And said "I could die for a hand like this!"  
Little I dreamed love's fullness yet  
Had to ripen when eyes were wet  
And prayers were vain in their wild demands  
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful Hands!—O Beautiful Hands!  
Could you reach out of the alien lands  
Where you are lingering, and give me, to-night,  
Only a touch—were it ever so light—  
My heart were soothed, and my weary brain  
Would lull itself into rest again;  
For there is no solace the world commands  
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

272

### *A Tinkle of Bells*

THE light of the moon on the white of the snow,  
And the answering twinkles along the street,  
And our sleigh flashing by, in the glamour and glow  
Of the glorious nights of the long ago,  
When the laugh of her lips rang clear and sweet  
As the tinkle our horses shook out of the bells  
And flung and tossed back  
On our glittering track  
In a shower of tremulous, murmuring swells  
Of the echoing, airy, melodious bells!—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O the mirth of the bells!  
And the worth of the bells!  
Come tinkle again, in this dearth of the bells,  
This laughter and love that I lack, yearning back  
For the far-away sound of the bells!

Ah! the bells, they were glad in the long ago!  
And the tinkles they had, they have thrilled me so  
I have said: "It is they and her songs and face  
Make summer for me of the wintriest place!"

And now—but sobbings and sad farewells,  
As I peer in the night through the sleeted pane,  
Hearing a clangor and wrangle of bells,  
And never a tinkle again!

The snow is a-swoon, and the moon dead-white,  
And the frost is wild in the air to-night!  
Yet still will I linger and listen and pray  
Till the sound of her voice shall come this way,  
With a tinkle of bells,  
And the lisp-like tread  
Of the hooves of the sleigh,  
And the murmurs and swells  
Of the vows she said.  
And O, I shall listen as madmen may,  
Till the tinkling bells ring down this way!—  
Till again the grasp of my hand entwines  
The tensioned bows of the quivering lines,  
And again we ... in the wake of the pride  
And the strength of the coursers, side by side;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

With our faces smitten again by the spray  
Of the froth of our steeds as we gallop away  
    In affright of the bells,  
    And the might of the bells,  
And the infinite glee and delight of the bells,  
As they tinkle and tinkle and tinkle, till they  
Are heard through a dawn where the mists are drawn,  
And we canter a gallop and dash away  
    Sheer into The Judgment Day!

### 273      *The Old Man of the Sea*

I'M The Old Man of the Sea—I am!—  
    And this is my secret pride,  
That I have a hundred shapes, all sham,  
    And a hundred names beside:  
They have named me "Habit," and "Way," forsooth,  
    "Capricious," and "Fancy-free";—  
But to you, O Youth, I confess the truth,—  
    I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!* .  
    *So lift up a song with me,*  
*As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,*  
    *I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

Crowned with the crown of your noblest thought,  
    I'm The Old Man of the Sea:  
I reign, rule, ruin, and palter not  
    In my pitiless tyranny:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

You, my lad, are my gay Sindbad,  
Frisking about, with me  
High on the perch I have always had—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!*  
*So lift up a song with me,*  
*As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,*  
*I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

Tricked in the guise of your best intent,  
I am your failures—all—  
I am the victories you invent,  
And your high resolves that fall :  
I am the vow you are breaking now  
As the wassail-bowl swings free  
And the red guilt flushes your cheek and brow—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!*  
*So lift up a song with me,*  
*As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,*  
*I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

I am your false dreams of success  
And your mythical future fame—  
Your life-long lies, and your soul's distress  
And your slowly-dying shame :  
I'm the chattering half of your latest laugh,  
And your tongue's last perfidy—  
Your doom, your tomb, and your epitaph . . .  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!  
So lift up a song with me,  
As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

274

### Toil

**H**E had toiled away for a weary while,  
Thro' day's dull glare and night's deep gloom;  
And many a long and lonesome mile  
He had paced in the round of his dismal room;  
He had fared on hunger—had drunk of pain  
As the drouthy earth might drink of rain;  
And the brow he leaned in his trembling palm  
Throbbed with a misery so intense  
That never again did it seem that calm  
Might come to him with the gracious balm  
Of old-time languor and indolence.  
And he said, "I will leave the tale half told,  
And leave the song for the winds to sing;  
And the pen—that pitiless blade of gold  
That stabs my heart like a dagger-sting—  
I will drive to the hilt through the inkstand's top  
And spill its blood to the last black drop!"  
Then he masked his voice with a laugh, and went  
Out in the world with a lawless grace—  
With a brazen lie in his eyes and face  
Told in a smile of glad content:  
He roved the round of pleasures through,  
And tasted each as it pleased him to;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

He joined old songs, and the clink and din  
Of the revelers at the banquet hall;  
And he tripped his feet where the violin  
Spun its waltz for the carnival;  
He looked, bedazed, on the luring wile  
And the siren-light of a woman's smile,  
And peered in her eyes as a diver might  
Peer in the sea ere he leaps outright,—  
Caught his breath, with a glance above,  
And dropped full-length in the depths of love.

. . . . .

'Tis well if ever the false lights die  
On the alien coasts where our wreck'd hopes lie!  
'Tis well to feel, through the blinding rain,  
Our outstung hands touch earth again!  
So the castaway came, safe from doom,  
Back at last to his lonely room,  
Filled with its treasure of work to do  
And radiant with the light and bloom  
Of the summer sun and his glad soul, too!  
And sweet as ever the song of birds,  
Over his work he sang these words:—

"O friends are good, with their princely ways,  
And royal hearts they are goodly things;  
And fellowship, in the long dark days  
When the drear soul cowers with drooping wings,  
Is a thing to yearn for.—*Mirth* is good,—  
For a ringing laugh is a rhythmic cry  
Blown like a hail from the Angelhood  
To the barque of the lone soul drifting by.—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Goodly, too, is the mute caress  
Of woman's hands and their tenderness—  
The warm breath wet with the dews of love—  
The vine-like arms, and the fruit thereof—  
The touch that thrills, and the kiss that melts,—  
But Toil is sweeter than all things else."

275

### *The Mute Singer*

THE morning sun seemed fair as though  
It were a great red rose ablow  
In lavish bloom,  
With all the air for its perfume,—  
Yet he who had been wont to sing,  
Could trill no thing.

Supine, at noon, as he looked up  
Into the vast inverted cup  
Of heavenly gold,  
Brimmed with its marvels manifold,  
And his eye kindled, and his cheek—  
Song could not speak.

Night fell forebodingly; he knew  
Soon must the rain be falling, too,—  
And, home, heartsore,  
A missive met him at the door—  
—Then Song lit on his lips, and he  
Sang gloriously.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 276      *Old School-Day Romances*

O F the wealth of facts and fancies  
That our memories may recall,  
The old school-day romances  
Are the dearest, after all!—  
When some sweet thought revises  
The half-forgotten tune  
That opened “Exercises”  
On “Friday Afternoon.”

We seem to hear the clicking  
Of the pencil and the pen,  
And the solemn ceaseless ticking  
Of the time-piece ticking then;  
And we note the watchful master,  
As he waves the warning rod,  
With our own heart beating faster  
Than the boy’s who threw the wad.

Some little hand uplifted,  
And the creaking of a shoe:—  
A problem left unsifted  
For the teacher’s hand to do.  
The murmured hum of learning,  
And the flutter of a book—  
The smell of something burning,  
And the school’s inquiring look.

The bashful boy in blushes;  
And the girl, with glancing eyes,  
Who hides her smiles, and hushes  
The laugh about to rise,—

## THE LOCHERBIE BOOK

Then, with a quick invention,  
Assumes a serious face,  
To meet the words, "Attention!  
Every scholar in his place!"

The opening song, page twenty—  
Ah! dear old "Golden Wreath,"  
You willed your sweets in plenty;  
And some who look beneath  
The leaves of Time will linger,  
And loving tears will start,  
As Fancy trails her finger  
O'er the index of the heart.

"Good news from Home"—We hear it  
Welling tremulous, yet clear  
And holy as the spirit  
Of the song we used to hear—  
"Good news for me"—(A throbbing  
And an aching melody)—  
"Has come across the"—(sobbing,  
Yea, and salty) "dark blue sea!"

Or the pæan "Scotland's burning!"  
With its mighty surge and swell  
Of chorus, still returning  
To its universal yell—  
Till we're almost glad to drop to  
Something sad and full of pain—  
And "Skip verse three," and stop, too,  
Ere our hearts are broke again.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Then "the big girls'" compositions,  
With their doubt, and hope, and glow  
Of heart and face,—conditions  
Of "the big boys"—even so,  
When themes of "Spring" and "Summer,"  
And of "Fall" and "Wintertime"  
Droop our heads and hold us dumber  
Than the sleighbell's fancied chime.

Elocutionary Science—  
Still in changeless infancy!—  
With its "Cataline's Defiance":  
And "The Banner of the Free":  
Or—lured from Grandma's attic,  
A ramshackle rocker there  
Adds a skreek of the dramatic  
To the poet's "Old Arm-Chair."

Or the "Speech of Logan" shifts us  
From the pathos to the fire;  
And Tell (with Gessler) lifts us  
Many noble notches higher—  
Till a youngster, far from sunny,  
With sad eyes of watery blue,  
Winds up with something "funny,"  
Like "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then a Dialogue—selected  
For its realistic worth:—  
The Cruel Boy detected  
With a turtle turned to earth

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Back-downward ; and, in pleading,  
The Good Boy—strangely gay  
At such a sad proceeding—  
Says, "Turn him over, pray!"

So the exercises taper,  
Through gradations of delight,  
To the reading of "The Paper"  
Which is entertaining—quite !—  
For it goes ahead and mentions  
"If a certain Mr. O.  
Has serious intentions  
That he ought to tell her so."

It also "Asks permission  
To intimate to 'John'  
The dubious condition  
Of the ground he's standing on;"  
And, dropping the suggestion  
To "mind what he's about,"  
It stuns him with the question  
"Does his mother know he's out?"

And among the contributions  
To this "Academic Press"  
Are "Versified Effusions"  
By—"Our Lady Editress"—  
Which fact is proudly stated  
By the Chief of the concern,—  
Though the verse communicated  
Bears the pen-name "Fanny Fern."

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

When all has been recited,  
And the teacher's bell is heard,  
And visitors, invited,  
Have dropped a kindly word,  
A hush of holy feeling  
Falls down upon us there,  
As though the day were kneeling,  
With the twilight for the prayer.

Midst the wealth of fact and fancies  
That our memories may recall,  
Thus the old school-day romances  
Are the dearest, after all!—  
When some sweet thought revises  
The half-forgotten tune  
That opened "Exercises"  
On "Friday Afternoon."

### 277     *He Cometh in Sweet Sense*

**H**E cometh in sweet sense to thee,  
Be it or dawn, or noon, or night.—  
No deepest pain, nor halest glee,  
But He discerneth it aright.

If there be tears bedim thine eyes,  
His sympathy thou findest plain,—  
The darkest midnight of the skies  
He weepeth with the tears of rain.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

If thou art joyful, He hath had  
His gracious will, and lo, 'tis well,—  
As thou art glad, so He is glad,  
Nor mercy strained one syllable.

Wild vows are words, as prayers are words.—  
God's mercy is not measured by  
Our poor deservings: He affords  
To listen, if we laugh or cry.

278

*In State*

I S it the martins or katydids?  
Early morning or late at night?  
A dream, belike, kneeling down on the lids  
Of a dying man's eyesight.

Over and over I heard the rain—  
Over and over I waked to see  
The blaze of the lamp as again and again  
Its stare insulted me.

It is not the click of the clock I hear—  
It is the *pulse* of the clock,—and lo!  
How it throbs and throbs on the quickened ear  
Of the dead man listening so!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I heard them whisper "*She* would not come;"  
But, being dead, I knew—I knew! . . .  
Some hearts they love us alive, and some  
They love us dead—they do!

And *I* am dead—and *I* joy to be,—  
For here are my folded hands, so cold,  
And yet blood-warm with the roses she  
Has given me to hold.

Dead—yea, dead!—But I hear the beat  
Of her heart, as her warm lips touch my brow—  
And O how sweet—how *blinding* sweet  
To know that she loves me now!

A DEEP, delicious hush in earth and sky—  
A gracious lull—since, from its wakening,  
The morn has been a feverish, restless thing  
In which the pulse of Summer ran too high  
And riotous, as though its heart went nigh  
To bursting with delights past uttering:  
Now, as an o'erjoyed child may cease to sing  
All falteringly at play, with drowsy eye  
Draining the pictures of a fairy-tale  
To brim his dreams with—there comes o'er the day  
A loathful silence, wherein all sounds fail  
Like loitering tones of some faint roundelay . . .  
No wakeful effort longer may avail—  
The wand waves, and the dozer sinks away.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

280

### *His Room*

I 'M home again, my dear old Room,  
I'm home again, and happy, too,  
As, peering through the brightening gloom,  
I find myself alone with you:  
Though brief my stay, nor far away,  
I missed you—missed you night & morn' day—  
As wildly yearned for you as n w.—  
Old Room, how are you, anyhow?

My easy chair, with open arms,  
Awaits me just within the door;  
The littered carpet's woven charms  
Have never seemed so bright before,—  
The old rosettes and mignonettes  
And ivy-leaves and violets,  
Look up as pure and fresh of hue  
As though baptized in morning-dew.

Old Room, to me your homely walls  
Fold round me like the arms of 'ove,  
And over all my being falls  
A blessing pure as from above—  
Even as a nestling child caressed  
And lulled upon a loving breast,  
With folded eyes, too glad to weep  
And yet too sad for dreams or sleep.

You've been so kind to me, old Room—  
So patient in your tender care,  
My drooping heart in fullest bloom  
Has blossomed for you unaware;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And who but you had cared to woo  
A heart so dark, and heavy too,  
As in the past you lifted mine  
From out the shadow to the shine?

For I was but a wayward boy  
When first you gladly welcomed me  
And taught me work was truer joy  
Than rioting incessantly:  
And thus the din that stormed within  
The old guitar and violin  
Has fallen in a fainter tone  
And sweeter, for your sake alone.

Though in my absence I have stood  
In festal halls a favored guest,  
I missed, in this old quietude,  
My worthy work and worthy rest—  
By *this* I know that long ago  
You loved me first, and told me so  
In art's mute eloquence of speech  
The voice of praise may never reach.

For lips and eyes in truth's disguise  
Confuse the faces of my friends,  
Till old affection's fondest ties  
I find unraveling at the ends;  
But, as I turn to you, and learn  
To meet my griefs with less concern,  
Your love seems all I have to keep  
Me smiling lest I needs must weep.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Yet I am happy, and would fain  
Forget the world and all its woes;  
So set me to my tasks again,  
Old Room, and lull me to repose:  
And as we glide adown the tide  
Of dreams, forever side by side,  
I'll hold your hands as lovers do  
Their sweethearts' and talk love to you.

281

### *A Lost Love*

'TWAS a summer ago when he left me here—  
A summer of smiles, with never a tear  
Till I said to him, with a sob, my dear,—  
Good-by, my lover; good-by!

For I loved him, O as the stars love night!  
And my cheeks for him flashed red and white  
When first he called me his Heart's delight,—  
Good-by, my lover; good-by!

The touch of his hand was a thing divine  
As he sat with me in the soft moonshine  
And drank of my love as men drink wine,—  
Good-by, my lover; good-by!

And never a night as I knelt in prayer,  
In thought as white as our own souls were,  
But in fancy he came and he kissed me there,—  
Good-by, my lover; good-by!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But now—ah, note! what an empty place  
My whole heart is!—Of the old embrace  
And the kiss I loved there lives no trace—  
Good-by, my lover; good-by!

He sailed not over the stormy sea,  
And he went not down in the waves—not he—  
But O, he is lost—for he married me—  
Good-by, my lover; good-by!

282

*The Paths of Peace*

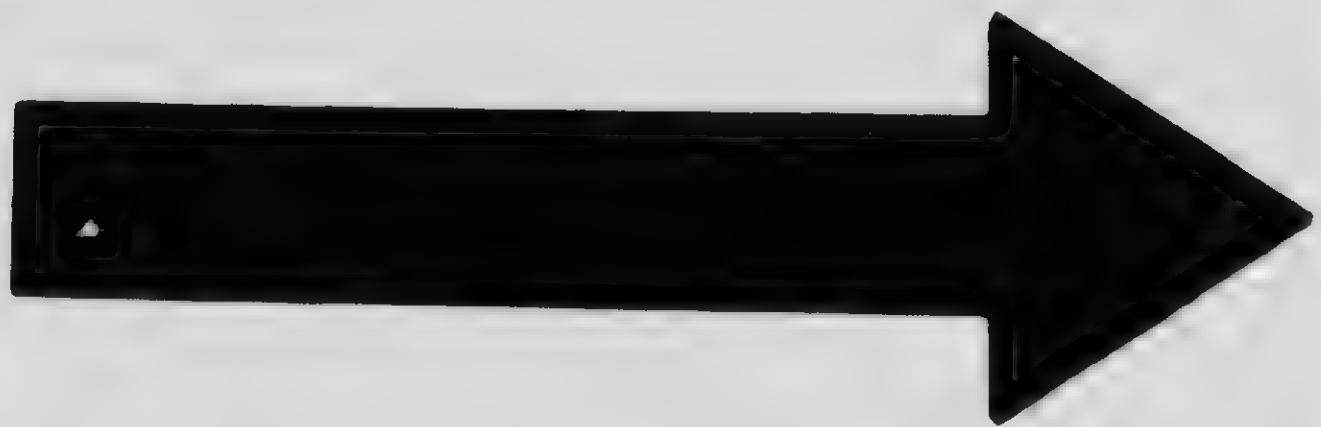
MAURICE THOMPSON—FEBRUARY 14, 1901

**H**E would have holiday—outworn, in sooth,  
Would turn again to seek the old release,—  
The open fields—the loved haunts of his youth—  
The woods, the waters, and the paths of peace.

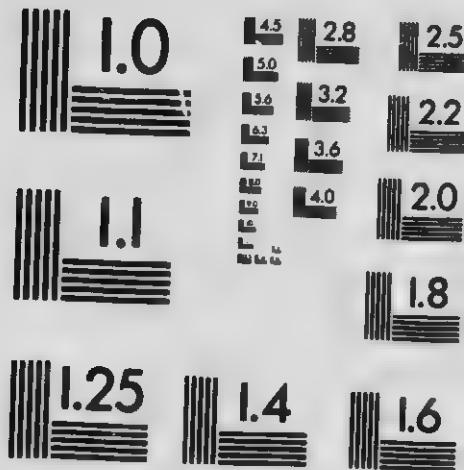
The rest—the recreation he would choose  
Be his abidingly! Long has he served  
And greatly—ay, and greatly let us use  
Our grief, and yield him nobly as deserved.

Perchance—with subtler senses than our own  
And love exceeding ours—he listens thus  
To ever nearer, clearer pipings blown  
From out the lost lands of Theocritus.

Or, haply, he is beckoned from us here  
By knight or yeoman of the bosky wood,



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## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Or, chained in roses, haled a prisoner  
Before the blithe Immortal, Robin Hood.

Or, mayhap, Chaucer signals, and with him  
And his rare fellows he goes pilgrimining;  
Or Walton signs him, o'er the morning brim  
Of misty waters midst the dales of Spring.

Ho! wheresoe'er he goes, or whosoe'er  
He fares with, he has bravely earned the boon.  
Be his the open, and the glory there  
Of April-buds, May-blooms and flowers of June!

Be his the glittering dawn, the twinkling dew,  
The breathless pool or gush of laughing streams—  
Be his the triumph of the coming true  
Of all his loveliest dreams!

283

*Kathleen Mavourneen*

1894

*Frederick Nicholls Crouch, the musical genius and composer of the well-known air, "Kathleen Mavourneen," was, at above date, living, in helpless age, in his adopted country, America—a citizen since 1849.*

**K**AUTHLEEN Mavourneen! The song is still ringing  
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the birds;  
In world-weary hearts it is throbbing and singing  
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest words.  
Oh, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Oh, have we forgotten his rapturous art—  
Our meed to the master whose genius bequeathed it?  
Oh, why art thou silent, thou Voice of the Heart?—  
*Our meed to the master whose genius bequeathed it—*  
*Oh, why are we silent, Kathleen Mavourneen!*

Kathleen Mavourneen! Thy lover still lingers;  
The long night is waning, the stars pale and few;  
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,  
Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew;  
The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking.  
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain;  
The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking . . .  
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!  
*The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking:*  
*Oh, why are we silent, Kathleen Mavourneen!*

### 284      *An Order for a Song*

MAKE me a song of all good things,  
And fill it full of murmurings,  
Of merry voices, such as we  
Remember in our infancy;  
But make it tender, for the sake  
Of hearts that brood and tears that break,  
And tune it with the harmony,  
The sighs of sorrow make.

Make me a song of summer-time,  
And pour such music down the rhyme

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

As ripples over gleaming sands  
And grassy brinks of meadow-lands;  
But make it very sweet and low,  
For need of them that sorrow so,  
Because they reap with empty hands  
The dreams of long ago.

Make me a song of such a tone,  
That when we croon it all alone,  
The tears of longing as they drip,  
Will break in laughter on the lip;  
And make it, oh, so pure and clear  
And jubilant that every ear  
Shall drink its rapture sip by sip  
And Heaven lean to hear.

285

*Child's Christmas Carol*

CHRIST used to be like you and me,  
When just a lad in Galilee,—  
So when we pray, on Christmas Day,  
He favors first the prayers we say:  
Then waste no tear, but pray with cheer,  
This gladdest day of all the year:

O Brother mine of birth Divine,  
Upon this natal day of Thine  
Bear with our stress of happiness  
Nor count our reverence the less  
Because with glee and jubilee  
Our hearts go singing up to Thee.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

286

### *Old Hec's Idolatry*

H EIGH-O! our jolly tilts at New World song!—  
What was the poem indeed! and where the bard—  
"Stabbing his inkpot ever, not his heart,"  
As Hector phrased it contumeliously,  
Mouthing and munching, at the orchard-stile,  
A water-cored rambo whose spirited juice  
Glanced, sprayed and flecked the sunlight as he mouth'd  
And muncht, and muncht and mouth'd. All loved the man!  
"Our Hector" as his *Alma Mater* oozed  
It into utterance—"Old Hec" said we  
Who knew him, hide-and-tallow, hoof-and-horn!  
So he: "O ay! my soul! our New World song—  
The tweedle-deedles of our modern school—  
A school of minnows,—not one gamy bass—  
To hook the angler, not the angler him.  
Here! all ye little fishes: tweedle-dee!  
Soh! one—along the vasty stream of time—  
Glints to the surface with a gasp,—and, lo,  
A bubble! and he thinks, 'My eye!—see there,  
Ye little fishes,—there's a song I've sung!'  
Another gapes: another bubble; then  
He thinks: 'Well, is it not a wondrous art  
To breathe a great immortal poem like that!'  
And then another—and another still—  
And yet another,—till from brim to brim  
The tide is pustuled over with a pest  
Of bubbles—bursting bubbles! Ay! O ay!"  
So, bluff old Hec. And we, who knew his mood  
Had ramped its worst—unless we roused it yet  
To ire's horifickest insanity

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

By some inane, unguarded reference  
To "verse beragged in Hoosier dialect"—  
(A strangely unforgotten coinage of  
Old Hec's, long years agone)—we, so, forbore  
A word, each glimpsing each, as down we sank,  
Couched limply in the orchard's selvage, where—  
The rambo finished and the soggy core  
Zippt at a sapphire wasp with waist more slim  
Than any slender lady's, of old warrs,  
Pent fasting for long sennights in tall towers  
That overtop the undercragging seas—  
With one accordant voice, the while he creased  
His scroll of manuscript, we said, "Go on."  
Then Hector thus:

### AN IDYL OF THE KING

Erewhile, as Autumn, to King Arthur's court  
Came Raelus, clamoring: "Lo, has our house  
Been sacked and pillaged by a lawless band  
Of robber knaves, led on by Alstanés,  
The Night-Flower named, because of her fair face,  
All like a lily gleaming in the dusk  
Of her dark hair—and like a lily brimmed  
With dewy eyes that drip their limpid smiles  
Like poison out, for by them has been wro't  
My elder brother's doom, as much I fear.  
While three days gone was holden harvest-feast  
At Lynion Castle—clinging like a gull  
High up the gray cliffs of Caerleon—  
Came, leaf-like lifted from the plain below  
As by a twisted wind, a rustling pack

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Of bandit pillagers, with Alstanés  
Bright-fluttering like a red leaf in the front  
And ere we were aware of fell intent—  
Not knowing whether it was friend or foe—  
We found us in their toils, and all the house  
In place of guests held only prisoners—  
Save that the host, my brother, wro't upon  
By the strange beauty of the robber queen,  
Was left unfettered, but by silken threads  
Of fine-spun flatteries and wanton smiles  
Of the enchantress, till her villain thieves  
Had rifled as they willed and signal given  
To get to horse again. And so they went—  
Their leader flinging backward, as she rode,  
A kiss to my mad brother—mad since then,—  
For from that sorry hour he but talked  
Of Alstanés, and her rare beauty, and  
Her purity—ay, even that he said  
Was star-white, and should light his life with love  
Or leave him groping blindly in its quest  
Thro' all eternity. So, sighing, he  
Went wandering about till set of sun,  
Then got to horse, and bade us all farewell;  
And with his glamour'd eyes bent trancedly  
Upon the tumbled sands that marked the way  
The robber-woman went, he turned and chased  
His long black shadow o'er the edge of night."

—So Raelus, all seemingly befret  
With such concern as nipped his utterance  
In scraps of speech; at which Sir Lancelot,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Lifting a slow smile to the King, and then  
Turning his cool eye on the youth—"And you  
Would track this siren-robber to her hold  
And rout her rascal followers, and free  
Your brother from the meshes of this queen  
Of hearts—for there you doubtless think him?"  
    "Ay!"

Foamed Raelus, cheek flushed and eye afame,—  
"So even have I tracked, and found them, too,  
And know their burrow, shrouded in a copse,  
Where, faring in my brother's quest, I heard  
The nicker of his horse, and followed on,  
And found him tethered in a thicket wild,  
As tangled in its tress of leaf and limb  
As is a madman's hair; and down the path  
That parted it and ran across a knoll  
And dipped again, all suddenly I came  
Upon a cave, wide-yawning 'neath a beard  
Of tangled moss and vine, whence issuing  
I heard, blown o'er my senses faint and clear  
As whiffs of summer wind, my brother's voice  
Lilting a love-song, with the burden tricked  
With dainty warblings of a woman's tongue:  
And even as I listening bent, I heard  
Such peals of wanton merriment as made  
My own heart flutter as a bird that beats  
For freedom at the bars that prison it.  
So turned I then and fled as one who flies  
To save himself alone—forgetful all  
Of that my dearer self—my brother.—O!"—  
Breaking as sharply as the icy blade

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

That loosens from the eave to slice the air  
And splinter into scales of flying frost—  
"Thy help! Thy help! A dozen goodly knights—  
Ay, even that, if so it be their hearts  
Are hungry as my own to right the wrong!"

So Raelus. And Arthur graciously  
Gave ear to him, and, patient, heard him thro',  
And pitied him, and granted all he asked;  
Then took his hand and held it, saying, "Strong  
And ever stronger may its grasp be knit  
About the sword that flashes in the cause  
Of good."

Thus Raelus, on the morrow's front,  
Trapped like a knight; and shining like a star,  
Pranced from the archway of the court, and led  
His glittering lances down the gleaming road  
That river-like ran winding till it slipped  
Out of the palace view and spilled their shields  
Like twinkling bubbles o'er the mountain brim.

Then happed it that as Raelus rode, his tongue  
Kept even pace and cantered ever on  
Right merrily. His brother, as he said,  
Had such an idle soul within his breast—  
Such shallowness of fancy for his heart  
To drift about in—that he well believed  
Its anchor would lay hold on any smile  
The lees of womanhood might offer him.  
As for himself, he loved his brother well,  
Yet had far liefer see him stark and white  
In marble death than that his veins should burn

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

With such vitality as spent its flame  
So garishly it knew no steady blaze,  
But ever wavered round as veered the wind  
Of his conceit; for he had made his boast—  
Tho' to his own shame did he speak of it—  
That with a wink he could buy every smile  
That virtue owned. So tattled Raelus  
Till, heated with his theme, he lifted voice  
And sang the song, "The Light of Woman's Eyes!"

"O bright is gleaming morn on mountain height;  
And bright the moon, slipt from its sheath of night,—  
But brighter is the light of woman's eyes.

"And bright the dewdrop, trembling on the lip  
Of some red rose, or lily petal-tip,  
Or lash of pink,—but brighter woman's eyes.

"Bright is the firefly's ever-drifting spark  
That throbs its pulse of light out in the dark;  
And bright the stars,—but brighter woman's eyes.

"Bright morn or even; bright or moon or star,  
And all the many twinkling lights that are,—  
O brighter than ye all are woman's eyes."

So Raelus sang.—And they who rode with him  
Bewildered were, and even as he sang  
Went straggling, twos and threes, and fell behind  
To whisper wonderingly, "Is he a fool?"  
And "Does he waver in his mind?" and "Does

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The newness of adventure dazzle him?"  
So spake they each to each, till far beyond,  
With but one loathful knight in company,  
They saw him quit the beaten track, and turn  
Into the grassy margin of a wood.  
And loitering, they fell in mocking jest  
Of their strange leader! "See! why, see!" said one,—  
"He needs no hel' to fight his hornets' nest,  
But one brave knight to squire him!"—pointing on  
To where fared on the two and disappeared.  
"O ay!" said one, "belike he is some old  
War-battered knight of long-forgotten age,  
That, bursting from his chrysalis, the grave,  
Comes back to show us tricks we never dreamed!"  
"Or haply," said another, with a laugh,—  
"He rides ahead to tell them that he comes  
And shrive them ere his courage catches up."  
And merry made they all, and each in turn  
Filliped a witty pellet at his head:  
Until, at last, their shadows shrunk away  
And shortened 'neath them and the hour was noon,  
They flung them from their horses listlessly  
Within the grassy margin of the wood  
Where had passed Raelus an hour agone:  
And, hungered, spied a rustic; and they sent  
To have them such refreshment as might be  
Found at the nearest farm,—where, as it chanced,  
Was had most wholesome meat, and milk, and bread;  
And honey, too, celled in its fretted vase  
Of gummy gold and dripping nectar-sweet  
As dreamed-of kisses from the lips of love;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Wine, too, was broughten, rosy as the dawn  
That ushers in the morning of the heart;  
And tawny, mellow pear, whose golden ore  
Fell molten on the tongue and oozed away  
In creamy and delicious nothingness;  
And netted melon, musky as the breath  
Of breezes blown from out the Orient;  
And purple clusterings of plum and grape,  
Blurred with a dust dissolving at the touch  
Like flakes the fairies had snowed over them.  
And as the idlers basked, with toast and song  
And graceful dalliance and wanton jest,  
A sound of trampling hooves and jingling reins  
Brake sudden, stilled them; and from out a dim  
Path leading from the bosky wood there came  
A troop of mounted damsels, nigh a score,  
Led by a queenly girl, in crimson clad,  
With lissome figure lithe and willowy,  
And face as fair and sweet and pure withal  
As might a maiden lily-blossom be  
Ere it has learned the sin of perfect bloom:  
Her hair, biown backward like a silken scarf  
And fondled by the sun, was glossier  
And bluer black than any raven's wing.  
"And O!" she laughed, not knowing she was heard  
By any but her fellows: "Men are fools!"  
Then drawing rein, and wheeling suddenly,  
Her charger mincing backward,—"Raelus—  
My Raelus is greater than ye all,  
Since he is such a fool that he forgets  
He is a man, and lets his tongue of love

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Run babbling like a silly child's; and, pah!  
I puff him to the winds like thistle-down!"  
And, wheeling as she spake, found staring up,  
Wide-eyed and wondering, a group of knights,  
Half lifted, as their elbows propped their heads,  
Half lying; and one, smirker than the rest,  
Stood bowing very low, with upturned eyes  
Lit with a twinkling smile: "Fair lady—and  
Most gracious gentlewomen"—seeing that  
The others drew them back as tho' abashed  
And veiled their faces with all modesty,  
Tho' she, their leader, showed not any qualm,—  
"Since all unwittingly we overheard  
Your latest speech, and since we know at last  
'All men are fools,' right glad indeed am I  
That such a nest of us remains for you  
To vanquish with those eyes." Then, serious,  
That she nor smiled nor winced, nor anything—  
"Your pardon will be to me as a shower  
Of gracious rain unto a panting drouth."  
So bowed in humblest reverence; at which  
The damsel, turning to her followers,  
Laughed musically—"See! he proves my words!"  
Whereat the others joined with inward glee  
Her pealing mirth; and in the merriment  
The knights chimed, too, and he, the vanquished one,  
Till all the wood rang as at hunting-tide  
When bugle-rumors float about the air  
And echoes leap and revel in delight.  
Then spake the vanquished knight, with mental eye  
Sweeping the vantage-ground that chance had gained,—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

"Your further pardon, lady: Since the name  
Of Raelus fell from those lips of thine,  
We fain would know of him. He led us here,  
And as he went the way wherefrom your path  
Emerges, haply you may tell us where  
He may be found?"

"What! Raclus?" she cried,—  
"He comes with you?—The brave Sir Raelus?—  
That mighty champion?—that gallant knight?—  
That peerless wonder of all nobleness?  
Then proud am I to greet ye, knowing that;  
And, certes, had I known of it ere now,  
Then had I proffered you more courtesy  
And told you, ere the asking, that he bides  
The coming of his friends a league from this,  
Hard by a reedy mere, where in high tune  
We left him singing, nigh an hour agone."  
Then, as she lightly wheeled her horse about  
And signal gave to her companions  
To follow, gaily cried: "Tell Raelus  
His cousin sends to him her sad farewells  
And fond regrets, and kisses many as  
His valorous deeds are numbered in her heart."  
And with "Fair morrow to ye, gentle knights!"  
Her steed's hooves struck the highway at a bound;  
And dimly thro' the dust they saw her lead  
Her fluttering cavalcade as recklessly  
As might a queen of Araby, fleet-horsed,  
Skim o'er the level sands of Syria.  
So vanished. And the knights with one accord  
Put foot in stirrup, and, with puzzled minds

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And many-channeled marvelings, filed in  
The woody path, and fared them on and on  
Thro' denser glooms, and ways more intricate;  
Till, mystified at last and wholly lost,  
They made full halt, and would have turned them back  
But that a sudden voice brake on their ears  
All piteous and wailing, as distressed:  
And, following these cries, they sharply came  
Upon an open road that circled round  
A reedy flat and sodden tract of sedge,  
Moated with stagnant water, crusted thick  
With slimy moss, wherein were wriggling things  
Entangled, and blind bubbles bulging up  
And bursting where from middle way upshot  
A tree-trunk, with its gnarled and warty hands  
As tho' upheld to clutch at sliding snakes  
Or nip the wet wings of the dragon-fly.  
Here gazing, lo! they saw their comrade, he  
That had gone on with Raelus; and he  
Was tugging to fling back into its place  
A heavy log that once had spanned the pool  
And made a footway to the sedgy flat  
Whence came the bitter wailing cries they heard.  
Then hastened they to join him in his task;  
But, panting, as they asked of Raelus,  
All winded with his work, yet jollier  
Than meadow-lark at morn, he sent his voice  
In such a twittering of merriment,  
The wail of sorrow died and laughter strewed  
Its grave with melody.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

"O Raelus!

Rare Raelus!" he cried and clapped his hands,  
And even in the weeds that edged the pool  
Fell wrestling with his mirth.—"Why, Raelus,"  
He said, when he at last could speak again,  
"Drew magnet-like—you know that talk of his,—  
And so, adhesive, did I cling and cling  
Until I found us in your far advance,  
And, hidden in the wood, I stayed to say  
'Twas better we should bide your coming. 'No.'  
Then on again; and still a second time—  
'Shall we not bide their coming?' 'No!' he said;  
And on again, until the third; and 'No—  
We'll push a little further.' As we did;  
And, sudden, caine upon an open glade—  
There to the northward,—by a thicket bound:  
Then he dismounted, giving me his rein,  
And, charging me to keep myself concealed,  
And if he were not back a certain time  
To ride for you and search where he had gone,  
He crossed the opening and passed from sight  
Within the thicket. I was curious:  
And so, dismounting, tethered our two steeds  
And followed him; and, creeping warily,  
Came on him where—unseen of him—I saw  
Him pause before the cave himself described  
Before us yesterday. And here he put  
His fingers to his lips and gave a call  
Bird-like and quavering: at which a face,  
As radiant as summer sun at morn,  
Parted the viny curtains of the cave;  
And then, a moment later, came in view

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

A woman even fairer than my sight  
Might understand. 'What! dare you come again?'  
As, lifting up her eyes all flashingly,  
She scorched him with a look of hate.—'Begone!  
Or have you—traitor, villain, knave, and cur,—  
Bro't minions of the law to carry out  
The vengeance of your whimpering jealousy?'  
Then Raelus, all cowering before  
Her queenly anger, faltered: 'Hear me yet;  
I do not threaten. But your love—your love!—  
O give me that. I know you pure as dew:  
Your love! Your love!—The smile that has gone out  
And left my soul a midnight of despair!—  
Your love or life! For I have even now  
Your stronghold girt about with certain doom  
If you but waver in your choice.—Your love!  
At which, as quick as tho't, leapt on him there  
A strong man from the covert of the gloom;  
And others, like to him, from here and there  
Came scurrying. I, turning, would have fled,  
But found myself as suddenly beset  
And tied and tumbled there with Raelus.  
And him they haltered by his squirming heels  
Until he did confess such villainy  
As made me wonder if his wits were sound—  
Confessed himself a renegade—a thief—  
Ay, even one of them, save that he knew  
Not that nice honor even thieves may claim  
Among themselves.—And so ran on thro' such  
A catalogue of littlenesses, I  
For deafest shame had even stopped my ears  
But that my wrists were lockt. And when he came

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

To his confession of his lie at court,  
By which was gained our knightly sympathy  
And valiant service on this fools' crusade,  
I seemed to feel the redness of my blush  
Soak thro' my very soul. There I brake in:  
'Fair lady and most gallant,—to my shaine  
Do I admit we have been duped by such  
An ingrate as this bundled lump of flesh  
That I am helpless to rise up and spurn:  
Unbind me, and I promise such amends  
As knightly hands may deign to wreak upon  
A thing so vile as he.' Then, laughing, she:  
'First tell me, by your honor, where await  
Your knightly brothers and my enemies.'  
To which I answered, truthfully, I knew  
Not where you lingered, but not close at hand  
I was assured. Then all abrupt, she turned:  
'Get every one within! We ride at once!'  
And scarce a dozen minutes ere they came  
Outpouring from the cave in such a guise  
As made me smile from very wonderment.—  
From head to heel in woman's dress they came,  
Clad richly, too, and trapped and tricked withal  
As maidenly, but in the face and hand,  
As ever damsels flock at holiday.  
Then were their chargers bro't, caparisoned  
In keeping; and they mounted, lifting us,  
Still bounden, with much jest and mockery  
Of soft caress and wanton blandishments,  
As tho' they were of sex their dress declared.  
And so they carried us until they came  
Upon the road there as it nicks the copse;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And so drew rein, dismounted, leaving some  
To guard their horses; hurried us across  
This footway to the middle of the flat.  
Here Raelus was bounden to a tree,  
Stript to the waist; my fetters cut, and then  
A long, keen switch put in my hand, and 'Strike!  
Strike as all duty bids you!' said the queen.  
And so I did, with right good will at first;  
Till, softened as I heard the wretch's prayers  
Of anguish, I at last withheld my hand.  
'What! tiring?' chirpt the queen; 'Give me the stick!'  
And swish and swish, and mercy how it rained!  
Then all the others, forming circlewise,  
Danced round and round the howling wretch, and jeered  
And japed at him, and mocked and scotched at him,  
And spat upon him. And I turned away  
And hid my face; then raised it pleadingly:  
Nor would they listen my appeal for him;  
But left him so, and thonged and took me back  
Across the mere, and drew the bridge, that none  
Might go to him, and carried me with them  
Far on their way, and freed me once again;  
And back I turned, tho' loath, to succor him."  
And even as he ceased they heard the wail  
Break out anew, and crossed without a word,  
And Raelus they found, and without word  
They loosed him. And he brake away and ran  
As runs a lie the truth is hard upon.

Thus did it fare with Raelus. And they  
Who knew of it said naught t court of it,  
Nor from that day spake ever of him once,  
Nor heard of him again, nor cared to hear.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

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### *My Bachelor Chum*

O A corpulent man is my bachelor chum,  
With a neck apoplectic and thick—  
An abdomen on him as big as a drum,  
And a fist big enough for the stick ;  
With a walk that for grace is clear out of the case,  
And a wobble uncertain—as though  
His little bow-legs had forgotten the pace  
That in youth used to favor him so.

He is forty, at least ; and the top of his head  
Is a bald and a glittering thing ;  
And his nose and his two chubby cheeks are as red  
As three rival roses in spring.  
His mouth is a grin with the corners tucked in,  
And his laugh is so breezy and bright  
That it ripples his features and dimples his chin  
With a billowy look of delight.

He is fond of declaring he "don't care a straw"—  
That "the ills of a bachelor's life  
Are blisses compared with a mother-in-law,  
And a boarding-school miss for a wife!"  
So he smokes and he drinks, and he jokes and he winks,  
And he dines and he wines, all alone,  
With a thumb ever ready to snap as he thinks  
Of the comforts he never has known.

But up in his den—(Ah, my bachelor chum!)—  
I have sat with him there in the gloom,  
When the laugh of his lips died away to become  
But a phantom of mirth in the room.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And to look on him there you would love him, for all  
His ridiculous ways, and be dumb  
As the little girl-face that smiles down from the wall  
On the tears of my bachelor chum.

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### *An O'ld Friend*

**H**EY, Old Midsummer! are you here again,  
With all your harvest-store of olden joys,—  
Vast overhanging meadow-lands of rain,  
And drowsy dawns, and noons when golden grain  
Nods in the sun, and lazy truant boys  
Drift ever listlessly adown the day,  
Too full of joy to rest, and dreams to play.

The same old Summer, with the same old smile  
Beaming upon us in the same old way  
We knew in childhood! Though a weary while  
Since that far time, yet memories reconcile  
The heart with odorous breaths of clover-hay;  
And again I hear the doves, and the sun streams through  
The old barn-door just as it used to do.

And so it seems like welcoming a friend—  
An old, *old* friend, upon his coming home  
From some far country—coming home to spend  
Long, loitering days with me: And I extend  
My hand in rapturous glee:—And so you've come!—  
Ho, I'm so glad! Come in and take a chair:  
Well, this is just like *old* times, I declare!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

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*Edgar Wilson Nye*

FEBRUARY 22, 1896

THE saddest silence falls when Laughter lays  
Finger on lip, and falteringly breaks  
The glad voice into dying minor shakes  
And quavers, lorn as airs the wind-harp plays  
At urge of drearest Winter's bleakest days:  
A troubled hush, in which all hope forsakes  
Us, and the yearning upstrained vision aches  
With tears that drown e'en heaven from our gaze.  
Such silence—after such glad merriment!  
O prince of halest humor, wit and cheer!  
Could you yet speak to us, I doubt not we  
Should catch your voice, still blithely eloquent  
Above all murmurings of sorrow here,  
Calling your love back to us laughingly.

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*I Smoke My Pipe*

I CAN'T extend to every friend  
In need a helping hand—  
No matter though I wish it so,  
'Tis not as Fortune planned;  
But haply may I fancy they  
Are men of different stripe  
Than others think who hint and wink,—  
And so—I smoke my pipe!

A golden coal to crown the bowl—  
My pipe and I alone,—  
I sit and muse with idler views  
Perchance than I should own:—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

It might be worse to own the purse  
Whose glutted bowels gripe  
In little qualms of stinted alms;  
And so I smoke my pipe.

And if inclined to moor my mind  
And cast the anchor Hope,  
A puff of breath will put to death  
The morbid misanthrope  
That lurks inside—as errors hide  
In standing forms of type  
To mark at birth some line of worth;  
And so I smoke my pipe.

The subtle stings misfortune flings  
Can give me little pain  
When my narcotic spell has wrought  
This quiet in my brain:  
When I can waste the past in taste  
So luscious and so ripe  
That like an elf I hug myself;  
And so I smoke my pipe.

And wrapped in shrouds of drifting clouds  
I watch the phantom's flight,  
Till alien eyes from Paradise  
Smile on me as I write:  
And I forgive the wrongs that live,  
As lightly as I wipe  
Away the tear that rises here;  
And so I smoke my pipe.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

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*Dave Field*

LET me write you a rune of a rhyme, Dave Field,  
For the sake of the past we knew,  
When we were vagrants along the road,  
Yet glad as the skies were blue ;  
When we struck hands, as in alien lands  
Old friend to old friend is revealed,  
And each hears a tongue that he understands,  
And a laugh that he loves, Dave Field.

Ho ! let me chant you a stave, Dave Field,  
Of those indolent days of ours,  
With our chairs atilt at the wayside inn  
Or our backs in the woodland flowers ;  
With your pipe alit, and the breath of it  
Like a nimbus about your head,  
While I sipped, like a monk, of your winey wit,  
With my matins all unsaid.

Let me drone you a dream of the world, Dave Field,  
And the glory it held for us—  
You with your pencil-and-canvas dreams,  
And I with my pencil thus ;  
Yet with never a thought of the prize we sought,  
Being at best but a pain,  
As we looked from the heights and our blurred eyes caught  
The scenes of our youth again.

O, let me sing you a song, Dave Field,  
Jolly and hale, but yet  
With a quaver of pathos along the lines,  
And the throb of a vain regret ;—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

A sigh for the dawn long dead and gone,  
But a laugh for the dawn concealed,  
As bravely a while we still toil on  
Toward the topmost heights, Dave Field.

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### *The Young Old Man*

VOLUNTARY BY ARTLESS "LITTLE BROTHER"

MAMMA is a widow: There's only us three—  
Our pretty Mamma, little sister, and me:  
And we've come to live in this new neighborhood  
Where all seems so quiet, old-fashioned and good.  
Mamma sits and sews at the window, and I—  
I'm out at the gate when an old man goes by—  
Such a *lovely* old man,—though I can't tell you why,  
Unless it's his greeting,—“Good morning!  
Good morning! good morning!” the old man will say,—  
“Fine bracing weather we're having to-day!—  
And how's little brother—  
And sister—and mother?—  
So dear to each other!—  
Good morning!”

The old man goes by, in his glossy high-hat,  
And stripe-trousers creased, and all turned-up, at that,  
And his glancing nose-glasses—and pleasantest eyes,  
As he smiles on me, always in newer surprise:  
And though his mustache is as white as the snow,  
He wears it waxed out and all pointed, you know,  
And gloves, and high collar and bright, jaunty bow,  
And stylish umbrella—“Good morning!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Good morning! good morning!" the old man will say,—  
"Fine falling weather we're promised to-day!—

And how's little brother—  
And sister—and mother?—  
So fond of each other!—  
Good morning!"

It's Christmas!—it's Christmas! and oh, but .. 're gay!  
The postman's been here, and Ma says, "Run and play:—  
You must leave your Mamma to herself for a while!"—  
And so sweet is her voice, and so tender her smile!—

And she looks *so* pretty and happy and—Well!—  
She's just too delicious for language to tell!—  
So Sis hugs her *more*—and I answer the bell,—  
And there in the doorway—"Good morning!—  
Good morning! good morning! good morning, I say!—  
Fine Christmas weather we're having to-day!—

And how 's little brother—  
Dear sister—er, ruther—  
Why, here *is* your mother . . .  
Good morning!"

O THE Lockerbie Fair!—Have you heard of its fame  
And its fabulous riches, too rare for a name!—  
The gold of the noon of the June-time refined  
To the Orient-Night, till the eyes and the mind  
Are dazed with the sights, in the earth and 'the air,  
Of the opulent splendors of Lockerbie Fair.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

What more fortunate fate might to mortal befall,  
Midst the midsummer beauty and bloom of it all,  
Than to glit with the moon o'er the rapturous scene  
And twink with the stars as they laughingly lean  
O'er the luminous revel and glamour and glare  
Fused in one dazzling glory at Lockerbie Fair.

The Night, like a queen in her purple and lace,  
With her diamonded brow, and imperious grace,  
As she leads her fair votaries, train upon train,  
A-dance thro' the feasts of this mystic domain  
To the mandolin's twang, and the warble and blare  
Of voice, flute and bugle at Lockerbie Fair.

All strange, ever-changing, enchanted delights  
Found now in this newer Arabian Nights,—  
Where each lovely maid is a Princess, and each  
Lucky swain an Aladdin—all treasures in re  
Of the "lamps" and the "rings"—and with G.  
Simply waiting your orders, at Lockerbie Fair.

**H**ER hair was, oh, so dense a blur  
Of darkness, midnight envied her;  
And stars grew dimmer in the skies  
To see the glory of her eyes;  
And all the summer-rain of light  
That showered from the moon at night  
Fell o'er her features as the gloom  
Of twilight o'er a lily-bloom.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The crimson fruitage of her lips  
Was ripe and lush with sweeter wine  
Than burgundy or muscadine  
Or vintage that the burgher sips  
In some old garden on the Rhine:  
And I to taste of it could well  
Believe my heart a crucible  
Of molten love—and I could feel  
The drunken soul within me reel  
And rock and stagger till it fell.

And do you wonder that I bowed  
Before her splendor as a cloud  
Of storm the golden-sandaled sun  
Had set his conquering foot upon?  
And did she will it, I could lie  
In writhing rapture down and die—  
A death so full of precious pain  
I'd waken up to die again.

### 295      "Go Read Your Book!"

**H**OW many times that grim old phrase  
    Has silenced me, in childish days!—  
    And now—as then it did—  
The phantom admonition, clear  
And dominant, rings,—and I hear,  
    And do as I am bid.

"Go read your book!" my good old sire  
Commanded, in affected ire,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

When I, with querying look  
And speech, dared vex his studious mind  
With idle words of any kind.—  
And so I read my book.

Though seldom, in that *wisest* age,  
Did I discern on Wisdom's page

More than the *task*: That led  
At least to *thinking*, and at last  
To reading less, and not so fast,  
And longing as I read.

And, lo! in gracious time, I grew  
To love a book all through and through!—

With yearning eyes I look  
On any volume,—old, maybe,  
Or new—it is meat and drink to me.—  
And so I read my book.

Old dog's-eared Readers, scarred and inked  
With school-boy hatred, long extinct;—

Old Histories that bored  
Me worst of all the school;—old, worn  
Arithmetics, frayed, ripped, and torn—  
Now Ye are all adored.

And likewise I revere and praise  
My sire, as now, with vainest gaze  
And hearing, still I look  
For the old face so grave yet dear—  
Nay, still I *see*, and still I *hear*!  
And so I read my book.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Next even to my nearest kin—  
My wife—my children romping in  
From school to ride my knee,—  
I love a book, and dispossess  
My lap of it with loathfulness,  
For all their love of me.

For, grave or gay the book, it takes  
Me as an equal—calms, or makes  
Me, laughing, overlook  
My little self—forgetful all  
Of being so exceeding small.  
And so I read my book.

### 296      *The Tribute of His Home*

BENJAMIN HARRISON, INDIANAPOLIS

MARCH 14, 1901

BOWED, midst a universal grief that makes  
Columbia's self a stricken mourner, cast  
In tears beneath the old Flag at half-mast,  
A sense of glory rouses us and breaks  
Like song upon our sorrowing and shakes  
The dew from our drenched eyes, that smile at last  
In childish pride—as though the great man passed  
To his most high reward for our poor sakes.  
Loved of all men—we muse,—yet ours he was—  
Choice of the Nation's mighty brotherhood—  
Her soldier, statesman, ruler.—Ay, but then,  
We knew him—long before the world's applause  
And after—as a neighbor, kind and good,  
Our common friend and fellow-citizen.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

297

### *Songs of a Life-Time*

MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON'S POEMS

1897

**S**ONGS of a Life-Time—with the Singer's head  
A silvery glory shining midst the green  
Of laurel-leaves that bind a brow serene  
And godlike as was ever garlanded.—  
So see *ns her* glory who herein has wed  
Melodious Beauty to the strong of mien  
And kingly Speech—made kinglier by this queen  
In liliéd cadence voiced and raimented.  
Songs of a Life-Time; by your own sweet stress  
Of singing were ye loved of bygone years—  
As through our day ye are, and shall be hence,  
Till *fame divine* marks your melodiousness  
And on the Singer's lips, with smiles and tears,  
Seals there the kiss of love and reverence.

298

### *Unless*

**W**HIO has not *wanted* does not guess  
What plenty is.—Who has not groped  
In depths of doubt and hopelessness  
Has never truly hoped.—  
Unless, sometimes, a shadow falls  
Upon his mirth, and veils his sight,  
And from the darkness drifts the light  
Of love at intervals.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And that most dear of everything,  
I hold, is love; and who can sit  
With lightest heart and laugh and sing,  
Knows not the worth of it.—  
Unless, in some strange throng, perchance,  
He feels how thrilling sweet it is,  
One yearning look that answers his—  
The troth of glance and glance.

Who knows not pain, knows not, alas !  
What pleasure is.—Who knows not of  
The bitter cup that will not pass,  
Knows not the taste of love.  
O souls that thirst, and hearts that fast,  
And natures faint with famishing,  
God lift and lead and safely bring  
You to your own at last !

B E our fortunes as they may,  
Touched with loss or sorrow,  
Saddest eyes that weep to-day  
May be glad to-morrow.

Yesterday the rain was here,  
And the winds were blowing—  
Sky and earth and atmosphere  
Brimmed and overflowing.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But to-day the sun is out,  
And the drear November  
We were then so vexed about  
Now we scarce remember.

Yesterday you lost a friend—  
Bless your heart and love it!—  
For you scarce could comprehend  
All the aching of it;—

But I sing to you and say:  
Let the lost friend sorrow—  
Here's another come to-day,  
Others may to-morrow.

## MORNING

300

*Morning*

BREATH of Morning—breath of May—  
With your zest of yesterday  
And crisp, balmy freshness, smite  
Our old hearts with Youth's delight.

Tilt the cap of Boyhood—yea,  
Where no “forelock” waves, to-day,—  
Back, in breezy, cool excess,  
Stroke it with the old caress.

Let us see as we have seen—  
Where all paths are dewy-green,  
And all human-kind are kin—  
Let us be as we have been!

301

*The Great God Pan*

*“What was he doing, the great god Pan?”*

—Mrs. Browning.

O PAN is the goodliest god, I wist,  
Of all of the lovable gods that be!—  
For his two strong hands were the first to twist  
From the depths of the current, through spatter and mist,  
    The long-hushed reeds that he pressed in glee  
To his murmurous mouth, as he chuckled and kissed  
    Their souls into melody.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the wanton winds are in love with Pan:

They loll in the shade with him day by day;  
And betimes as beast, and betimes as man,  
They love him as only the wild winds can,—

Or sleeking the coat of his limbs one way,  
Or brushing his brow with the locks they fan  
To the airs he loves to play.

And he leans by the river, in gloom and gleam,  
Blowing his reeds as the breezes blow—  
His cheeks puffed out, and his eyes in a dream,  
And his hoof-tips, over the leaves in the stream,  
Tapping the time of the tunes that flow  
As sweet as the drowning echoes seem  
To his rollicking wraith below.

## 302 *His Heart of Constant Youth*

*"And I never hear the drums beat  
that I do not think of him."*

—Major Charles L. Holstein.

TURN through his life, each word and deed  
Now sacred as it is—  
How helped and soothed we are to read  
A history like his!

To turn the years, in far review,  
And find him—as To-day—  
In orchard-lands of bloom and dew  
Again a boy at play:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The jeweled grass—the sumptuous trees  
And flower and fragrance there,  
With song of birds and drone of bees  
And Springtime everywhere:

Turn any chapter that we will,  
Read any page, in sooth,  
We find his glad heart owning still  
The freshness of his youth.

With such a heart of tender care  
He loved his own, and thus  
His home was, to the loved ones there,  
A temple glorious.

And, ever youthful, still his love  
Enshrined, all manifold,  
The people—all the poor thereof,  
The helpless and the old.

And little children—Ah! to them  
His love was as the sun  
Wrought in a magic diadem  
That crowned them, every one.

And ever young his reverence for  
The laws: like morning-dew  
He shone as counsel, orator,  
And clear logician, too.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, as a boy, his gallant soul  
Made answer to the trill  
Of battle-trumpet and the roll  
Of drums that echo still:

His comrades—as his country, dear—  
They knew, and ever knew  
That buoyant, boyish love, sincere  
As truth itself is true:

He marched with them, in tireless tramp—  
Laughed, cheered and lifted up  
The battle-chorus, and in camp  
Shared blanket, pipe and cup.

His comrades! . . . When you meet again,  
In anguish though you bow,  
Remember how he loved you then,  
And how he loves you now.

303

*The Soldier*

THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, INDIANAPOLIS, MAY 15, 1902

THE Soldier!—meek the title, yet divine:  
Therefore, with reverence, as with wild acclaim,  
We fain would honor in exalted line  
The glorious lineage of the glorious name:  
The Soldier.—Lo, he ever was and is,  
Our Country's high custodian, by right  
Of patriot blood that brims that heart of his  
With fiercest love, yet honor infinite.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The Soldier—within whose inviolate care  
The Nation takes repose,—her inmost fane  
Of Freedom ever has its guardian there,  
As have her forts and fleets on land and main:  
The Heavenward Banner, as its ripples stream  
In happy winds, or float in languid flow,  
Through silken meshes ever sifts the gleam  
Of sunshine on its Sentinel below.

The Soldier!—Why, the very utterance  
Is music—as of rallying bugles, blent  
With blur of drums and cymbals and the chants  
Of battle-hymns that shake the continent!—  
The thunder-chorus of a world is stirred  
To awful, universal jubilee,—  
Yet ever through it, pure and sweet, are heard  
The prayers of Womanhood, and Infancy.

Even as a fateful tempest sudden loosed  
Upon our senses, so our thoughts are blown  
Back where The Soldier battled, nor refused  
A grave all nameless in a clime unknown.—  
The Soldier—though, perchance, worn, old and gray;  
The Soldier—though, perchance, the merest lad.—  
The Soldier—though he gave his life away,  
Hearing the shout of “Victory,” was glad;

Aye, glad and grateful, that in such a cause  
His veins were drained at Freedom’s holy shrine—  
Rechristening the land—as first it was,—  
His blood poured thus in sacramental sign

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Of new baptism of the hallowed name  
"My Country"—now on every lip once more  
And blest of God with still enduring fame.—  
This thought even then The Soldier gloried o'er—

The dying eyes upraised in rapture there,—  
As, haply, he remembered how a breeze  
Once swept his boyish brow and tossed his hair,  
Under the fresh bloom of the orchard-trees—  
When his heart hurried, in some wistful haste  
Of ecstasy, and his quick breath was wild  
And balmy-sharp and chilly-sweet to taste,—  
And he towered godlike, though a trembling child!

Again, through luminous mists, he saw the skies'  
Far fields white-tented; and in gray and blue  
And dazzling gold, he saw vast armies rise  
And fuse in fire—from which, in swiftest view,  
The Old Flag soared, and friend and foe as one  
Blent in an instant's vivid mirage . . . Then  
The eyes closed smiling on the smiling sun  
That changed the seer to a child again.—

And, even so, The Soldier slept.—Our own!—  
The Soldier of our plaudits, flowers and tears,—  
O this memorial of bronze and stone—  
His love shall outlast *this* a thousand years!  
Yet, as the towering symbol bids us do,—  
With soul saluting, as salutes the hand,  
We answer as The Soldier answered to  
The Captain's high command.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

304

*The Little Woman*

**M**Y little woman, of you I sing  
With a fervor all divine,—  
For I know the clasp of the hands that cling  
So closely here in mine.

Though the rosy palms I used to press  
Are faded and worn with care,  
And tremulous is the old caress  
That nestles in my hair,—

Your heart to me is a changeless page;  
I have read it bit by bit,  
From the dawn of love to the dusk of age,—  
And the tale is Holy Writ.

Fold your eyes,—for the twilight bends  
As a mother o'er her child—  
Even as when, in the long-lost Then,  
You bent o'er ours and smiled. . . .

(Nay, but I spoke all unaware!  
See! I am kneeling, too,  
And with mine, dear, is the rose's prayer,  
With a blur of tears and dew.)

But O little woman, I often grieve,  
As I think of the vanished years  
And trace the course of the cares that leave  
Your features dim with tears:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I often grieve, for the frowns I wore  
When the world seemed all untrue,—  
When my hard, proud heart was sick and sore  
And would not come to you!

I often grieve, as I hold your hand—  
As I hold your hand to-night,—  
That it takes so long to understand  
The lesson of love aright!

But sing the song that I taught you once,  
Dear little woman, as then  
Away far back in the golden months ;—  
Sing me the song again!

For, as under the stars we loved of yore  
When the nights of love were long,  
Your poor, pale lips grow glad once more  
And I kiss them into song :—

*My little woman's hands are fair  
As even the moonflowers be  
When fairies creep in their depths and sleep  
Till the sun leaps out o' the sea.*

*And O her eyes, they are spheres of light—  
So brighter than stars are they,  
The brightest day is the darkest night  
When my little woman's away.*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

*For my little woman has ever a tear  
And a sigh when I am sad;  
And I have a thousand smiles for her  
When my little woman is glad.*

*But my little woman is strong and brave,  
For all of her tears and sighs,  
Her stanch little heart knows how to behave  
Whenever the storms arise.*

My little woman, of you I sing  
With a fervor all divine,—  
For I know the clasp of the hands that cling  
So closely here in mine.

305

*America*

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901

*O Thou, America—Messiah of Nations!*

I

**I**N the need that bows us thus  
    America!  
Shape a mighty song for us—  
    America!  
Song to whelm a hundred years'  
Roar of wars and rain of tears  
'Neath a world's triumphant cheers:  
    America! America!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### II

Lift the trumpet to thy mouth,  
America!  
East and West and North and South—  
America!  
Call us round the dazzling shrine  
Of the starry old ensign—  
New-baptized in blood of thine,  
America! America!

### III

Dying eyes through pitying mists,  
America!  
See the Assassin's shackled wrists,  
America!  
Patient eyes that turn their sight  
From all blackening crime and blight  
Still toward Heaven's holy light—  
America! America!

### IV

High o'erlooking sea and land,  
America!  
Trustfully with outheld hand,  
America!  
Thou dost welcome all in quest  
Of thy freedom, peace and rest—  
Every exile is thy guest,  
America! America!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

v

Thine a universal love,  
America!

Thine the cross and crown thereof,  
America!

Aid us, then, to sing thy worth:  
God hath builded, from thy birth,  
The first nation of the earth—  
America! America!

306

*General Lew Wallace*

FEBRUARY 15, 1905

NAY, Death, thou mightiest of all  
Dread conquerors—thou dreadest chief,—  
Thy heavy hand can here but fall  
Light as the Autumn leaf:  
As vainly, too, its weight is laid  
Upon the warrior's knightly sword;—  
Still through the charge and cannonade  
It flashes for the Lord.

In forum—as in battlefield—  
His voice rang for the truth—the right—  
Keyed with the shibboleth that pealed  
His Soul forth to the fight:  
The inspiration of his pen  
Glowed as a star, and lit anew  
The faces and the hearts of men  
Watching, the long night through.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

A destiny ordained—divine  
It seemed to hosts of those who saw  
His rise since youth and marked the line  
Of his ascent with awe:—  
From the now-storied little town  
That gave him birth and worth, behold,  
Unto this day of his renown,  
His sword and word of gold.

Serving the Land he loved so well—  
Hailed midsea or in foreign port,  
Or in strange-bannered citadel  
Or Oriental Court,—  
He—honored for his Nation's sake,  
And loved and honored for his own—  
Hath seen his Flag in glory shake  
Above the Pagan Throne.

chief.—

### 307            *A Humble Singer*

A MODEST singer, with meek soul and heart,  
Sat, yearning that his art  
Might but inspire and suffer him to sing  
Even the simplest thing.

And as he sang thus humbly, came a Voice:—  
"All mankind shall rejoice,  
Hearing thy pure and simple melody  
Sing on immortally."

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

308

### *The Hoosier in Exile*

THE Hoosier in Exile—a toast  
That by its very sound  
Moves us, at first, to tears almost,  
And sympathy profound;  
But musing for a little space,  
We lift the glass and smile,  
And poise it with a royal grace—  
The Hoosier in Exile!

The Hoosier in Exile, forsooth!  
For though his steps may roam  
The earth's remotest bounds, in truth  
His heart is ever home!  
O loyal still to every tie  
Of native fields and streams,  
His boyhood friends, and paths whereby  
He finds them in his dreams!

Though he may fare the thronging maze  
Of alien city streets,  
His thoughts are set in grassy ways  
And woodlands' cool retreats;  
Forever, clear and sweet above  
The traffic's roar and din,  
In breezy groves he hears the dove,  
And is at peace within.

When newer friends and generous hands  
Advance him; he returns  
Due gratefulness, yet, pausing, stands  
As one who strangely yearns

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

To pay still further thanks, but sighs  
To think he knows not where,  
Till—like as life—with misty eyes  
He sees his mother there.

The Hoosier in Exile? Ah, well,  
Accept the phrase, but know  
The Hoosier heart must ever dwell  
Where orchard blossoms grow  
The whitest, apples reddest, and,  
In cornlands, mile on mile,  
The old homesteads forever stand—  
“The Hoosier in Exile!”

309

*Longfellow*

1807-FEBRUARY 27-1907

O GENTLEST kinsman of Humanity!  
Thy love hath touched all hearts, even as thy Song  
Hath touched all chords of music that belong  
To the quavering heaven-strung harp of harmony:  
Thou hast made man to feel and hear and see  
Divinely;—made the weak to be the strong;  
By thy melodious magic, changed the wrong  
To changeless right—and joyed and wept as we.  
Worlds listen, lulled and solaced at the spell  
That folds and holds us—soul and body, too,—  
As though thy songs, as loving arms in stress  
Of sympathy and trust ineffable,  
Where thrown about us thus by one who knew  
Our common human need of kindliness.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

310

*The Quest of the Fathers*

WHAT were our Forefathers trying to find  
When they weighed anchor, that desperate hour  
They turned from home, and the warning wind  
Sighed in the sails of the old Mayflower?  
What sought they that could compensate  
Their hearts for the loved ones left behind—  
The household group at the glowing grate?—  
What were our Forefathers trying to find?

What were they trying to find more dear  
Than their native land and its annals old,—  
Its throne—its church—and its worldly cheer—  
Its princely state, and its hoarded gold?  
What more dear than the mounds of green  
There o'er the brave sires, slumbering long?  
What more fair than the rural scene—  
What more sweet than the throstle's song?

Faces pallid, but sternly set,  
Lips locked close, as in voiceless prayer,  
And eyes with never a teardrop wet—  
Even the tenderest woman's there!  
But O the light from the soul within,  
As each spake each with a flashing mind—  
As the lightning speaks to its kith and kin!  
What were our Forefathers trying to find?

Argonauts of a godless day—  
Seers of visions, and dreamers vain!  
Their ship's foot set in a pathless way,—  
The fogs, the mists, and the blinding rain!—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

When the gleam of sun, and moon and star  
Seemed lost so long they were half forgot—  
When the fixed eyes found nor near nor far,  
And the night whelmed all, and the world was not.

And yet, befriended in some strange wise,  
They groped their way in the storm and stress  
Through which—though their look found not the skies—  
The Lord's look found *them* ne'ertheless—  
Found them, yea, in their piteous lot,  
As they in their faith from the first divined—  
Found them, and favored them—too. But what—  
What were our Forefathers trying to find?

Numb and agasp, with the frost for breath,  
They came on a frozen shore, at last,  
As bleak and drear as the coasts of death,—  
And yet their psalm o'er the wintry blast  
Rang glad as though 'twere the chiming mirth  
Of jubilant children landing there—  
Until o'er all of the icy earth  
The snows seemed warm, as they knelt in prayer.

For, lo! they were close on the trail they sought:—  
In the sacred soil of the rights of men  
They marked where the Master-hand had wrought;  
And there they garnered and sowed again.—  
*Their* land—then *ours*, as to-day it is,  
With its flag of heaven's own light designed,  
And God's vast love o'er all. . . . And *this*  
Is what our Forefathers were trying to find.

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

311

*The Loveliness*

AH, what a long and loitering way  
And ever-lovely way, in truth,  
We travel on from day to day  
Out of the realms of youth !

How eagerly we onward press  
The lovely path that lures us still  
With ever-changing loveliness  
Of grassy vale and hill :

Of groves of May and morning-lands  
Dew-diamonded and gemmed with bloom ;  
With amber streams and golden sands  
And aisles of gleam and gloom ;

Where lovely little Fairy-folk,  
In careless ambush, pipe and call  
From tousled ferns 'neath elm and oak  
By shoal and waterfall :

Transparent even as the stream,  
The gnarled prison-tree reveals  
Its lovely Dryad in a dream  
That scarce itself conceals ;

The sudden redbird trips the sight  
And tricks the ear—or doubtless we  
With happy palms had clapped the Sprite  
In new captivity.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

On—on, through all the gathering years,  
Still gleams the loveliness, though seen  
Through dusks of loss and mists of tears  
That vainly intervene.

Time stints us not of lovely things—  
Old Age hath still a treasure-store,—  
The loveliness of songs and wings  
And voices on before.—

And—loveliness beyond all grace  
Of lovely words to say or sing,—  
The loveliness of Hope's fair face  
Forever brightening.

A THOUGHTFUL brow and face—of sallow hue,  
But warm with welcome, as we find him there,  
Throned in his old misnomered “easy-chair,”  
Scrawling a “leader,” or a book-review;  
Or staring through the roof for something new  
With which to lift a wretched rival’s hair,  
Or blow some petty clique in empty air  
And snap the party-ligaments in two.  
A man he is deserving well of thee,—  
So be compassionate—yea, pay thy dues,  
Nor pamper him with thy spring-poetry,  
But haul him wood, or something he can use;  
And promptly act, nor tarry long when he  
Gnaweth his pen and glareth rabidly.

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

313

*His Last Picture*

THE skies have grown troubled and dreary;  
The clouds gather fold upon fold;  
The hand of the painter is weary  
And the pencil has dropped from its hold:  
The easel still leans in the grasses,  
And the palette beside on the lawn,  
But the rain o'er the sketch as it passes  
Weeps low—for the artist is gone.

The flowers whose fairy-like features  
Smiled up in his own as he wrought  
And the leaves and the ferns were his teachers,  
And the tints of the sun what they taught;  
The low-swinging vines, and the mosses—  
The shadow-filled boughs of the trees,  
And the blossomy spray as it tosses  
The song of the bird to the breeze.

The silent white laugh of the lily  
He learned; and the smile of the rose  
Glowed back on his spirit until he  
Had mastered the blush as it glows;  
And his pencil has touched and caressed them,  
And kissed them, through breaths of perfume,  
To the canvas that yet shall have blessed them  
With years of unwithering bloom.

Then come!—Leave his palette and brushes  
And easel there, just as his hand  
Has left them, ere through the dark hushes  
Of death, to the shadowy land,

## THE LOCKERR'E BOOK

He wended his way, happy-hearted  
As when, in his youth, his rapt eyes,  
Swept the pathway of Fame where it started,  
To where it wound into the skies.

314

### *An Empty Nest*

I FIND an old deserted nest,  
Half-hidden in the underbrush:  
A withered leaf, in phantom jest,  
Has nestled in it like a thrush  
With weary, palpitating breast.

I muse as one in sad surprise  
Who seeks his childhood's home once more,  
And finds it in a strange disguise  
Of vacant rooms and naked floor,  
With sudden teardrops in his eyes.

An empty nest! It used to bear  
A happy burden, when the breeze  
Of summer rocked it, and a pair  
Of merry tattlers told the trees  
What treasures they had hidden there.

But Fancy, flitting through the gleams  
Of youth's sunshiny atmosphere,  
Has fallen in the past, and seems,  
Like this poor leaflet nestled here,—  
A phantom guest of empty dreams.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

315

### *A Spring Song and a Later*

SHE sang a song of May for me,  
Wherin once more I heard  
The mirth of my glad infancy—  
    The orchard's earliest bird—  
The joyous breeze among the trees  
    New-clad in leaf and bloom,  
And there the happy honey-bees  
    In dewy gleam and gloom.

So purely, sweetly on the sense  
    Of heart and spirit fell  
Her song of Spring, its influence—  
    Still irresistible,—  
Commands me here—with eyes ablur—  
    To mate her bright refrain,  
Though I but shed a rhyme for her  
    As dim as Autumn rain.

316 *On Reading Dr. Henry Van Dyke's Volume of Poems—Music*

MUSIC!—Yea, and the airs you play—  
    Out of the faintest Far-Away  
And the sweetest, too; and the dearest Here,  
With its quavering voice but its bravest cheer—  
The prayer that aches to be all expressed—  
    The kiss of love at its tenderest:  
Music—music, with glad heart-throbs  
Within it; and music with tears and sobs  
Shaking it, as the startled soul  
Is shaken at shriek of the fife and roll  
Of the drums;—then as suddenly lulled again  
With the whisper and lisp of the summer rain:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Mist of melodies fragrance-fine—  
The birdsong flicked from the eglantine  
With the dews when the springing bramble throws  
A rarer drench on its ripest rose,  
And the wingèd song soars up and sinks  
To the dove's dim coo by the river-brinks  
Where the ripple's voice still laughs along  
Its glittering path of light and song.  
Music, O Poet, and all your own  
By right of capture and that alone,—  
For in it we hear the harmony  
Born of the earth and the air and the sea,  
And over and under it, and all through,  
We catch the chime of The Anthem, too.

317

### *The Rose-Lady*

#### TO THE ROSES

I DREAM that you are kisses Allah sent  
In forms material, that all the earth  
May taste of you and guess of Heaven's worth,  
Since it can waste such sweetness with content,—  
Seeing you showered o'er the Battlement—  
By Angel-hands plucked ripe from lips of mirth  
And flung in lavish clusters, yet no dearth  
Of rapture for the Anthem! . . . I have bent  
Above you, nestled in some low retreat,  
Pressing your velvet mouths against the dust,  
And, ever nurturing this old conceit,  
Have lifted up your lips in perfect trust  
Against my mouth, nor found them the less sweet  
For having kissed the dust beneath my feet.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

318

*Henry Irving*

[October 13, 1905]

'T IS Art reclaims him! By those gifts of hers  
With which so nobly she endowed his mind,  
He brought back Shakespeare, in quick grief and glee—  
Tasting the world's salt tears and sweet applause,—  
For, even as through his master's, so there ran  
Through all his multitudinous characters  
Kinship and love and honor of mankind.  
So all mankind shall grace his memory  
In musing proudly: Great as his genius was,  
Great likewise was the man.

319

*We Must Believe*

"Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief."

WE must believe—  
Being from birth endowed with love and trust—  
Born unto loving;—and how simply just  
That love—that faith!—even in the blossom-face  
The babe drops dreamward in its resting-place,  
Intuitively conscious of the sure  
Awakening to rapture ever pure  
And sweet and saintly as the mother's own  
Or the awed father's, as his arms are thrown  
O'er wife and child, to round about them weave  
And wind and bind them as one harvest-sheaf  
Of love—to cleave to, and *forever cleave*. . . .

Lord, I believe:

Help Thou mine unbelief.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### II

We must believe—

Impelled since infancy to seek some clear  
Fulfilment, still withheld all seekers here;—  
For never have we seen perfection nor  
The glory we are ever seeking for:  
But we *have* seen—all mortal souls as one—  
Have seen its *promise*, in the morning sun—  
Its blest assurance, in the stars of night;—  
The ever-dawning of the dark to light;—  
The tears down-falling from all eyes that grieve—  
The eyes uplifting from all deeps of grief,  
Yearning for what at last we shall receive. . . .

Lord, I believe:

Help Thou mine unbelief.

### III

We must believe:

For still all unappeased our hunger goes,  
From life's first waking, to its last repose:  
The briefest life of any babe, or man  
Outwearing even the allotted span,  
Is each a life unfinished—incomplete:  
For these, then, of th' outworn, or unworn feet  
Denied one toddling step— O there must be  
Some fair, green, flowery pathway endlessly  
Winding through lands Elysian! Lord, receive  
And lead each as Thine Own Child—even the Chief  
Of us who didst Immortal life achieve. . . .

Lord, I believe:

Help Thou mine unbelief.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

320

### *Even as a Child*

CANTON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901

EVEN as a child to whom sad neighbors speak  
In symbol, saying that his father "sleeps"—  
Who feels their meaning, even as his cheek  
    Feels the first teardrop as it stings and leaps—  
Who keenly knows his loss, and yet denies  
    Its awful import—grieves unreconciled,  
Moans, drowses—rouses, with new-drowning eyes—  
    Even as a child.

Even as a child; with empty, aimless hand  
    Clasped sudden to the heart all hope deserts—  
With tears that blur all lights on sea or land—  
    The lip that quivers and the throat that hurts:  
Even so, the Nation that has known his love  
    Is orphaned now; and, whelmed in anguish wild,  
Knows but its sorrow and the ache thereof,  
    Even as a child.

321

### *An Autumnal Tonic*

WHAT mystery is it? The morning as rare  
As the Indian Summer may bring!  
A tang in the frost and a spice in the air  
    That no city poet can sing!  
The crimson and amber and gold of the leaves,  
    As they loosen and flutter and fall  
In the path of the park, as it rustlingly weaves  
Its way through the maples and under the eaves  
    Of the sparrows that chatter and call.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

What hint of delight is it tingles me through?—  
    What vague, indefinable joy?  
What yearning for something divine that I knew  
    When a wayward and wood-roving boy?  
Ah-ha! and O-ho! but I have it, I say—  
    Oh, the mystery brightens at last,—  
'Tis the longing and zest of the far, far away,  
For a bountiful, old-fashioned dinner to-day,  
    With the hale harvest-hands of the past.

322

### *The Rainy Morning*

THE dawn of the day was dreary,  
    And the lowering clouds o'erhead  
Wept in a silent sorrow  
    Where the sweet sunshine lay dead;  
And a wind came out of the eastward  
    Like an endless sigh of pain,  
And the leaves fell down in the pathway  
    And writhed in the falling rain.

I had tried in a brave endeavor  
    To chord my harp with the sun,  
But the strings would slacken ever,  
    And the task was a weary one:  
And so, like a child impatient  
    And sick of a discontent,  
I bowed in a shower of teardrops  
    And mourned with the instrument.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And lo! as I bowed, the splendor  
    Of the sun bent over me,  
With a touch as warm and tender  
    As a father's hand might be:  
And, even as I felt its presence,  
    My clouded soul grew bright,  
And the tears, like the rain of morning,  
    Melted in mists of light.

323

### *We Must Get Home*

**W**E must get home! How could we stray like this?—  
So far from home, we know not where it is—  
Only in some fair, apple-blossomy place  
Of children's faces—and the mother's face—  
We dimly dream it, till the vision clears  
Even in the eyes of fancy, glad with tears.

We must get home—for we have been away  
So long, it seems forever and a day!  
And O so very homesick we have grown,  
The laughter of the world is like a moan  
In our tired hearing, and its songs as vain,—  
We must get home—we must get home again!

We must get home! With heart and soul we yearn  
To find the long-lost pathway, and return! . . .  
The child's shout lifted from the questing band  
Of old folk, faring weary, hand in hand,  
But faces brightening, as if clouds at last  
Were showering sunshine on us as they passed.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

We must get home: It hurts so, staying here,  
Where fond hearts must be wept out tear by tear,  
And where to wear wet lashes means, at best,  
When most our lack, the least our hope of rest—  
When most our need of joy, the more our pain—  
We must get home—we must get home agair !

We must get home—home to the simple things—  
The morning-glories twirling up the strings  
And bugling color, as they blared in blue-  
And-white o'er garden-gates we scampered through;  
The long grape-arbor, with its under-shade  
Blue as the green and purple overlaid.

We must get home: All is so quiet there:  
The touch of loving hands on brow and hair—  
Dim rooms, wherein the sunshine is made mild—  
The lost love of the mother and the child  
Restored in restful lullabies of rain,—  
We must get home—we must get home again !

The rows of sweetcorn and the China beans  
Beyond the lettuce-beds where, towering, leans  
The giant sunflower in barbaric pride  
Guarding the barn-door and the lane outside;  
The honeysuckles, midst the hollyhocks,  
That clamber almost to the martin-box.

We must get home, where, as we nod and drowse,  
Time humors us and tiptoes through the house,  
And loves us best when sleeping baby-wise,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

With dreams—not tear-drops—brimming our clenched  
eyes,—

Pure dreams that know nor taint nor earthly stain—  
We must get home—we must get home again!

We must get home! There only may we find  
The little playmates that we left behind,—  
Some racing down the road; some by the brook;  
Some droning at their desks, with wistful look  
Across the fields and orchards—farther still  
Where laughs and weeps the old wheel at the mill.

We must get home! The willow-whistle's call  
Trills crisp and liquid as the waterfall—  
Mocking the trillers in the cherry-trees  
And making discord of such rhymes as these,  
That know nor lilt nor cadence but the birds  
First warbled—then all poets afterwards.

We must get home; and, unremembering there  
All gain of all ambition otherwhere,  
Rest—from the feverish victory, and the crown  
Of conquest whose waste glory weighs us down.—  
Fame's fairest gifts we toss back with disdain—  
We must get home—we must get home again!

We must get home again—we must—we must!—  
(Our rainy faces pelted in the dust)  
Creep back from the vain quest through endless strife  
To find not anywhere in all of life  
A happier happiness than blest us then. . . .  
We must get home—we must get home again!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

324

### *Sis Rapalye*

WHEN rainy-greener shoots the grass  
And blooms the cherry-tree,  
And children laugh by glittering brooks,  
Wild with the ecstasy  
Of bursting Spring, with twittering bird  
And hum of honey-bee,—  
“Sis Rapalye!” my spirit shouts . . .  
And she is here with me!

As laughs the children, so her laugh  
Haunts all the atmosphere;—  
Her song is in the brook’s refrain;  
Her glad eyes, flashing clear,  
Are in the morning dews; her speech  
Is melody so dear,  
The bluebird trills,—“Sis Rapalye!—  
I hear!—I hear!—I hear!”

Again in races, at “Recess,”  
I see her braided hair  
Toss past me as I stay to lift  
Her straw hat, fallen there;  
The school-bell sends a vibrant pang  
My heart can hardly bear.—  
Yet still she leads—Sis Rapalye—  
And leads me everywhere!

Now I am old.—Yet she remains  
The selfsame child of ten.—  
Gay, gallant little girl, to race  
On into Heaven then!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Yet gallant, gay Sis Rapalye—  
In blossom-time, and when  
The trees and grasses beckon her—  
Comes back to us again.

And so, however long since youth  
Whose raptures wild and free  
An old man's heart may claim no more,—  
With more than memory  
I share the Spring's own joy that brings  
My boyhood back to me  
With laughter, blossoms, singing birds  
And sweet Sis Rapalye.

325

### *The Voice of Peace*

INDEPENDENCE BELL  
INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER 17, 1904

TOUGH now forever still  
Your voice of jubilee—  
We hear—we hear, and ever will,  
The Bell of Liberty!  
Clear as the voice to them  
In that far night agone  
Pealed from the heavens o'er Bethlehem,  
The voice of Peace peals on!

Stir all your memories up,  
O Independence Bell,  
And pour from your inverted cup  
The song we love so well!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

As you rang in the dawn  
Of Freedom—tolled the knell  
Of Tyranny,—ring on—ring on—  
O Independence Bell!

Ring numb the wounds of wrong  
Unhealed in brain and breast;  
With music like a siumber-song  
Lull tearful eyes to rest.—  
Ring! Independence Bell!  
Ring on till worlds to be  
Shall listen to the tale you tell  
Of Love and Liberty!

326

### *What Title?*

WHAT title best befits the man  
We hold our first American?  
Or Statesman; Soldier; Hero; Chief,  
Whose Country is his first belief;  
Or sanest, safest Leader; or  
True Patriot; or Orator,  
Heard still at Inspiration's height,  
Because he speaks for truth and right;  
Or shall his people be content  
With Our Republic's President,  
Or trust his ringing worth to live  
In song as Chief Executive?  
Nay—his the simplest name—though set  
Upon him like a coronet,—  
God names our first American  
The highest, noblest name—The MAN.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 327 *To Edmund Clarence Stedman*

THE AUTHORS' CLUB RECEPTION, NEW YORK

DECEMBER 6, 1900

**I**T is a various tribute you command,  
O Poet-seer and World-sage in one!—  
The scholar greets you; and the student; and  
The stoic—and his visionary son:  
The painter, harvesting with quiet eye  
Your features; and the sculptor, dreaming, too,  
A classic marble figure, lifted high  
Where Fame's immortal ones are waiting you.

The man of letters, with his wistful face;  
The grizzled scientist; the young A. B.;  
The true historian, of force and grace;  
The orator, of pure simplicity;  
The journalist—the editor, likewise;  
The young war-correspondent; and the old  
War-seasoned general, with sagging eyes,  
And nerve and hand of steel, and heart of gold.

The serious humorist; the blithe divine;  
The lawyer, with that twinkling look 'e wears;  
The bleak-faced man in the dramatic line;  
The social lion—and the bulls and bears;  
These—these, and more, O favored guest of all,  
Have known your benefactions, and are led  
To pay their worldly homage, and to call  
Down Heaven's blessings on your honored head.

Ideal, to the utmost plea of art—  
As real, to labor's most exacting need,—  
Your dual services of soul and heart  
Enrich the world alike in dream and deed:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

For you have brought to us, from out the mine  
Delved but by genius in scholastic soil,  
The blended treasures of a wealth divine,—  
Your peerless gift of song—your life of toil.

328

### *The Rest*

V. K.—NATURALIST

**H**E rests at last, as on the mother-breast  
The playworn child at evening lies at rest,—  
For he, a buoyant child, in veriest truth,  
Has looked on life with eyes of changeless youth:—  
Has loved our green old earth here from the hour  
Of his first memory of bud and flower—  
Of morning's grassy lawns and dewy trees  
And orchard-blossoms, singing birds and bees:

When all the world about him was : and  
Elysian, with the mother near at hand:  
With steadfast gaze of wonder and delight  
He marked the miracles of day and night:—  
Beheld the kingly sun, in dazzling reign  
By day; and, with her glittering, glimmering train  
Of stars, he saw the queenly moon possess  
Her throne in midmost midnight's mightiness.

All living least of things he ever knew  
Of mother Earth's he was a brother to:  
The lone rose by the brook—or, under, where  
The swaying water-lilies anchored there;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

His love dipped even to the glossy things  
That walked the waters and forgot their wings  
In sheer insanity of some delight  
Known but to that ecstatic parasite.

It was enough, thus childishly to sense  
All works—since worthy of Omnipotence—  
As worshipful: Therefor, as any child,  
He knelt in tenderness of tears, or smiled  
His gratefulness, as to a playmate glad  
To share His pleasures with a poorer lad.  
And so he lived: And so he *did*?—Ah, no,  
We'll not believe that till he tells us so.

329

*The Doctor*

[APRIL 29, 1907]

*"He took the suffering human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness clear;  
And struck his finger on the place,  
And said: 'Thou aildest here, and here!'"*

—Matthew Arnold.

WE may idealize the chief of men—  
Idealize the humblest citizen,—  
Idealize the ruler in his chair—  
The poor man, or the poorer millionaire;  
Idealize the soldier—sailor—or  
The simple man of peace—at war with war;—  
The hero of the sword or fife-and-drum. . . .  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The Doctor is, by principle, we know,  
Opposed to sentiment: he veils all show  
Of feeling, and is proudest when he hides  
The sympathy which natively abides  
Within the stoic precincts of a soul  
Which owns strict duty as its first control,  
And so must guard the ill, lest worse may come. . . .  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

He is the master of emotions—he  
Is likewise certain of that mastery,—  
Or dare he face contagion in its ire,  
Or scathing fever in its leaping fire?  
He needs must smile upon the ghastly face  
That yearns up toward him in that warded place  
Where even the Saint-like Sisters' lips grow dumb.  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

He wisely hides his heart from you and me—  
He hath grown tearless, of necessity,—  
He knows the sight is clearer, being blind;  
He knows the cruel knife is very kind;  
Ofttimes he must be pitiless, for thought  
Of the remembered wife or child he sought  
To save through kindness that was overcome.  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

Bear with him, trustful, in his darkest doubt  
Of how the mystery of death comes out;  
He knows—he knows,—aye, better yet than we,  
That out of Time must dawn Eternity;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

He knows his own compassion—what he would  
Give in relief of all ills, if he could.—  
We wait alike one Master: He will come.  
Do we idealize the Doctor some?

330

Ours

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 8, 1906

*Read at Banquet in Honor of Henry Watterson  
Upon His Departure for Spain*

H ERE where of old was heard  
The ringing, singing word  
That orator and bard  
Alike set free  
To soar, through heights profound,  
Our land's remotest bound,  
Till all is holy ground  
From sea to sea—

Here still, with voice and pen,  
ONE cheers the hopes of men  
... gives us faith again—  
This gifted one  
We hold here as the guest  
Most honored—loved the best—  
Wisest and worthiest—  
Our Watterson.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

His spirit is the Seer's—  
For, though he sees and hears  
Through human doubts and fears,  
    His heart is one  
With Earth's and the Divine—  
With his home-hearts—and mine—  
And the child's heart is thine,  
    Our Watterson!

Give us to touch and praise  
His worth in subtlest ways,  
Lest even our fondest gaze  
    He fain would shun—  
Laugh, though a mist appears—  
The glad wine salt with tears—  
Laugh, a. we drain it—"Here's  
    Our Watterson!"

331

### *"Out of Reach"*

YOU think them "out of reach," your dead?  
    Nay, by my own dead, I deny  
Your "out of reach."—Be comforted:  
    'Tis not so far to die.

O by their dear remembered smiles  
    And outheld hands and welcoming speech,  
They wait for us, thousands of miles  
    This side of "out of reach."

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

332

*Life at the Lake*

THE green below and the blue above!—  
The waves caressing the shores they love:  
Sails in haven, and sails afar  
And faint as the waterlilies are  
In inlets haunted of willow wands,  
Listless lovers, and trailing hands  
With spray to gem them and tan to glove.—  
The green below and the blue above.

The blue above and the green below!  
Would that the world were always so!—  
Always summer and warmth and light,  
With mirth and melody day and night!  
Birds in the boughs of the beckoning trees,  
Chirr of locusts and whiff of breeze—  
World-old roses that bud and blow.—  
The blue above and the green below.

The green below and the blue above!  
Heigh! young hearts and the hopes thereof!—  
Kate in the hammock, and Tom sprawled on  
The sward—like a lover's picture, drawn  
By the lucky dog himself, with Kate  
To moon o'er his shoulder and meditate  
On a fat old purse or a lank young love.—  
The green below and the blue above.

The blue above and the green below!  
Shadow and sunshine to and fro.—  
Season for dreams—whate'er befall  
Hero, heroine, hearts and all!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Wave or wildwood—the blithe bird sings,  
And the leaf-hid locust whets his wings—  
Just as a thousand years ago—  
The blue above and the green below.

333

### *Our Little Girl*

HER heart knew naught of sorrow,  
Nor the vaguest taint of sin—  
'Twas an ever-blooming blossom  
Of the purity within;  
And her hands knew only touches  
Of the mother's gentle care,  
And the kisses and caresses  
Through the interludes of prayer.

Her baby-feet had journeyed  
Such a little distance here,  
They could have found no briars  
In the path to interfere;  
The little cross she carried  
Could not weary her, we know,  
For it lay as lightly on her  
As a shadow on the snow.

And yet the way before us—  
O how empty now and drear!—  
How ev'n the dews of roses  
Seem as dripping-tears for her!  
And the songbirds all seem crying,  
As the winds cry and the rain,  
All sobbingly,—“We want—we want  
Our little girl again!”

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

334

*A Parting Guest*

WHAT delightful hosts are they—  
Life and Love!

Lingeringly I turn away,  
This late hour, yet glad enough  
They have not withheld from me  
Their high hospitality.  
So, with face lit with delight  
And all gratitude, I stay  
Yet to press their hands and say,  
“Thanks.—So fine a time! Good night.”

335

*Laughing Song*

SING us something full of laughter;  
Tune your harp, and twang the strings  
Till your glad voice, chirping after,  
Mates the song the robin sings:  
Loose your lips and let them flutter  
Like the wings of wanton birds,—  
Though they naught but laughter utter,  
Laugh, and we'll not miss the words.

Sing in ringing tones that mingle  
In a melody that flings  
Joyous echoes in a jingle  
Sweeter than the minstrel sings:  
Sing of Winter, Spring or Summer,  
Clang of war, or low of herds;  
Trill of cricket, roll of drummer—  
Laugh, and we'll not miss the words.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Like the lisping laughter glancing  
From the meadow brooks and springs,  
Or the river's ripples dancing  
To the tune the current sings—  
Sing of Now, and the Hereafter;  
Let your glad song, like the birds',  
Overflow with limpid laughter—  
Laugh, and we'll not miss the words.

236

### *A Good Man*

I

A GOOD man never dies—  
In worthy deed and prayer  
And helpful hands, and honest eyes,  
If smiles or tears be there:  
Who lives for you and me—  
Lives for the world he tries  
To help—he lives eternally.  
A good man never dies.

II

Who lives to bravely take  
His share of toil and stress,  
And, for his weaker fellows' sake,  
Makes every burden less,—  
He may, at last, seem worn —  
Lie fallen—hands and eyes  
Folded—yet, though we mourn and mourn,  
A good man never dies.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 337 *The Children of the Childless*

THE Children of the Childless!—Yours—and mine.—  
Yea, though we sit here in the pitying gaze  
Of fathers and mothers whose fond fingers twine  
Their children's locks of living gold, and praise  
With warm, caressing palms, the head of brown,  
Or crown  
Of opulent auburn, with its amber floss  
In all its splendor loosed and jostled down  
Across  
The mother-lap at prayer.—Yea, even when  
These sweet petitioners are kissed, and then  
Are kissed and kissed again—  
The pursed mouths lifted with the worldlier prayer  
That bed and oblivion spare  
Them yet a little while  
Beside their envied elders by the glow  
Of the glad firelight; or wresting, as they go,  
Some promise for the morrow, to beguile  
Their long exile  
Within the wild waste lands of dream and sleep.  
Nay, nay, not even these most stably real  
Of children are more loved than our ideal—  
More tangible to the soul's touch and sight  
Than *these*—our children by Divine birthright. . . .  
These—these of ours, who soothe us, when we weep,  
With tenderest ministries,  
Or, flashing into smiling ecstasies,  
Come dashing through our tears—aye, laughing leap  
Into our empty arms, in Fate's despite,  
And nestle to our hearts. O Heaven's delight!—  
*The children of the childless—even these!*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

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### *My Foe*

M Y Foe? You name yourself, then,—I refuse  
A term so dark to designate you by.  
To me you are most kind and true; and I  
Am grateful as the dust is for the dews  
That brim the dusk, and falter, drip and ooze  
From the dear darkness of the summer sky.  
Vex not yourself for lack of moan or cry  
Of mine. Not any harm, nor ache nor bruise  
Could reach my soul through any stroke you fain  
Might launch upon me,—it were as the lance  
Even of the lightning did it leap to rend  
A ray of sunshine—'twould recoil again.  
So, blessing you, with pitying countenance,  
I wave a hand to you, my helpless friend.

339

### *The Old Days*

T HE old days—the far days—  
The overdear and fair!—  
The old days—the lost days—  
How lovely they were!  
The old days of Morning,  
With the dew-drench on the flowers  
And apple-buds and blossoms  
Of those old days of ours.

Then was the *real* gold  
Spendthrift Summer flung;  
Then was the *real* song  
Bird or Poet sung!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

There was never censure then,—  
Only honest praise—  
And all things were worthy of it  
In the old days.

There bide the true friends—  
The first and the best;  
There clings the green grass  
Close where they rest:  
Would they were here? No;—  
Would we were there! . . .  
The old days—the lost days—  
How lovely they were!

340

### *Lincoln—The Boy*

O SIMPLE as the rhymes that tell  
The simplest tales of youth,  
Or simple as a miracle  
Beside the simplest truth—  
So simple seems the view we share  
With our Immortals, sheer  
From Glory looking down to where  
They were as children here.

Or thus we know, nor doubt it not,  
The boy he must have been  
Whose budding heart bloomed with the thought  
All men are kith and kin—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

With love-light in his eyes and shade  
Of prescient tears :—Because  
Only of such a boy were made  
The loving man he was.

### 341      *You May Not Remember*

*In the deep grave's charm'd chamber,  
Lying tranced in breathless slumber,  
You may haply not remember.*

YOU may not remember whether  
It was Spring or Summer weather;  
But I know—we two together  
At the dim end of the day—  
How the fireflies in the twilight  
Drifted by like flakes of starlight,  
Till o'er floods of flashing moonlight  
They were wave-like swept away.

You may not remember any  
Word of mine of all the many  
Poured out for you there, though then a  
Soul inspiréd spake my lov'  
But I knew—and still review it,  
All my passion, as with awe it  
Welled in speech as from a poet  
Gifted of the gods above.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Sleeping here, this hour I grieve in,  
You may not remember even  
Any kiss I still believe in,

Or caress of ecstasy,—  
May not even dream—O can't you?—  
That I kneel here—weep here—want you—  
Feign me in your grave, to haunt you,  
Since you come not back to me!

Vain! ah, vain is all my yearning  
As the West's last embers burning  
Into ashes, slowly turning

Ever to a denser gray!—  
While the fireflies in the twilight  
Drift about like flakes of starlight,  
Till o'er wastes of wannest moonlight  
They are wave-like swept away.

## POEMS HERE AT HOME

372           *The Used-To-Be*

B EYOND the purple, hazy trees  
Of summer's utmost boundaries;  
Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—  
Beyond the range of eyes like these,  
And only in the reach of the  
Enraptured gaze of Memory,  
There lies a land, long lost to me,—  
The land of Used-to-be!

A land enchanted—such as swung  
In golden seas when sirens clung  
Along their dripping brinks, and sung  
To Jason in that mystic tongue  
That dazed men with its melody—  
O such a land, with such a sea  
Kissing its shores eternally,  
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds  
The air with belts of singing-birds,  
And sows all sounds with such sweet words,  
That even in the low of herds  
A meaning lives so sweet to me,  
Lost laughter ripples limpidly  
From lips brimmed over with the glee  
Of rare old Used-to-be.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes  
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,  
That rounded, through long afternoons,  
To serenading plenilunes—

When starlight fell so mistily  
That, peering up from bended knee,  
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery  
Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,  
And shining fields, and shady spots  
Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,  
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots!—

And all ye blooms that longingly  
Lift your fair faces up to me  
Out of the past, I kiss in ye  
The lips of Used-to-be.

343

### *Song of the Bullet*

IT whizzed and whistled along the blurred  
And red-blent ranks; and it nicked the star  
Of an epaulet, as it snarled the word—  
War!

On it sped—and the lifted wrist  
Of the ensign-bearer stung, and straight  
Dropped at his side as the word was hissed—  
Hate!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

On went the missile—smoothed the blue  
Of a jaunty cap and the curls thereof,  
Cooing, soft as a dove might do—

Love!

Sang!—sang on!—sang hate—sang war—  
Sang love, in sooth, till it needs must cease,  
Hushed in the heart it was questing for.—

Peace!

3.1.1

### *Dead, My Lords*

DEAD, my lords and gentlemen!—  
Stilled the tongue, and stayed the pen;  
Cheek unflushed and eye unlit—  
Done with life, and glad of it.

Curb your praises now as then:  
Dead, my lords and gentlemen.—  
What he wrought found its reward  
In the tolerance of the Lord.

Ye who fain had barred his path,  
Dread ye now this look he hath?—  
Dead, my lords and gentlemen—  
Dare ye not smile back again?

Low he lies, yet high and great  
Looms he, lying thus in state.—  
How exalted o'er ye when  
Dead, my lords and gentlemen!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

315

### *Bereaved*

**I**ET me come in where you sit weeping,—ay,  
Let me, who have not any child to die,  
Weep with you for the little one whose love  
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed  
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used  
To kiss.—Such arms—such hands I never knew.  
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing,  
Between the tears, that would be comforting,—  
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,  
Who have no child to die.

316

### *A Vision of Summer*

**T**'WAS a marvelous vision of Summer.—  
That morning the dawn was late,  
And came, like a long dream-ridden guest,  
Through the gold of the Eastern gate.

Languid it came, and halting,  
As one that yawned, half roused,  
With lifted arms and indolent lids  
And eyes that drowsed and drowsed.

A glimmering haze hung over  
The face of the smiling air;  
And the green of the trees and the blue of the leas  
And the skies gleamed everywhere.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the dewdrops' dazzling jewels,  
In garlands and diadems,  
Lightened and twinkled and glanced and shot  
As the glints of a thousand gems:

Emeralds of dew on the grasses;  
The rose with rubies set;  
On the lily, diamonds; and amethysts  
Pale on the violet.

And there were the pinks of the fuchsias  
And the peony's crimson hue,  
The lavender of the hollyhocks,  
And the morning-glory's blue:

The purple of the pansy bloom,  
And the passionate flush of the face  
Of the velvet-rose; and the thick perfume  
Of the locust every place.

The air and the sun and the shadows  
Were wedded and made as one;  
And the winds ran over the meadows  
As little children run:

And the winds poured over the meadows  
And along the willowy way  
The river ran, with its ripples shod  
With the sunshine of the day:

O the winds flowed over the meadows  
In a tide of eddies and calms,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the bared brow felt the touch of it  
As a sweetheart's tender palms.

And the lark went palpitating  
Up through the glorious skies,  
His song spilled down from the blue profound  
As a song from Paradise.

And here was the loitering current—  
Stayed by a drift of sedge  
And sodden logs—scummed thick with the gold  
Of the pollen from edge to edge.

The cat-bird piped in the hazel,  
And the harsh kingfisher screamed;  
And the crane, in amber and oozy swirls,  
Dozed in the reeds and dreamed.

And in through the tumbled driftage  
And the tangled roots below,  
The waters warbled and gurgled and lisped  
Like the lips of long ago.

And the senses caught, through the music,  
Twinkles of dabbling feet,  
And glimpses of faces in coverts green,  
And voices faint and sweet.

And back from the lands enchanted,  
Where my earliest mirth was born,  
The trill of a laugh was blown to me  
Like the blare of an elfin horn.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Again I romped through the clover;  
And again I lay supine  
On grassy swards, where the skies, like eyes,  
Looked lovingly back in mine.

And over my vision floated  
Misty illusive things—  
Trailing strands of the gossamer  
On heavenward wanderings:

Figures that veered and wavered,  
Luring the sight, and then  
Glancing away into nothingness,  
And blinked into shape again.

From out far depths of the forest,  
Ineffably sad and lorn,  
Like the yearning cry of a long-lost love,  
The moan of the dove was borne.

And through lush glooms of the thicket  
The flash of the redbird's wings  
On branches of star-white blooms that shook  
And thrilled with its twitterings.

Through mossy and viny vistas,  
Soaked ever with deepest shade,  
Dimly the dull owl stared and stared  
From his bosky ambuscade.

And up through the rifted tree-tops  
That signaled the wayward breeze,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I saw the hulk of the hawk becalmed  
Far out on the azure seas.

Then sudden an awe fell on me,  
As the hush of the golden day  
Rounded to noon, as a May to June  
That a lover has dreamed away.

And I heard, in the breathless silence,  
And the full, glad light of the sun,  
The tinkle and drip of a timorous shower—  
Ceasing as it begun.

And my thoughts, like the leaves and grasses,  
In a rapture of joy and pain,  
Seemed fondled and petted and beat upon  
With a tremulous patter of rain.

H O! we are loose. Hear how they shout,  
And how their clamor dwindleth out  
Beneath us to the merest hum  
Of earthly acclamation. Come,  
Lean with me here and look below—  
Why, bless you, man! don't tremble so!  
There is no need of fear up here—  
Not higher than the buzzard swings  
About upon the atmosphere,  
With drowsy eyes and open wings!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

There, steady, now, and feast your eyes;—  
See, we are tranced—we do not rise;  
It is the earth that sinks from us:  
But when I first beheld it thus,  
And felt the breezes downward flow,  
And heard all noises fail and die,  
Until but silence and the sky  
Above, around me, and below,—  
Why, like you now, I swooned almost,  
With mingled awe and fear and glee—  
As giddy as an hour-old ghost  
That stares into eternity.

ses,

348

### *Dead Selves*

HOW many of my selves are dead?  
The ghosts of many haunt me: Lo,  
The baby in the tiny bed  
With rockers on, is blanketed  
And sleeping in the long ago;  
And so I ask, with shaking head,  
How many of my selves are dead?

A little face with drowsy eyes  
And lisping lips comes mistily  
From out the faded past, and tries  
The prayers a mother breathed with sighs  
Of anxious care in teaching me;  
But face and form and prayers have fled—  
How many of my selves are dead?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The little naked feet that slipped  
In truant paths, and led the way  
Through dead'ning pasture-lands, and tripped  
O'er tangled poison-vines, and dipped  
In streams forbidden—where are they?  
In vain I listen for their tread—  
How many of my selves are dead?

The awkward boy the teacher caught  
Inditing letters filled with love,  
Who was compelled, for all he fought,  
To read aloud each tender thought  
Of "Sugar Lump" and "Turtle Dove." . . .  
I wonder where he hides his head—  
How many of my selves are dead?

The earnest features of a youth  
With manly fringe on lip and chin,  
With eager tongue to tell the truth,  
To offer love and life, forsooth,  
So brave was he to woo and win;  
A prouder man was never wed—  
How many of my selves are dead?

The great, strong hands so all-inclined  
To welcome toil, or smooth the care  
From mother-brows, or quick to find  
A leisure-scrap of any kind,  
To toss the baby in the air.  
Or clap at babbling things it said—  
How many of my selves are dead?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The pact of brawn and scheming brain—  
Conspiring in the plots of wealth,  
Still delving, till the lengthened chain,  
Unwindlassed in the mines of gain,  
Recoils with dregs of ruined health  
And pain and poverty instead—  
How many of my selves are dead?

The faltering step, the faded hair—  
Head, heart and soul, all echoing  
With maundering fancies that declare  
That life and love were never there,  
Nor ever joy in anything,  
Nor wounded heart that ever bled—  
How many of my selves are dead?

So many of my selves are dead,  
That, bending here above the brink  
Of my last grave, with dizzy head,  
I find my spirit comforted,  
For all the idle things I think:  
It can but be a peaceful bed,  
Since all my other selves are dead.

**S**OMEDAY:—So many tearful eyes  
Are watching for thy dawning light;  
So many faces toward the skies  
Are weary of the night!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

So many failing prayers that reel  
And stagger upward through the storm,  
And yearning hands that reach and feel  
No pressure true and warm.

So many hearts whose crimson wine  
Is wasted to a purple stain  
And blurred and streaked with drops of brine  
Upon the lips of Pain.

Oh, come to them!—these weary ones!  
Or if thou still must bide a while,  
Make stronger yet the hope that runs  
Before thy coming smile:

And haste and find them where they wait—  
Let summer winds blow down that way,  
And all they long for, soon or late,  
Bring round to them, Someday.

350

### *One Afternoon*

B ELOW, cool grasses: over us  
The maples waver tremulous.

A slender overture above,  
Low breathing as a sigh of love

At first, then gradually strong  
And stronger: 'tis the locust's song,

Swoln midway to a pæan of glee,  
And lost in silence dwindlingly.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Not utter silence; nay, for hid  
In ghosts of it, the katydid

Chirrs a diluted echo of  
The loveless song he makes us love.

The low boughs are drugged heavily  
With shade; the poem you read to me

Is not more gracious than the trill  
Of birds that twitter as they will.

Half consciously, with upturned eyes,  
I hear your voice—I see the skies,

Where, o'er bright rifts, the swallows glance  
Like glad thoughts o'er a countenance;

And voices near and far are blent  
Like sweet chords of some instrument

Awakened by the trembling touch  
Of hands that love it overmuch.

Dear heart, let be the book awhile!  
I want your face—I want your smile!

Tell me how gladder now are they  
Who look on us from heaven to-day.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

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### *Old Chums*

"**I**F I die first," my old chum paused to say,  
"Mind! not a whimper of regret;—instead,  
Laugh and be glad, as I shall.—Being dead,  
I shall not lodge so very far away  
But that our mirth shall mingle.—So, the day  
The word comes, joy with me." "I'll try," I said,  
Though, even speaking, sighed and shook my head  
And turned, with misted eyes. His roundelay  
Rang gaily on the stair; and then the door  
Opened and—closed. . . . Yet something of the clear,  
Hale hope, and force of wholesome faith he had,  
Abided with me—strengthened more and more.—  
Then—then they brought his broken body here:  
And I laughed—whisperingly—and we were glad.

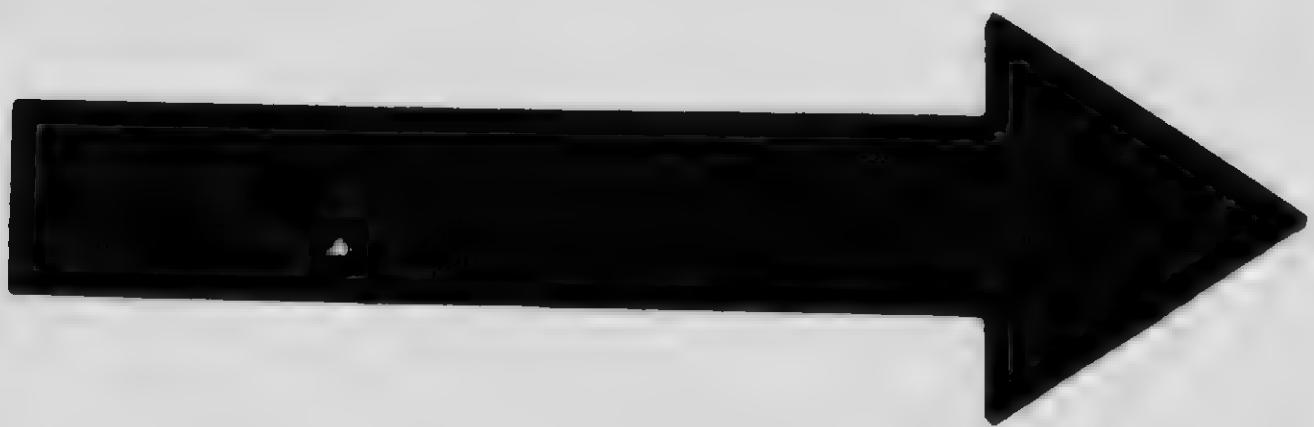
352

### *What a Dead Man Said*

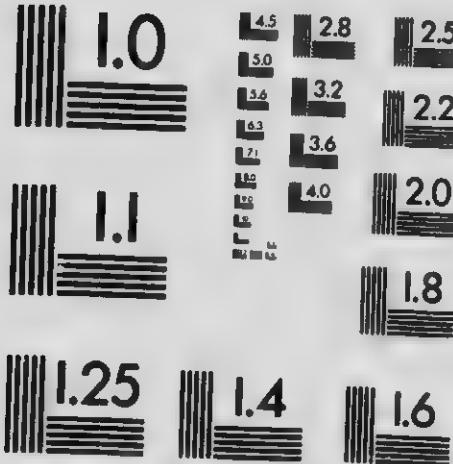
**H**EAR what a dead man said to me.  
His lips moved not, and the eyelids lay  
Shut as the leaves of a white rose may  
Ere the wan bud blooms out perfectly;  
And the lifeless hands they were stiffly crossed  
As they always cross them over the breast  
When the soul goes nude and the corpse is dressed;  
And over the form, in its long sleep lost,  
From forehead down to the pointed feet  
That peaked the foot of the winding-sheet,  
Pallid patience and perfect rest.—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

It was the voice of a dream, may be,  
But it seemed that the dead man said to me:  
"I, indeed, am the man that died  
Yesternight—and you weep for this;  
But, lo, I am with you, side by side,  
As we have walked when the summer sun  
Made the smiles of our faces one  
And touched our lips with the same warm kiss.  
Do not doubt that I tell you true—  
I am the man you once called friend,  
And caught my hand when I came to you,  
And loosed it only because the end  
Of the path I walked of a sudden stopped—  
And a dead man's hand must needs be dropped—  
And I—though it's strange to think so now—  
I have wept, as you weep for me,  
And pressed hot palms to my aching brow  
And moaned through the long night ceaselessly.  
Yet have I lived to forget my pain,  
As you will live to be glad again—  
Though never so glad as this hour am I,  
Tasting a rapture of delight  
Vast as the heavens are infinite,  
And dear as the hour I came to die.  
Living and loving, I dreamed my cup  
Brimmed sometimes, and with marvelings  
I have lifted and tipped it up  
And drunk to the dregs of all sweet things.  
Living, 'twas but a *dream of bliss*—  
Now I *realize* all it is;  
And now my only shadow of grief  
Is that I may not give relief



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## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Unto those living and dreaming on,  
And woo them graveward, as I have gone,  
And show death's loveliness,—for they  
Shudder and shrink as they walk this way,  
Never dreaming what all they dread  
Is their purest delight when dead."

Thus it was, or it seemed to be,  
That the voice of the dead man spoke to me.

353

### *The Poet of the Future*

O THE Poet of the Future! He will come to us as  
comes  
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar of drums—  
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar and din  
Of battle-drums that pulse the time the victor marches in.  
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow will  
bear  
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol anywhere,  
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the plow.  
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.

He will sing across the meadow,—and the woman at the  
well  
Will stay the dripping bucket, with a smile ineffable;  
And the children in the orchard will gaze wistfully the way  
The happy song comes to them, with the fragrance of the  
hay;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The barn will neigh in answer, and the pasture-lands behind  
Will chime with bells, and send responsive lowings down  
the wind;  
And all the echoes of the wood will jubilantly call  
In sweetest mimicry of that one sweetest voice of all.

O the Poet of the Future! He will come as man to man,  
With the honest arm of labor, and the honest face of tan,  
The honest heart of lowness, the honest soul of love  
For human-kind and nature-kind about him and above.  
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow will  
bear

No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol anywhere,  
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the plow,  
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.

### 354     *A Sea-Song From the Shore*

HAIL! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!  
Who calls to me,  
So far at sea?  
Only a little boy!  
  
Sail! Ho!  
Hail! Ho!  
The sailor he sails the sea:  
I wish he would capture  
A little sea-horse  
And send him home to me.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I wish, as he sails  
Through the tropical gales,  
He would catch me a sea-bird, too,  
With its silver wings  
And the song it sings,  
And its breast of down and dew !

I wish he would catch me a  
Little mermaid,  
Some island where he lands,  
With her dripping curls,  
And her crown of pearls,  
And the looking-glass in her hands !

Hail! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Sail far o'er the fabulous main!  
And if I were a sailor  
I'd sail with you,  
Though I never sailed back again.

O THE sun and the rain, and the rain and the sun!  
There'll be sunshine again when the tempest is done;  
And the storm will beat back when the shining is past—  
But in some happy haven we'll anchor at last.  
Then murmur no more,  
In lull or in roar,  
But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O the rain and the sun, and the sun and the rain!  
When the tempest is done, then the sunshine again;  
And in rapture we'll ride through the stormiest gales,  
For God's hand 's on the helm and His breath in the sails.

Then murmur no more,  
In lull or in roar,  
But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.

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### *In Swimming-Time*

CLOUDS above, as white as wool,  
Drifting over skies as blue  
As the eyes of beautiful  
Children when they smile at you;  
Groves of maple, elm, and beech,  
With the sunshine sifted through  
Branches, mingling each with each,  
Dim with shade and bright with dew;  
Stripling trees, and poplars hoar,  
Hickory and sycamore,  
And the drowsy dogwood bowed  
Where the ripples laugh aloud,  
And the crooning creek is stirred  
To a gaiety that now  
Mates the warble of the bird  
Teetering on the hazel-bough.  
Grasses long and fine and fair  
As your school-boy sweetheart's hair,  
Backward roached and twirled and twined  
By the fingers of the wind.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Vines and mosses, interlinked  
Down dark aisles and deep ravines,  
Where the stream runs, willow-brinked,  
Round a bend where some one leans  
Faint and vague and indistinct  
As the like reflected thing  
In the current shimmering.  
Childish voices farther on,  
Where the truant stream has gone  
Vex the echoes of the wood  
Till no word is understood,  
Save that one is well aware  
Happiness is hiding there.  
There, in leafy coverts, nude  
Little bodies poise and leap,  
Spattering the solitude  
And the silence everywhere—  
Mimic monsters of the deep !  
Wallowing in sandy shoals—  
Plunging headlong out of sight ;  
And, with spurtings of delight,  
Clutching hands, and slippery soles,  
Climbing up the treacherous steep  
Over which the spring-board spurns  
Each again as he returns.  
Ah ! the glorious carnival !  
Purple lips and chattering teeth—  
Eyes that burn—but, in beneath,  
Every care beyond recall,  
Every task forgotten quite—  
And again, in dreams at night,  
Dropping, drifting through it all !

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 357 "The Little Man in the Tin-shop"

WHEN I was a little boy, long ago,  
And spoke of the theatre as the "show,"  
The first one that I went to see,  
Mother's brother it was took me—  
(My uncle, of course, though he seemed to be  
Only a boy—I loved him so!)  
And ah, how pleasant he made it all!  
And the things he knew that I should know!—  
The stage, the "drop," and the frescoed wall;  
The sudden flash of the lights; and oh,  
The orchestra, with its melody,  
And the lilt and jingle and jubilee  
Of "The Little Man in the Tin-shop!"

For Uncle showed me the "Leader" there,  
With his pale, bleak forehead and long, black hair;  
Showed me the "Second," and "Cello," and "Bass,"  
And the "B-Flat," pouting and puffing his face  
At the little end of the horn he blew  
Silvery bubbles of music through;  
And he coined me names of them, each in turn,  
Some comical name that I laughed to learn,  
Clean on down to the last and best,—  
The lively little man, never at rest,  
Who hides away at the end of the string,  
And tinkers and plays on everything,—  
That's "The Little Man in the Tin-shop!"

Raking a drum like a rattle of hail,  
Clinking a cymbal or castanet;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Chirping a twitter or sending a wail  
Through a piccolo that thrills me yet;  
Reeling ripples of riotous bells,  
And tipsy tinkles of triangles—  
Wrangled and tangled in skeins of sound  
Till it seemed that my very soul spun round,  
As I leaned, in a breathless joy, toward my  
Radiant uncle, who snapped his eye  
And said, with the courtliest wave of his hand,  
“Why, that little master of all the band  
Is The Little Man in the Tin-shop!

“And I’ve heard Verdi, the Wonderful,  
And Paganini, and Ole Bull,  
Mozart, Handel, and Mendelssohn,  
And fair Parepa, whose matchless tone  
Karl, her master, with magic bow,  
Blent with the angels’, and held her so  
Tranced till the rapturous Infinite—  
And I’ve heard arias, faint and low,  
From many an operatic light  
Glimmering on my swimming sight  
Dimmer and dimmer, until, at last,  
I still sit, holding my roses fast  
For The Little Man in the Tin-shop.”

Oho! my Little Man, joy to you—  
And yours—and theirs—your lifetime through!  
Though I’ve heard melodies, boy and man,  
Since first the “show” of my life began,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Never yet have I listened to  
Sadder, madder, or gladder glees  
Than your unharmonied harmonies;  
For yours is the music that appeals  
To all the fervor the boy's heart feels—  
All his glories, his wildest cheers,  
His bravest hopes, and his brightest tears;  
And so, with his first bouquet, he kneels  
To "The Little Man in the Tin-shop."

358

### *Little Marjorie*

"WHERE is little Marjorie?"  
There's the robin in the tree,  
With his gallant call once more  
From the boughs above the door!  
There's the bluebird's note, and there  
Are Spring-voices everywhere  
Calling, calling ceaselessly—  
"Where is little Marjorie?"

And her old playmate, the rain,  
Calling at the window-pane  
In soft syllables that win  
Not her answer from within—  
"Where is little Marjorie?"—  
Or is it the rain, ah me!  
Or wild gusts of tears that were  
Calling us—not calling her!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

"Where is little Marjorie?"  
Oh, in high security  
She is hidden from the reach  
Of all voices that beseech:  
She is where no troubled word,  
Sob or sigh is ever heard,  
Since God whispered tenderly—  
"Where is little Marjorie?"

359

### *To a Skull*

TURN your face this way;  
I'm not weary of it—  
Every hour of every day  
More and more I love it—  
Grinning in that jolly guise  
Of bare bones and empty eyes!

Was this hollow dome,  
Where I tap my finger,  
Once the spirit's narrow home—  
Where you loved to linger,  
Hiding, as to-day are we,  
From the selfsame destiny?

O'er and o'er again  
Have I put the query—  
Was existence so in vain  
That you look so cheery?—  
Death of such a benefit  
That you smile, possessing it?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Did your throbbing brow  
Tire of all the flutter  
Of such fancyings as now  
    You, at last, may utter  
In that grin so grimly bland  
Only death can understand?

I, is the shallow glee  
    Of old dreams of pleasure  
Left you ever wholly free  
    To float out, at leisure,  
O'er the shoreless, trackless trance  
Of unsounded circumstance?

Only this I read  
    In your changeless features,—  
You, at least, have gained a meed  
    Held from living creatures:  
You have naught to ask.—Beside,  
You do grin so satisfied!

**L**O, whatever is at hand  
Is full meet for the demand:  
Nature oftentimes giveth best  
When she seemeth chariest.  
She hath shapen shower and sun  
To the need of every one—  
Summer bland and winter drear,  
Dimpled pool and frozen mere.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

All thou lackest she hath still  
Near thy finding and thy fill.  
Yield her fullest faith, and she  
Will endow thee royally.

Loveless weed and lily fair  
She attendeth, here and there--  
Kindly to the weed as to  
The lorn lily teared with dew.  
Each to her hath use as dear  
As the other; an thou clear  
Thy cloyed senses thou may'st see  
Haply all the mystery.  
Thou shalt see the lily get  
Its divinest blossom; yet  
Shall the weed's tip bloom no less  
With the song-bird's gleefulness.

Thou art poor, or thou art rich--  
Never lightest matter which;  
All the glad gold of the noon,  
All the silver of the moon,  
She doth lavish on thee, while  
Thou withholdest any smile  
Of thy gratitude to her,  
Baser used than usurer.  
Shame be on thee an thou seek  
Not her pardon, with hot cheek,  
And bowed head, and brimming eyes,  
At her merciful "Arise."

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

361

### *Your Violin*

YOUR violin! Ah me!  
"Twas fashioned o'er the sea,  
In storied Italy—

What matter where?  
It is its voice that sways  
And thrills me as it plays  
The airs of other days—  
The days that were!

Then let your magic bow  
Glide lightly to and fro.—  
I close my eyes, and so,  
In vast content,  
I kiss my hand to you,  
And to the tunes we knew  
Of old, as well as to  
Your instrument!

Poured out of some dim dream  
Of lulling sounds that seem  
Like ripples of a stream  
Twanged lightly by  
The slender, tender hands  
Of weeping-willow wands  
That droop where gleaming sands  
And pebbles lie. . . .

A melody that swoons  
In all the truant tunes  
Long listless afternoons  
Lure from the breeze,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

When woodland boughs are stirred,  
And moaning doves are heard,  
And laughter afterward  
Beneath the trees.

Through all the chorusing,  
I hear on leaves of Spring  
The drip and patterning  
    Of April skies,  
With echoes faint and sweet  
As baby-angel feet  
Might wake along a street  
    Of Paradise.

362

*The Dead Wife*

ALWAYS I see her in a saintly guise  
    Of lilyed raiment, white as her own brow  
When first I kissed the tear-drops to the eyes  
    That smile forever now.

Those gentle eyes! They seem the same to me,  
    As, looking through the warm dews of mine own,  
I see them gazing downward patiently  
    Where, lost and all alone

In the great emptiness of night, I bow  
    And sob aloud for one returning touch  
Of the dear hands that, Heaven having now,  
    I need so much—so much!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

363

### *Give Me the Baby*

GIVE me the baby to hold, my dear—  
To hold and hug, and to love and kiss,  
Ah! he will come to me, never a fear—  
Come to the nest of a breast like this,  
As warm for him as his face with cheer.  
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Trustfully yield him to my caress.

“Bother,” you say? What! a “bother” to *me*?—  
To fill up my soul with such happiness  
As the love of a baby that laughs to be  
Snuggled away where my heart can hear!  
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Ah, but his hands are grimed, you say,  
And would soil my laces and clutch my hair.—  
Well, what would pleasure me more, I pray,  
Than the touch and tug of the wee hands there?—  
The wee hands there, and the warm face here—  
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Give me the baby! (Oh, won’t you see?  
. . . Somewhere, out where the green of the lawn  
Is turning to gray, and the maple-tree  
Is weeping its leaves of gold upon  
A little mound, with a dead rose near. . . .)  
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

## THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

364

### *The Little Lady*

O THE Little Lady 's dainty  
As the picture in a book,  
And her hands are creamy-whiter  
Than the water-lilies look;  
Her laugh 's the undrown'd music  
Of the maddest meadow-brook.—  
Yet all in vain I praise The Little Lady !

Her eyes are blue and dewy  
As the glimmering Summer-dawn,—  
Her face is like the eglantine  
Before the dew is gone;  
And were that honied mouth of hers  
A bee's to feast upon,  
He 'd be a bee bewildered, Little Lady !

Her brow makes light look sallow ;  
And the sunshine, I declare,  
Is but a yellow jealousy  
Awakened by her hair—  
For O, the dazzling glint of it  
Nor sight nor soul can bear,—  
So Love goes groping for The Little Lady.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And yet she 's neither Nymph nor Fay,  
Nor yet of Angelkind:—  
She 's but a racing school-girl, with  
Her hair blown out behind  
And tremblingly unbraided by  
The fingers of the Wind,  
As it wildly swoops upon The Little Lady.

365

### *The Boy Patriot*

I WANT to be a Soldier!—  
A Soldier!—  
A Soldier!—

I want to be a Soldier, with a sabre in my hand  
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,  
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the band;  
I want to hear, high overhead, The Old Flag flap her wings  
While all the Army, following, in chorus cheers and sings;  
I want to hear the tramp and jar  
Of patriots a million,  
As gayly dancing off to war  
As dancing a cotillion.

*I want to be a Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*I want to be a Soldier, with a sabre in my hand  
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,  
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the band.*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I want to see the battle!—

The battle!—

The battle!—

I want to see the battle, and be in it to the end;—

I want to hear the cannon clear their throats and catch the  
prattle

Of all the pretty compliments the enemy can send!—

And then I know my wits will go,—and where I *should n't*  
be—

Well, there's the spot, in any fight, that you may search for  
me.

So, when our foes have had their fill,

Though I'm among the dying,  
To see The Old Flag flying still,

I'll laugh to leave her flying!

*I want to be a Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*I want to be a Soldier, with a sabre in my hand*

*Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,*

*Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the band.*

THERE are many things that boys may know—

Why this and that are thus and so,—

Who made the world in the dark and lit

The great sun up to lighten it:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Boys know new things every day—  
When they study, or when they play,—  
When they idle, or sow and reap—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen—or should, at least,—  
May know that the round old earth rolls East,—  
And know that the ice and the snow and the rain—  
Ever repeating their parts again—  
Are all just water the sunbeams first  
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,  
And pour again till the low streams leap.—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long, glad while  
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,  
When forth he fared in the realm divine  
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine;—  
He may know each call of his truant mates,  
And the paths they went,—and the pasture-gates  
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep.—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

O I have followed me, o'er and o'er,  
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-floor,  
To the pleading voice of the mother when  
I even doubted I heard it then—  
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,  
And dewy odors of locust-bloom—  
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheep.—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

367

### *A Masque of the Seasons*

SCENE—*A kitchen.—Group of Children, popping corn.—The Fairy Queen of the Seasons discovered in the smoke of the corn-popper.—Waving her wand, and, with eerie, sharp, imperious ejaculations, addressing the bespelled auditors, who neither see nor hear her nor suspect her presence.*

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE JASPER

When I'm dressed warm as warm can be,  
And with boots, to go  
Through the deepest snow,  
Winter-time is the time for me!

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE MILDRED

I like blossoms, and birds that sing;  
The grass and the dew,  
And the sunshine, too,—  
So, best of all I like the Spring.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

### LITTLE MANDEVILLE

O little friends, I most rejoice  
When I hear the drums  
As the Circus comes,—  
So Summer-time's my special choice.

### QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

### LITTLE EDITH

Apples of ruby, and pears of gold,  
And grapes of blue  
That the bee stings through.—  
Fall—it is all that my heart can hold!

### QUEEN

Soh! my lovelings and pretty dears,  
You've *each* a favorite, it appears,—  
Summer and Winter and Spring and Fall.—  
That's the reason I send them *all*!

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

368      *Some Songs After Master-Singers*

SONG

[W. S.]

WITH a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho rhyme!  
O the shepherd lad  
He is ne'er so glad  
As when he pipes, in the blossom-time,  
So rare!

While Kate picks by, yet looks not there.  
So rare! so rare!

With a hey! and a hi! and a ho!  
The grasses curdle where the daisies blow!

With a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho vow!  
Then he sips her face  
At the sweetest place—  
And ho! how white is the hawthorn now!—  
So rare!—

And the daisied world rocks round them there.  
So rare! so rare!

With a hey! and a hi! and a ho!  
The grasses curdle where the daisies blow!

TO THE CHILD JULIA

[R. H.]

LITTLE Julia, since that we  
May not as our elders be,  
Let us blithely fill the days  
Of our youth with pleasant plays.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

First we 'll up at earliest dawn,  
While as yet th' dew is on  
The sooth'd grasses and the pied  
Blossomings of morningtide;  
Next, with rinsèd cheeks that shine  
As the enamell'd eglantine,  
We will break our fast on bread  
With both cream and honey spread;

Then, with many a challenge-call,  
We will romp from house and hall,  
Gypsying with the birds and bees  
Of the green-tress'd garden trees.  
In a bower of leaf and vine  
Thou shalt be a lady fine  
Held in duress by the great  
Giant I shall personate.  
Next, when many mimics more  
Like to these we have played o'er,  
We 'll betake us home-along  
Hand in hand at evensong.

## THE DOLLY'S MOTHER

[w. w.]

A LITTLE maid, of summers 'our—  
Did you compute her years,—  
And yet how infinitely more  
To me her age appears:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

I mark the sweet child's serious air,  
At her unplayful play,—  
The tiny doll she mothers there  
And lulls to sleep away,

Grows—'neath the grave similitude—  
An infant real, to me,  
And *she* a saint of motherhood  
In hale maturity.

So, pausing in my lonely round,  
And all unseen of her,  
I stand uncovered—her profound  
And abject worshipper.

## WIND OF THE SEA

[A. T.]

WIND of the Sea, come fill my sail—  
Lend me the breath of a freshening gale  
And bear my port-worn ship away!  
For O the greed of the tedious town—  
The shutters up and the shutters down!  
Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay  
And bear me away!—away!

Whither you bear me, Wind of the Sea,  
Matters never the least to me:  
Give me your fogs, with the sails adrip,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Or the weltering path thro' the starless night—  
On, somewhere, is a new daylight  
And the cheery glint of another ship  
As its colors dip and dip!

Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay  
And bear me away!—away!

## BORN TO THE PURPLE

[W. M.]

MOST-LIKE it was this kingly lad  
Spake out of the pure joy he had  
In his child-heart of the wee maid  
Whose eerie beauty sudden lai!  
A spell upon him, and his words  
Burst as a song of any bird's:—

A peerless Princess thou shalt be,  
Through wit of love's rare sorcery:  
To crown the crown of thy gold hair  
Thou shalt have rubies, bleeding there  
Their crimson splendor midst the marred  
Pulp of great pearls, and afterward  
Leaking in fainter ruddy stains  
Adown thy neck-and-armlet-chains  
Of turquoise, chrysoprase, and mad  
Light-frenzied diamonds, dartling glad  
Swift spirits of shine that interfuse  
As though with lucent crystal dews

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

That glance and glitter like split rays  
Of sunshine, born of burgeoning Mays  
When the first bee tilts down the lip  
Of the first blossom, and the drip  
Of blended dew and honey heaves  
Him blinded midst the underleaves.  
For raiment, Fays shall weave for thee—  
Out of the phosphor of the sea  
And the rayed floss of starlight, spun  
With eonwardwarp of the firm sun—  
A vesture of such filmy sheen  
As, through all ages, never queen  
Therewith strove truly to make less  
One fair line of her loveliness.  
Thus gowned and crowned with gems and gold,  
Thou shalt, through centuries untold,  
Rule, ever young and ever fair,  
As now thou rulest, smiling there.

### SUBTLETY

[R. B.]

WHILST little Paul, convalescing, was staying  
Close indoors, and his boisterous classmates paying  
Him visits, with fresh school-notes and surprises—  
With nettling pride they sprung the word "Athletic,"  
With much advice and urgings sympathetic  
Anent "athletic exercises." Wise as  
Lad might look, quoth Paul: "I've pondered o'er that  
'Athletic,' but I mean to take, before that,  
Downstairic and outdooric exercises."

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 369 *The Treasure of the Wise Man*

**O** THE night was dark and the night was late,  
And the robbers came to rob him;  
And they picked the locks of his palace-gate,  
The robbers that came to rob him—  
They picked the locks of his palace-gate,  
Seized his jewels and gems of state,  
His coffers of gold and his priceless plate,—  
The robbers that came to rob him.

But loud laughed he in the morning red!—  
For of what had the robbers robbed him?—  
Ho! hidden safe, as he slept in bed,  
When the robbers came to rob him,—  
They robbed him not of a golden shred  
Of the childish dreams in his wise old head—  
“And they’re welcome to all things else,” he said,  
When the robbers . . . to rob him.

### 370

### *Evensong*

**L**AY away the story,—  
Though the theme is sweet,  
There’s a lack of something yet,  
Leaves it incomplete:—  
There’s a nameless yearning—  
Strangely undefined—  
For a story sweeter still  
Than the written kind.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Therefore read no longer—  
I've no heart to hear  
But just something you make up,  
O my mother dear.—  
With your arms around me,  
Hold me, folded-eyed,—  
Only let your voice go on—  
I'll be satisfied.

371

### *A Song of Singing*

SING! gangling lad, along the brink  
Of wild brook-ways of shoal and deep,  
Where killdees dip, and cattle drink,  
And glinting little minnows leap!  
Sing! slimsy lass who trips above  
And sets the foot-log quivering!  
Sing! bittern, bumble-bee, and dove—  
Sing! Sing! Sing!

Sing as you will, O singers all  
Who sing because you want to sing!  
Sing! peacock on the orchard wall,  
Or tree-toad by the trickling spring!  
Sing! every bird on every bough—  
Sing! every living, loving thing—  
Sing any song, and anyhow,  
But Sing! Sing! Sing!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 372 *The Book of Joyous Children*

BOUND and bordered in leaf-green,  
Edged with trellised buds and flowers  
And glad Summer-gold, with clean  
White and purple morning-glories  
Such as suit the songs and stories  
Of this book of ours,  
Unrevised in text or scene,—  
The Book of Joyous Children.

Wild and breathless in their glee—  
Lawless rangers of all ways  
Winding through lush greenery  
Of Elysian vales—the viny,  
Bowery groves of shady, shiny  
Haunts of childish days.  
Spread and read again with me  
The Book of Joyous Children.

What a whir of wings, and what  
Sudden drench of dews upon  
The young brows, wreathed, all unsought,  
With the apple-blossom garlands  
Of the poets of those far lands  
Whence all dreams are drawn  
Set herein and soiling not  
The Book of Joyous Children.

In their blithe companionship  
Taste again, these pages through,  
The hot honey on your lip  
Of the sun-smit wild strawberry,  
Or the chill tart of the cherry;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Kneel, all glowing, to  
The cool spring, and with it sip  
The Book of Joyous Children.

As their laughter needs no rule,  
So accept their language, pray.—  
Touch it not with any tool:  
Surely we may understand it,—  
As the heart has parsed or scanned it  
Is a worthy way,  
Though found not in any School  
The Book of Joyous Children.

Be a truant—know no place  
Of prison under heaven's rim!  
Front the Father's smiling face—  
Smiling, that you smile the brighter  
For the heavy hearts made lighter,  
Since you smile with Him.  
Take—and thank Him for His grace—  
The Book of Joyous Children.

## MISCELLANY

### 373      *God Bless Us Every One*

"**G**OD bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,  
Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so tall  
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,  
High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed indeed  
That it, at best, could give to him, the while,  
But pitying glances, when his only need  
Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!"—  
Enfolding all the creeds within the span  
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,  
Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise,  
Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing  
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes  
Turned earthward, listening—

The Anthem stilled—the Angels leaning there  
Above the golden walls—the morning sun  
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,  
"God bless us every one!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 374 *When She Comes Home*

WHEN she comes home again! A thousand ways  
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness  
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes;  
And touch her, as when first in the old days  
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise  
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.  
Then silence; and the perfume of her dress:  
The room will sway a little, and a haze  
Cloy eyesight—soul-sight, even—for a space;  
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,  
To know that I so ill deserve the place  
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note  
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face  
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

### 375 *The Romaunt of King Mordameer*

HO! did ye hear o' Mordameer,  
The King of Slumberland!  
A lotus-crown upon his brow—  
A poppy in his hand,  
And all the elves that people dreams  
To bow at his command.

His throne is wrought of blackest night,  
Enriched with rare designs  
Wherein the blazing comet runs  
And writhes and wreaths and twines  
About a crescent angel-face  
That ever smiling shines.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The dais is of woven rays  
Of starlight fringed with shade,  
And jewelled o'er with gems of dew,  
And dyed and interlaid  
With every gleaming tint and hue  
Of which the flowers are made.

And when the day has died away  
In darkness o'er the land,  
The King bends down his dusky face  
And takes the sleeper's hand,  
And lightly o'er his folded eyes  
He waves his magic wand.

And lo ! within his princely home,  
Upon his downy bed,  
With soft and silken coverlets  
And curtains round him spread,  
The rich man rolls in troubled sleep,  
And moans in restless dread :

His eyes are closed, yet Mordameer  
May see their stony stare  
As plainly fixed in agony  
As though the orbs were bare  
And glaring at the wizard throng  
That fills the empty air :—

A thousand shapes, with phantom japes,  
Dance o'er the sleeper's sight,—  
With fingers bony-like and lean,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And faces pinched and white,  
And withered cheeks, and sunken eyes  
With ever-ravening sight.

And such the dreams that Mordameer  
Brings to the child of Pride,—  
The worn and wasted forms that he  
Hath stinted and denied—  
Of those who filled his coffers up  
And empty-handed died.

And then again he waves his wand :  
And from his lair of straw  
The felon, with his fettered limbs,  
Starts up with fear and awe,  
And stares with starting eyes upon  
A vision of the law :

A grim procession passes by,  
The while he glares in fear—  
With faces, from a wanton's smile  
Down to a demon's leer,—  
The woman marching at the front,  
The hangman at the rear.

All ways are clear to Mordameer :  
The ocean knows his tread ;  
His feet are free on land or sea :—  
Above the sailor's head  
He hangs a dream of home, and bends  
Above his cottage-bed :

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, nestled in the mother's arms,  
A child surpassing fair,  
In slumber lies, its tiny hands  
Entangled in her hair,  
And round its face a smile that moves  
Its lips as though in prayer.

And lo! the good king feasts its eyes  
With fruits from foreign shores,  
And pink-lipped shells that ever mock  
The ocean as it roars;  
And in the mother's arms he folds  
The form that she adores.

Through all the hovels of the poor  
He steals with noiseless tread,  
And presses kisses o'er and o'er  
Where sorrow's tears are shed,  
Till old caresses live once more  
That are forever dead.

Above the soldier in his tent  
Are glorious battles fought;  
And o'er the prince's velvet couch,  
And o'er the peasant's cot,  
And o'er the pallet of disease  
His wondrous spells are wrought.

He bends him o'er the artist's cot,  
And fills his dazzled mind  
With airy forms that float about

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Like clouds in summer wind,  
O'er landscapes that the angels wrought  
And God Himself designed.

And drifting through the poet's dreams  
The seraph trails her wings,  
And fills the chancels of his soul  
With heavenly whisperings:  
Till, swooning with delight, he hears  
The song he never sings.

He walks the wide world's every way,  
This monarch grand and grim;  
All paths that reach the human heart,  
However faint and dim,  
He journeys, for the darkest night  
Is light as day to him.

And thus the lordly Mordameer  
Rules o'er his mystic realm.  
With gems from out the star's red core  
To light his diadem,  
And kings and emperors to kneel  
And kiss his garment's hem.

For once, upon a night of dreams,  
Adown the aisles of space  
I strayed so far that I forgot  
Mine own abiding-place,  
And wandered into Slumberland,  
And met him face to face.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

376

### *The Werewife*

SHE came to me in a dazzling guise  
Of gleaming tresses and glimmering eyes,  
With long, limp lashes that drooped and made  
For their baleful glances bowers of shade;  
And a face so white—so white and sleek  
That the roses blooming in either cheek  
Flamed and burned with a crimson glow  
Redder than ruddiest roses blow—  
Redder than blood of the roses know  
That Autumn spills in the drifted snow.  
And what could my fluttering, moth-winged soul  
Do but hover in her control?—  
With its little, bewildered bead-eyes fixed  
Where the gold and the white and the crimson mixed?  
And when the tune of her low laugh went  
Up from that ivory instrument  
That you would have called her throat, I swear  
The notes built nests in her gilded hair,  
And nestled and whistled and twittered there,  
And wooed me and won me to my despair.  
And thus it was that she lured me on,  
Till the latest gasp of my love was gone,  
And my soul lay dead, with a loathing face  
Turned in vain from her dread embrace,—  
For even its poor dead eyes could see  
Her sharp teeth sheathed in the flesh of me,  
And her dripping lips, as she turned to shake  
The red froth off that her greed did make,  
As my heart gripped hold of a deathless ache,  
And the kiss of her stung like the fang of a snake.

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

377 *Out of the Dark and the Dearth*

H O! but the darkness was densely black!  
And young feet faltered and groped their way,  
With never the gleam of a star, alack!  
Nor a moonbeam's lamest ray!—  
Blind of light as the blind of sight.—  
And that was the night—the night!

And out of the blackness, vague and vast,  
And out of the dark and the dearth, behold!—  
A great ripe radiance grew at last  
And burst like a bubble of gold,  
Gilding the way that the feet danced on.—  
And that was the dawn—The Dawn!

378

*For You*

F OR you, I could forget the gay  
Delirium of merriment,  
And let my laughter die away  
In endless silence of content.  
I could forget, for your dear sake,  
The utter emptiness and ache  
Of every loss I ever knew.—  
What could I not forget for you?

I could forget the just deserts  
Of mine own sins, and so erase  
The tear that burns, the smile that hurts,  
And all that mars and masks my face.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

For your fair sake I could forget  
The bonds of life that chafe and fret,  
Nor care if death were false or true.—  
What could I not forget for you?

What could I not forget? Ah me!  
One thing I know would still abide  
Forever in my memory,  
Though all of love were lost beside—  
I yet would feel how first the wine  
Of your sweet lips made fools of mine  
Until they sung, all drunken through—  
"What could I not forget for you?"

379

*Laughter*

WITHIN the cosiest corner of my dreams  
He sits, high-throned above all gods that be  
Portrayed in marble-cold mythology,  
Since from his joyous eyes a twinkle gleams  
So warm with life and light it ever seems  
Spraying in mists of sunshine over me,  
And mingled with such rippling ecstasy  
As overleaps his lips in laughing streams.  
Ho! look on him, and say if he be old  
Or youthful! Hand in hand with gray old Time  
He toddled when an infant; and, behold!—  
He hath not aged, but to the lusty prime  
Of babyhood—his brow a trifle bold—  
His hair a ravelled nimbus of gray gold.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

380      *The Witch of Erkmurden*

I

WHO cantereth forth in the night so late—  
So late in the night, and so nigh the dawn?  
'Tis The Witch of Erkmurden who leapeth the gate  
Of the old churchyard where the three Sprites wait  
Till the whir of her broom is gone.

And who peereth down from the belfry tall,  
With the ghost-white face and the ghastly stare,  
With lean hands clinched in the grated wall  
Where the red vine rasps and the rank leaves fall,  
And the clock-stroke drowns his prayer?

II

The wee babe wails, and the storm grows loud,  
Nor deeper the dark of the night may be,  
For the lightning's claw, with a great wet cloud,  
Hath wiped the moon and the wild-eyed crowd  
Of the stars out wrathfully.

Knuckled and kinked as the hunchback shade  
Of a thorn-tree bendeth the beldam old  
Over the couch where the mother-maid,  
With her prayerful eyes, and the babe are laid,  
Waiting the doom untold.

"Mother, O Mother, I only crave  
Mercy for him and the babe—not me!"

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

"Hush! for it maketh my brain to rave  
Of my two white shrouds, and my one wide grave,  
And a mound for my children three."

"Mother, O Mother, I only pray  
Pity for him who is son to thee  
And more than my brother.—" "Wilt hush, I say!  
Though I meet thee not at the Judgment Day,  
I will bury my children three!"

"Then hark! O Mother, I hear his cry—  
Hear his curse from the church-tower now,—  
'Ride thou witch till thy hate shall die,  
Yet hell as heaven eternally  
Be sealed to such as thou!'"

An infant's wail—then a laugh, god wot,  
That strangled the echoes of deepest hell;  
And a thousand shuttles of lightning shot,  
And the moon bulged out like a great red blot,  
And a shower of blood-stars fell.

### III

There is one wide grave scooped under the eaves—  
Under the eaves as they weep and weep;  
And, veiled by the mist that the dead storm weaves,  
The hag bends low, and the earth receives  
Mother and child asleep.

There's the print of the hand at either throat,  
And the frothy ooze at the lips of each,  
But both smile up where the new stars float,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And the moon sails out like a silver boat  
Unloosed from a stormy beach.

### IV

Bright was the morn when the sexton gray  
Twirled the rope of the old church bell,—  
But it answered not, and he tugged away—  
And lo, at his feet a dead man lay—  
Dropped down with a single knell.

And the scared wight found, in the lean hand gripped,  
A scrip which read: "O the grave is wide,  
But it empty waits, for the low eaves dripped  
Their prayerful tears, and the three Sprites slipped  
Away with my b'ye and bride."

381

*Songs Tuneless*

### I

**H**E kisses me! Ah, now, at last,  
He says good-night as it should be,  
His great warm eyes bent yearningly  
Above my face—his arms locked fast  
About me, and mine own eyes dim  
With happy tears for love of him.

He kisses me! Last night, beneath  
A swarm of stars, he said I stood  
His one fair form of womanhood,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And springing, shut me in the sheath  
Of a caress that almost hid  
Me from the good his kisses did.

He kisses me! He kisses me!  
This is the sweetest song I know,  
And so I sing it very low  
And faint, and O so tenderly  
That, though you listen, none but he  
May hear it as he kisses me.

### II

"How can I make you love me more?"—  
A thousand times she asks me this,  
Her lips uplifted with the kiss  
That I have tasted o'er and o'er,  
Till now I drain it with no sense  
Other than utter indolence.

"How can I make you love me more?"—  
A thousand times her questioning face  
Has nestled in its resting-place  
Unanswered, till, though I adore  
This thing of being loved, I doubt  
Not I could get along without.

"How can she make me love her more?"—  
Ah! little woman, if, indeed,  
I might be frank as is the need  
Of frankness, I would fall before  
Her very feet, and there confess  
My love were more if hers were less.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### III

Since I am old I have no care  
To babble silly tales of when  
I loved, and lied, as other men  
Have done, who boasted here and there.  
They would have died for the fair thing  
They after murdered, marrying.

Since I am old I reason thus—  
No thing survives, of all the past,  
But just regret enough to last  
Us till the clods have smothered us;—  
Then, with our dead loves, side by side,  
We may, perhaps, be satisfied.

Since I am old, and strive to blow  
Alive the embers of my youth  
And early loves, I find, in sooth,  
An old man's heart may burn so low,  
'Tis better just to calmly sit  
And rake the ashes over it.

382

*Tommy Smith*

DIMPLE-CHEEKED and rosy-lipped,  
With his cap-rim backward tipped,  
Still in fancy I can see  
Little Tommy smile on me—  
Little Tommy Smith.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Little unsung Tommy Smith—  
Scarce a name to rhyme it with;  
Yet most tenderly to me  
Something sings unceasingly—  
Little Tommy Smith.

On the verge of some far land  
Still forever does he stand,  
With his cap-rim' rakishly  
Tilted; so he smiles on me—  
Little Tommy Smith.

Elder-blooms contrast the grace  
Of the rover's radiant face—  
Whistling back, in mimicry,  
“Old—Bob—White!” all liquidly—  
Little Tommy Smith

Oh, my jaunty statuette  
Of first love, I see you yet,  
Though you smile so mistily,  
It is but through tears I see,  
Little Tommy Smith.

But, with crown tipped back behind,  
And the glad hand of the wind  
Smoothing back your hair, I see  
Heaven's best angel smile on me,—  
Little Tommy Smith.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

383

### *Eternity*

O WHAT a weary while it is to stand,  
Teiling the countless ages o'er and o'er,  
Till all the finger-tips held out before  
Our dazzled eyes by heaven's starry hand  
Drop one by one, yet at some dread command  
Are held again, and counted evermore!  
How feverish the music seems to pour  
Along the throbbing veins of anthems grand!  
And how the cherubim sing on and on—  
The seraphim and angels—still in white—  
Still harping—still enraptured—far withdrawn  
In hovering armies tianced in endless flight!  
. . . God's mercy! is there never dusk or dawn,  
Or any crumb of gloom to feed upon?

384

### *Death*

L O, I am dying! And to feel the King  
Of Terrors fasten on me, steeps all sense  
Of life, and love, and loss, and everything,  
In such deep calms of restful indolence,  
His keenest fangs of pain are sweet to me  
As fusèd kisses of mad lovers' lips  
When, flung shut-eyed in spasmed ecstasy,  
They feel the world spin past them in eclipse,  
And so thank God with ever-tightening lids!  
But what I see, the soul of me forbids  
All utterance of; and what I hear and feel,  
The rattle in my throat could ill reveal

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Though it were music to your ears as to  
Mine own.—Press closer—closer—I have grown  
So great, your puny arms about me thrown  
Seem powerless to hold me here with you;—  
I slip away—I waver—and—I fall—  
Christ! What a plunge! Where am I dropping? All  
My breath bursts into dust—I can not cry—  
I whirl—I reel and veer up overhead,  
And drop flat-faced against—against—the sky—  
Soh, bless me! I am dead!

385

### *A Twintorette*

H O! my little maiden  
With the glossy tresses,  
Come thou and dance with me  
A measure all divine;  
Let my' breast be laden  
With but thy caresses—  
Come thou and glancingly  
Mate thy face with mine.

Thou shalt trill a rondel,  
While my lips are purling  
Some dainty twitterings  
Sweeter than the birds';  
And, with arms that fondle  
Each as we go twirling,  
We will kiss, with titterings,  
Lisps and loving words.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

386

*Dolores*

LITHE-ARMED, and with satin soft shoulders  
As white as the cream-crested wave;  
With a gaze dazing every beholder's,  
She holds every gazer a slave:  
Her hair, a fair haze, is outfloated  
And flared in the air like a flame;  
Bare-breasted, bare-browed and bare-throated—  
Too smooth for the soothliest name.

She wiles you with wine, and wrings for you  
Ripe juices of citron and grape;  
She lifts up her lute and sings for you  
Till the soul of you seeks no escape;  
And you revel and reel with mad laughter,  
And fall at her feet, at her beck,  
And the scar of her sandal thereafter  
You wear like a gyve round your neck.

387

*There Was a Cherry-Tree*

THERE was a cherry-tree. Its bloomy snows  
Cool even now the fevered sight that knows  
No more its airy visions of pure joy—  
As when you were a boy.

There was a cherry-tree. The Bluejay set  
His blue against its white—O blue as jet  
He seemed there then!—But note—Whoever knew  
He was so pale a blue!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

There was a cherry-tree—Our child-eyes saw  
The miracle :—Its pure white snows did thaw  
Into a crimson fruitage, far too sweet  
    But for a boy to eat.

There was a cherry-tree, give thanks and joy!—  
There was a bloom of snow—There was a boy—  
There was a Bluejay of the realest blue—  
    And fruit for both of you.

388

### *The Light of Love*

#### *Song*

THE clouds have deepened o'er the night  
    Till, through the dark profound,  
The moon is but a stain of light,  
    And all the stars are drowned;  
And all the stars are drowned, my love,  
    And all the skies are drear;  
But what care we for light above,  
    If light of love is here?

The wind is like a wounded thing  
    That beats about the gloom  
With baffled breast and drooping wing,  
    And wail of deepest doom;  
And wail of deepest doom, my love;  
    But what have we to fear  
From night, or rain, or winds above,  
    With love and laughter here?

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

389 *While the Heart Beats Young*

WHILE the heart beats young!—O the splendor of the Spring,

With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing!  
The fairest, rarest morning of the blossom-time of May  
Is not so sweet a season as the season of to-day  
While Youth's diviner climate folds and holds us, close  
caressed,

As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of face and  
breast;—

Our bare feet in the meadows, and our fancies up among  
The airy clouds of morning—while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and dance,  
With every day a holiday and life a glad romance,—  
We hear the birds with wonder, and with wonder watch  
their flight—

Standing, still the more enchanted, both of hearing and of  
sight,

When they have vanished wholly,—for, in fancy, wing-to-  
wing

We fly to Heaven with them; and, returning, still we sing  
The praises of this *lower* Heaven with tireless voice and  
tongue,

Even as the Master sanctions—while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young!—While the heart beats young'  
O green and gold old Earth of ours, with azure overhung

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And looped with rainbows! —grant us yet this grassy lap  
of thine—

We would still thy children, through the shower and  
the shine!

So pray we, lisping, whispering, in childish love and trust,  
With our beseeching hands and faces lifted from the dust  
By fervor of the poem, all unwritten and unsung,  
Thou givest us in answer, while the heart beats young.

390

### *Ere I Went Mad*

**E**RE I went mad—

O you may never guess what dreams I had!  
Such hosts of happy things did come to me.  
One time, it seemed, I knelt at some one's knee,  
My wee lips threaded with a strand of prayer,  
With kinks of kisses in it here and there  
To stay and tangle it the while I knit  
A mother's long-forgotten name in it.  
Be sure, I dreamed it all, but I was glad  
—Ere I went mad!

Ere I went mad,  
I dreamed there came to me a fair-faced lad,  
Who led me by the wrist where blossoms grew  
In grassy lands, and where the skies were blue  
As his own eyes. And he did lisp and sing,  
And weave me wreaths where I sat marvelling  
What little prince it was that crowned me queen  
And caught my face so cunningly between  
His dimple-dinted hands, and kept me glad  
—Ere I went mad!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Ere I went mad,  
Not even winter weather made me sad—  
I dreamed, indeed, the skies were ne'er so dull  
That *his* smile might not make them beautiful.  
And now, it seemed, he had grown O so fair  
And straight and strong that, when he smoothed my hair,  
I felt as any lily with drooped head  
That leans, in fields of grain unharvested,  
By some lithe stalk of barley—pure and glad  
—Ere I went mad!

Ere I went mad,  
The last of all the happy dreams I had  
Was of a peerless king—a conqueror—  
Who crowned me with a kiss, and throned me for  
One hour! Ah, God of Mercy! what a dream  
To tincture life with! Yet I made no scream  
As I awakened—with these eyes you see,  
That may not smile till love comes back to me,  
And lulls me back to those old dreams I had  
—Ere I went mad.

### 391 *The Speeding of the King's Spite*

A KING—estranged from his loving Queen  
By a foolish royal whim—  
Tired and sick of the dull routine  
Of matters surrounding him—  
Issued a mandate in this wise:—  
*"The dower of my daughter's hand  
I will give to him who holds this prize,  
The strangest thing in the land."*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But the King, said sooth! in this grim decree

Had a motive low and mean;—

'Twas a royal piece of chicanery,

To Harry and spite the Queen—

For King though he was, and beyond compare

He had ruled all things save one—

Then blamed the Queen that his only heir

Was a daughter—not a son.

The girl had grown, in the mother's care,

Like a bud in the shine and shower

That drinks of the wine of the balmy air

Till it blooms into matchless flower;

Her waist was the rose's stem that bore

The flower—and the flower's perfume—

That ripens on, till it bulges o'er,

With its wealth of bud and bloom.

And she had a lover—lowly sprung,—

But a purer, nobler heart

Never spake in a courtlier tongue

Or wooed with a dearer art:

And the fair pair paled at the King's decree;

But the smiling Fates contrived

To have them wed, in a secrecy

That the Queen herself connived—

While the grim King's heralds scoured the land

And the countries round about,

Shouting aloud, at the King's command,

A challenge to knave or lout,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Prince or peasant,—“The mighty King  
Would have ye understand  
That he who shows him the strangest thing  
Shall have his daughter’s hand!”

And thousands flocked to the royal throne,  
Bringing a thousand things  
Strange and curious;—One, a bone—  
The hinge of a fairy’s wings:  
And one, the glass of a mermaid queen,  
Gemmmed with a diamond dew,  
Where, down in its reflex, dimly seen,  
Her face smiled out at you.

One brought a cluster of some strange date,  
With a subtle and searching tang  
That seemed, as you tasted, to penetrate  
The heart like a serpent’s fang:  
And back you fell for a spell entranced,  
As cold as a corpse of stone,  
And heard your brains, as they laughed and danced  
And talked in an undertone.

One brought a bird that could whistle a tune  
So piercingly pure and sweet,  
That tears would fall from the eyes of the moon  
In dewdrops at its feet;  
And the winds would sigh at the sweet refrain,  
Till they swooned in an ecstasy,  
To awaken again in a hurricane  
Of riot and jubilee.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

One brought a lute that was wro't of a shell  
Luminous as the shine  
Of a new-born star in a dewy dell,—  
And its strings were strands of wine  
That sprayed at the Fancy's touch and fused,  
As your listening spirit leant  
Drunken through with the airs that oozed  
From the o'ersweet instrument.

One brought a tablet of ivory  
Whereon no thing was writ,—  
But, at night—and the dazzled eyes would see  
Flickering lines o'er it,—  
And each, as you read from the magic tome,  
Lightened and died in flame,  
And the memory held but a golden poem  
Too beautiful to name.

Till it seemed all marvels that ever were known  
Or dreamed of under the sun  
Were brought and displayed at the King's throne,  
And put by, one by one:—  
Till a graybeard monster came to the King—  
Haggard and wrinkled and old—  
And spread to his gaze this wondrous thing,—  
A gossamer veil of gold.—

Strangely marvellous—mocking the gaze  
Like a tangle of bright sunshine,  
Dipping a million glittering rays  
In a baptism divine:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And a maiden, sheened in this gauze attire—  
Sifting a glance of her eye—  
Dazzled men's souls with a fierce desire  
To kiss and caress her and—die.

And the grim King swore by his royal beard  
That the veil had won the prize,  
While the gray old monster blinked and leered  
With his lashless, red-rimmed eyes,  
As the fainting form of the princess fell,  
And the mother's heart went wild,  
Throbbing and swelling a muffled knell  
For the dead hopes of her child.

But her clouded face with a faint smile shone,  
As suddenly, through the throng,  
Pushing his way to the royal throne,  
A fair youth strode along,  
While a strange smile hovered about his eyes,  
As he said to the grim old King:—  
“The veil of gold must lose the prize;  
For I have a stranger thing.”

He bent and whispered a sentence brief;  
But the monarch shook his head,  
With a look expressive of disbelief—  
“It can't be so,” he said;  
“Or give me proof; and I, the King,  
Give you my daughter's hand.—  
For certes THAT is a stranger thing—  
*The strangest thing in the land!*”

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Then the fair youth, turning, c 't the Queen  
In a rapturous caress,  
While his lithe form towered in lordly mien,  
As he said in a brief address:—  
"My fair bride's mother is this; and, lo,  
As you stare in your royal awe,  
By this pure kiss do I proudly show  
*A love for a mother-in-law!*"

Then a thaw set in on the old King's mood,  
And a sweet Spring freshet came  
Into his eyes, and his heart renewed  
Its love for the favored dame:  
But often he has been heard to declare  
That "he never could clearly see  
How, in the deuce, such a strange affair  
Could have ended so happily!"

### 392 *We Are Not Always Glad When We Smile*

WE are not always glad when we smile:  
Though we wear a fair face and are gay,  
And the world we deceive  
May not ever believe  
We could laugh in a happier way.—  
Yet, down in the deeps of the soul,  
Ofttimes, with our faces aglow,  
There's an ache and a moan  
That we know of alone,  
And as only the hopeless may know.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

We are not always glad when we smile,—  
For the heart, in a tempest of pain,  
    May live in the guise  
    Of a smile in the eyes  
As a rainbow may live in the rain;  
And the stormiest night of our woe  
    May hang out a radiant star  
    Whose light in the sky  
    Of despair is a lie  
As black as the thunder-clouds are.

We are not always glad when we smile!—  
But the conscience is quick to record,  
    All the sorrow and sin  
    We are hiding within  
Is plain in the sight of the Lord:  
And ever, O ever, till pride  
    And evasion shall cease to defile  
    The sacred recess  
    Of the soul, we confess  
We are not always glad when we smile.

LITTLE Busch and Tommy Hays—  
Small the theme, but large the praise,—  
    For two braver brothers,  
    Of such toddling years and size,  
    Bloom of face, and blue of eyes,  
    Never trampled soldier-wise  
    On the rights of mothers!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Even boldly facing their  
Therapeutic father's air  
    Of complex abstraction,  
But to kindle—kindlier gaze,  
Wake more smiles and gracious ways—  
Ay, nor find in all their days  
    Ampler satisfaction!

Hail ye, then, with chirp and cheer,  
All wan patients, waiting here  
    Bitterer medications!—  
Busch and Tommy, tone us, too.—  
How our life-blood leaps anew,  
Under loving touch of you  
    And your ministrations!

394

### *A Variation*

I AM tired of this!  
    Nothing else but loving!  
Nothing else but kiss and kiss,  
    Coo, and turtle-doving!  
    Can't you change the order some?  
    Hate me just a little—come!

Lay aside your "dears,"  
    "Darlings," "kings," and "princes!"—  
Call me knave, and dry your tears—  
    Nothing in me winces,—  
    Call me something low and base—  
    Something that will suit the case!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Wish I had your eyes  
And their drooping lashes!  
I would dry their teary lies  
Up with lightning-flashes—  
Make your sobbing lips unsheathe  
All the glitter of your teeth!

Can't you lift one word—  
With some pang of laughter—  
Louder than the drowsy bird  
Crooning 'neath the rafter?  
Just one bitter word, to shriek  
Madly at me as I speak!

How I hate the fair  
Beauty of your forehead!  
How I hate your fragrant hair!  
How I hate the torrid  
Touches of your splendid lips,  
And the kiss that drips and drips!

Ah, you pale at last!  
And your face is lifted  
Like a white sail to the blast,  
And your hands are shifted  
Into fists: and, towering thus,  
You are simply glorious!

Now before me looms,  
Something more than human.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Something more than beauty blooms  
In the wrath of Woman—  
Something to bow down before  
Reverently and adore.

395

### *An Out-Worn Sappho*

HOW tired I am! I sink down all alone  
Here by the wayside of the Present. Lo,  
Even as a child I hide my face and moan—  
A little girl that may no farther go:  
The path above me only seems to grow  
More rugged, climbing still, and ever briered  
With keener thorns of pain than these below;  
And O the bleeding feet that falter so  
And are so very tired!

Why, I have journeyed from the far-off Lands  
Of Babyhood—where baby-lilies blew  
Their trumpets in mine ears, and filled my hands  
With treasures of perfume and honey-dew,  
And where the orchard shadows ever drew  
Their cool arms round me when my cheeks were fired  
With too much joy, and lulled mine eyelids to,  
And only let the starshine trickle through  
In sprays, when I was tired!

Yet I remember, when the butterfly  
Went flickering about me like a flame  
That quenched itself in roses suddenly,  
How oft I wished that I might blaze the same,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And in some rose-wreath nestle with my name,

While all the world looked on it and admired.—

Poor moth!—Along my wavering flight toward fame  
The winds drive backward, and my wings are lame

And broken, bruised and tired!

I hardly know the path from those old times;

I know at first it was a smoother one  
Than this that hurries past me now, and climbs

So high, its far cliffs even hide the sun  
And shroud, in gloom my journey scarce begun.

I could not do quite all the world required—

I could not do quite all I should have done,  
And in my eagerness I have outrun

My strength—and I am tired. . . .

Just tired! But when of old I had the stay  
Of mother-hands, O very sweet indeed

It was to dream that all the weary way

I should but follow where I now must lead—  
For long ago they left me in my need,

And, groping on alone, I tripped and mired  
Among rank grasses where the serpents breed  
In knotted coils about the feet of speed.—

There first it was I tired.

And yet I staggered on, and bore my load

Right gallantly: The sun, in summer-time,

In lazy belts came slipping down the road

To woo me on, with many a glimmering rhyme  
Rained from the golden rim of some fair clime,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

That, hovering beyond the clouds, inspired  
My failing heart with fancies so sublime  
I half forgot my path of dust and grime,  
    Though I was growing tired.

And there were many voices cheering me:  
    I listened to sweet praises where the wind  
Went laughing o'er my shoulders gleefully  
    And scattering my love-songs far behind;—  
Until, at last, I thought the world so kind—  
    So rich in all my yearning soul desired—  
So generous—so loyally inclined,  
I grew to love and trust it. . . . I was blind—  
    Yea, blind as I was tired!

And yet one hand held me in creature-touch:  
    And O, how fain it was, how true and strong,  
How it did hold my heart up like a crutch,  
    Till, in my dreams, I joyed to walk along  
The toilsome way, contented with a song—  
    'Twas all of earthly things I had acquired,  
And 'twas enough, I feigned, or right or wrong,  
Since, binding me to man—a mortal thong—  
    It stayed me, growing tired. . . .

Yea, I had e'en resigned me to the strait  
    Of earthly rulership—had bowed my head  
Acceptant of the master-mind—the great  
    One lover—lord of all,—the perfected  
Kiss-comrade of my soul;—had stammering said  
    My prayers to him;—all—all that he desired  
I rendered sacredly as we were wed.—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Nay—nay!—'twas but a myth I worshipp'd.—  
And—God of love!—how tired!

For, O my friends, to lose the latest grasp—  
To feel the last hope slipping from its hold—  
To feel the one fond hand within your clasp  
Fall slack, and loosen with a touch so cold  
Its pressure may not warm you as of old  
Before the light of love had thus expired—  
To know your tears are worthless, though they rolled  
Their torrents out in molten drops of gold.—  
God's pity! I am tired!

And I must rest.—Yet do not say "She died,"  
In speaking of me, sleeping here alone.  
I kiss the grassy grave I sink beside,  
And close mine eyes in slumber all mine own:  
Hereafter I shall neither sob nor moan  
Nor murmur one complaint;—all I desired,  
And failed in life to find, will now be known—  
So let me dream. Good night! And on the stone  
Say simply: She was tired.

396

*After Death*

AH! this delights me more than words could tell,—  
**A** To just lie stark and still, with folded hands  
That tremble not at greeting or farewell,  
Nor fumble foolishly in loosened strands  
Of woman's hair, nor grip with jealousy  
To find her face turned elsewhere smilingly.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

With slumbrous lids, and mouth in mute repose,  
And lips that yearn no more for any kiss—  
Though it might drip, as from the red-lipped rose  
The dewdrop drips, 'twere not so sweet as this  
Unutterable density of rest  
That reigns in every vein of brain and breast!

And thus—soaked with still laughter through and through—  
I lie here dreaming of the forms that pass  
Above my grave, to drop, with tears, a few  
White flowers that but curdle the green grass;—  
And if they read such sermons, they could see  
How I do pity them that pity me.

### 397      *To the Wine-God Merlus* [A Toast of Jucklet's]

H O! ho! thou jolly god, with kinkèd lips  
And laughter-streaming eyes, thou liftest up  
The heart of me like any wassail-cup,  
And from its teeming brim, in foaming drips,  
Thou blowest all my cares. I cry to thee,  
Between the sips:—Drink long and lustily;  
Drink thou my ripest joys, my richest mirth,  
My maddest staves of wanton minstrelsy;  
Drink every song I've tinkered here on earth  
With any patch of music; drink! and be  
Thou drainer of my soul, and to the lees  
Drink all my lover-thrills and ecstasies;  
And with a final gulp—ho! ho!—drink me,  
And roll me o'er thy tongue eternally.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

398

### *A Lounger*

H E leaned against a lamp-post, lost  
In some mysterious reverie:  
His head was bowed; his arms were crossed;  
He yawned, and glanced evasively:  
Uncrossed his arms, and slowly put  
Them back again, and scratched his side—  
Shifted his weight from foot to foot,  
And gazed out no-ward, idle-eyed.

Grotesque of form and face and dress,  
And picturesque in every way—  
A figure that from day to day  
Drooped with a limper laziness;  
A figure such as artists lean,  
In pictures where distress is seen,  
Against low hovels where we guess  
No happiness has ever been.

399

### *The Willow*

W HO shall sing a simple ditty all about the Willow,  
Dainty-fine and delicate as any bending spray  
That dandles high the happy bird that flutters there to trill a  
Tremulously tender song of greeting—the May.

Bravest, too, of all the trees!—none to match your daring.—  
First of greens to greet the Spring and lead in leafy  
sheen;—  
Aye, and you're the last—almost into winter wearing  
Still the leaf of loyalty—still the badge of green.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Ah, my lovely Willow!—let the Waters lilt your graces,—  
They alone with limpid kisses lave your leaves above,  
Flashing back your sylvan beauty, and in shady places  
Peering up with glimmering pebbles, like the eyes of love.

400

### *The Quest*

I AM looking for Love. Has he passed this way,  
With eyes as blue as the skies of May,  
And a face as fair as the summer dawn?—  
You answer back, but I wander on,—  
For you say: "Oh, yes; but his eyes were gray,  
And his face as dim as a rainy day."

Good friends, I query, I search for Love;  
His eyes are as blue as the skies above,  
And his smile as bright as the midst of May  
When the truce-bird pipes: Has he passed this way?  
And one says: "Ay; but his face, alack!  
Frowned as he passed, and his eyes were black."

O who will tell me of Love? I cry!  
His eyes are as blue as the mid-May sky,  
And his face as bright as the morning sun;  
And you answer and mock me, every one,  
That his eyes were dark, and his face was wan,  
And he passed you frowning and wandered on.

But stout of heart will I onward fare,  
Knowing my Love is beyond—somewhere,—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The Love I seek, with the eyes of blue,  
And the bright, sweet smile unknown of you;  
And on from the hour his trail is found  
I shall sing sonnets the whole year round.

401

*"Dream"*

B ECAUSE her eyes were far too deep  
And holy for a laugh to leap  
Across the brink where sorrow tried  
To drown within the amber tide;  
Because the locks, whose ripples kissed  
The trembling lids through tender mist,  
Were dazzled with a radiant gleam—  
Because of this I called her "Dream."

Because the roses growing wild  
About her features when she smiled  
Were ever dewed with tears that fell  
With tenderness ineffable;  
Because her lips might spill a kiss  
That, dripping in a world like this,  
Would tincture death's myrrh-bitter stream  
To sweetness—so I called her "Dream."

Because I could not understand  
The magic touches of a hand  
That seemed, beneath her strange control,  
To smooth the plumage of the soul  
And calm it, till, with folded wings,  
It half forgot its flutterings,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And, nestled in her palm, did seem  
To trill a song that called her "Dream."

Because I saw her, in a sleep  
As dark and desolate and deep  
And fleeting as the taunting night  
That flings a vision of delight  
To some torn martyr as he lies  
In slumber ere the day he dies—  
Because she vanished like a gleam  
Of glory, do I call her "Dream."

### 402      *The Little White Hearse*

AS the little white hearse went glimmering by—  
The man on the coal-cart jerked his lines,  
And smuttred the lid of either eye,  
And turned and stared at the business signs;  
And the street-car driver stopped and beat  
His hands on his shoulders, and gazed up-street  
Till his eye on the long track reached the sky—  
As the litt'l white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—  
A stranger petted a ragged child  
In the crowded walks, and she knew not why,  
But he gave her a coin for the way she smiled;  
And a boot-black thrilled with a pleasure strange,  
As a customer put back his change  
With a kindly hand and a grateful sigh,  
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—  
A man looked out of a window dim,  
And his cheeks were wet and his heart was dry,  
For a dead child even were dear to him!  
And he thought of his empty life, and said:—  
“Loveless alive, and loveless dead—  
Nor wife nor child in earth or sky!”  
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

403

## *Three Several Birds*

*The Romancer, the Poet, and the Bookman*

I

### THE ROMANCER

THE Romancer's a nightingale,—  
The moon wanes dewy-dim  
And all the stars grow faint and pale  
In listening to him.—  
To him the plot least plausible  
Is of the most avail,—  
He simply masters it because  
He takes it by the tale.

*O he's a nightingale,—  
His theme will never fail—  
It gains applause of all—because  
He takes it by the tale!*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

The Romancer's a nightingale:—  
His is the sweetest note—  
The sweetest, woe-begonest wail  
Poured out of mortal throat:  
So, glad or sad, he ever draws  
Our best godspeed and hail;  
He highest lifts his theme—because  
He takes it by the tale.

*O he's a nightingale,—  
His theme will never fail—  
It gains applause of all—because  
He takes it by the tale!*

## II

### THE POET

The bobolink he sings a single song,  
Right along,—  
And the robin sings another, all his own—  
One alone;  
And the whippoorwill, and bluebird,  
And the cockadoodle-doo-bird;—  
But the mocking-bird he sings in every tone  
Ever known,  
Or chirrup-note of merriment or moan.

*So the Poet he's the mocking-bird of men,—  
He steals his songs and sings them o'er again;  
And yet beyond believing  
They're the sweeter for his thieving.—*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

*So we'll howl for Mister Mocking-bird  
And have him out again!*

It's mighty fond we are of bobolinks,  
And chewinks;  
And we dote on dinky robins, quite a few—  
Yes, we do;  
And we love the dove, and bluebird,  
And the cockadoodle-doo-bird,—  
But the mocking-bird's the bird for me and you,  
Through and through,  
Since he sings as everybody wants him to.

*Ho! the Poet he's the mocking-bird of men,—  
He steals his songs and sings them o'er again;  
And yet beyond believing  
They're the sweeter for his thieving.—  
So we'll howl for Mister Mocking-bird  
And have him out again!*

### III

#### BOOKMAN'S CATCH

The Bookman he's a humming-bird—  
His feasts are honey-fine,—  
(With hi! hilloo!  
And clover-dew  
And roses lush and rare!)  
His roses are the phrase and word  
Of olden tomes divine;

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

(With hi! and ho!

And pinks ablow

And posies everywhere!)

The Bookman he's a humming-bird,—

He steals from song to song—

He scents the ripest-blooming rhyme,

And takes his heart along

And sacks all sweets of bursting verse

And ballads, throng on throng.

(With ho! and hey!

And brook and brae,

And brink of shade and shine!)

A humming-bird the Bookman is—

Though cumbrous, gray and grim,—

(With hi! hiloo!

And honey-dew

And odors musty-rare!)

He bends him o'er that page of his

As o'er the rose's rim.

(With hi! and ho!

And pinks aglow

And roses everywhere!)

Ay, he's the featest humming-bird,

On airiest of wings

He poises pendent o'er the poem

That blossoms as it sings—

God friend him as he dips his beak

In such delicious things!

(With ho! and hey!

And world away

And only dreams for him!)

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

404

*To Bliss Carman*

H E is the morning's poet—  
The bard of mount and moor,  
The minstrel fine of dewy shine,  
The dawning's troubadour:

The brother of the bluebird,  
'Mid blossoms, throng on throng,  
Whose singing calls, o'er orchard walls,  
Seem glitterings of song.

He meets, with brow uncovered,  
The sunrise through the mist,  
With raptured eyes that range the skies  
And seas of amethyst:

The brambled rose clings to him;  
The breezy wood receives  
Him as the guest she loves the best  
And laughs through all her leaves:

Pan and his nymphs and dryads  
They hear, in breathless pause,  
This earth-born wight lilt his delight,  
And envy him because . . .

He is the morning's poet—  
The bard of mount and moor,  
The minstrel fine of dewy shine,  
The dawning's troubadour.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

405

### *His Mother*

**D**EAD! my wayward boy—*my own—*  
*Not the Law's!* but *mine—the good*  
God's free gift to me alone,  
Sanctified by motherhood.

"Bad," you say: Well, who is not?  
"Brutal"—"with a heart of stone"—  
And "red-handed."—Ah! the hot  
Blood upon your own!

I come not, with downward eyes,  
To plead for him shamedly,—  
God did not apologize  
When He gave the boy to me.

Simply, I make ready now  
For *His* verdict.—*You* prepare—  
You have killed us both—and how  
Will you face us There!

406

### *Song of Parting*

**S**AY farewell, and let me go;  
Shatter every vow!  
All the future can bestow  
Will be welcome now!  
And if this fair hand I touch  
I have worshipped overmuch,  
It was my mistake—and so,  
Say farewell, and let me go.

Say farewell, and let me go:  
Murmur no regret.  
Stay your tear-drops ere they flow—  
Do not waste them yet!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

They might pour as pours the rain,  
And not wash away the pain:—  
I have tried them and I know.—  
Say farewell, and let me go.

Say farewell, and let me go:  
Think me not untrue—  
True as truth is, even so  
I am true to you!  
If the ghost of love may stay  
Where my fond heart dies to-day,  
I am with you alway—so,  
Say farewell, and let me go.

### POMONA

(*Madison Cawein*)

O II, the golden afternoon!—  
Like a ripened summer day  
That had fallen oversoon  
In the weedy orchard-way  
As an apple, ripe in June.

He had left his fishrod leant  
O'er the footlog by the spring—  
Clomb the hill-path's high ascent,  
Whence a voice, down showering,  
Lured him, wondering as he went.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Not the voice of bee nor bird,  
Nay, nor voice of man nor child,  
Nor the creek's shoal-alto heard  
Blent with warblings sweet and wild  
Of the midstream, music-stirred.

'Twas a goddess! As the air  
Swirled to eddying silence, he  
Glimpsed about him, half aware  
Of some subtle sorcery  
Woven round him everywhere.

Suavest slopes of pleasance, sown  
With long lines of fruited trees  
Weighed o'er grasses all unmown  
But by scytings of the breeze  
In prone swaths that flashed and shone

Like silk locks of Faunus sleeked  
This, that way, and contrawise,  
Through whose bredes ambrosial leaked  
Oily amber sheens and dyes  
Starred with petals purple-freaked

Here the bellflower swayed and swung,  
Greenly belfried high amid  
Thick leaves in whose covert sung  
Hermit-thrush, or katydid,  
Or the glowworm nightly clung.

Here the damson, peach and pear;  
There the plum, in Tyrian tints,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Like great grapes in clusters rare;  
And the metal-heavy quince  
Like a plummet dangled there.

All ethereal, yet all  
Most material,—a theme  
Of some fabled festival—  
Save the fair face of his dream  
Smiling o'er the orchard wall.

## II

### THE PASSING OF A ZEPHYR

(*Sidney Lanier*)

UP from, and out of, and over the opulent woods and  
the plains,  
Lo! I leap nakedly loose, as the nudest of gods might  
choose,  
For to dash me away through the morning dews  
And the rathe Spring rains—  
Pat and pet the little green leaves of the trees and the grass  
Till they seem to linger and cling, as I pass,  
And are touched to delicate contemporaneous tears of the  
rain and the dew,  
That lure mine eyes to weeping likewise and to laughter  
too:  
For I am become as the balmiest, stormiest zephyr of  
Spring,  
With manifold beads of the marvelous dew and the rain to  
string

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

On the bended strands of the blossoms, blown  
And tossed and tousled and overthrown,  
And shifted and whirled, and lifted unfurled  
In the victory of the blossoming  
Of the flags of the flowery world.  
Yea, and behold! and a riotous zephyr, at last,  
I subside; I abate; I pass by; I am past.  
And the small, hoarse bass of the bumble-bee  
Is my requiem-psalm,  
And I fling me down to a listless, loitering, long eternity  
Of amiable calm.

### III

#### A RHYME FOR CHRISTMAS

**I**F Browning only were here  
This yule-ish time o' the year--  
This mul-ish time o' the year,  
Stubbornly still refusing  
To add to the rhymes we've been using  
Since the first Christmas-glee  
(One might say) chantingly  
Rendered by 'rudest hinds  
Of the pe<sup>1</sup>, and shepherding kinds  
Who did, now Song from b-  
U-double-l's-foot!—pah!—  
(Haply the old Egyptian *ptah*—  
Though I'd hardly wager a baw-  
Bee—or a *bumble*, for that—  
And that's flat!) . . .

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But the thing that I want to get at  
Is a rhyme for *Christmas*—  
Nay! nay! nay! nay! not *isthmus*—  
The t- and the h-sounds covertly are  
Gnawing the nice auricular  
Senses until one may hear them gnar—  
And the terminal, too, for *mas* is *mus*,  
So *that* will not do for us.  
Try for it—sigh for it—cry for it—die for it!  
O but if Browning were here to apply for it,  
*He'd rhyme you Christmas*—  
*He'd make a mist pass*  
Over—something o' ruther—  
Or find you the rhyme's very brother  
In lovers that *kissed fast*  
*To baffle the moon*—as he'd lose the *t*-final  
In fas-t as it blended with *to* (mark the spinal  
Elison—tip-clipt as exquisitely nicely  
And hyper-exactly sliced to precisely  
The extremest technical need): Or he'd *tw*  
*glass*,  
Or he'd have a *kissed lass*,  
Or shake 'neath our noses some great giant *fist*  
*mass*—  
No matter! If Robert were here, *he* could do it.  
Though it took us till *Christmas* next year to see  
through it.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

408

*To Benj. S. Parker*

BORN, FEBRUARY 10, 1833—DIED, MARCH 14, 1911

*Written for The Indianapolis Star*

YOU sang the song of rare delight  
“ ‘Tis morning and the days are long”—  
A morning fresh and fair and bright  
As ever dawned in happy song;  
A radiant air, and here and there  
Were singing birds on sprays of bloom,  
And dewy splendors everywhere,  
And heavenly breaths of rose perfume—  
All rapturous things were in the song  
“ ‘Tis morning and the days are long.”

O singer of the song divine,  
Though now you turn your face away  
With never word for me or mine  
Nor smile forever and a day,  
We guess your meaning, and rejoice  
In what has come to you—the meed  
Beyond the search of mortal voice  
And only in the song indeed—  
With you forever, as the song,  
“ ‘Tis morning and the days are long.”

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

409

*L'Envoy*

**S**NOW is in the air—  
Chill in blood and vein,—  
Winter everywhere

Save in heart and brain !  
Ho ! the happy year will we  
Mimic as we've found it,—  
Head of it—and you, and me—  
With the holly round it !

Frost and sleet, alack !—  
Wind as bleak as wrath  
Whips our faces back  
As we foot the path ;—  
But the year—from there to here—  
Copy as we've found it,—  
Heart up—like the head, my dear,  
With the holly round it !

## THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT

FOR the Song's sake; even so;  
    Humor it, and let it go  
All untamed and wild of wing—  
    Leave it ever truanting.

Be its flight elusive!—Lo,  
For the Song's sake—even so.—  
Yield it but an ear as kind  
As thou perkest to the wind

Who will name us what the seas  
Have sung on for centuries?  
For the Song's sake! Even so—  
Sing, O Seas! and Breezes, blow!

Sing! or Wave or Wind or Bird—  
Sing! nor ever afterward  
Clear thy meaning to us—No!—  
For the Song's sake. Even so.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KRUNG	King— <i>of the Spirks</i>
CRESTILLOMEEM	<i>The Queen—Second Consort to Krung</i>
SPRAIVOLL	<i>The Tune-Fool</i>
AMPHINE	Prince— <i>Son of Krung</i>
DWAINIE	<i>A Princess—of the Wunks</i>
JUCKLET	<i>A Dwarf—of the Spirks</i>
CREECH and GRITCHFANG	Nightmares  <i>Counsellors, Courtiers, Heralds, etc., etc., etc.</i>

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### 410 *The Flying Islands of the Night*

#### ACT I

##### SCENE—THE FLYING ISLANDS

SCENE I. Spirkland. Time, Moondawn. Interior Court of KRUNG. A vast pendent star burns dimly in dome above throne. CRESTILLOOMEEM discovered languidly reclining at foot of empty throne, an overturned goblet lying near, as though just drained. The Queen, in seeming dazed, ecstatic state, raptly gazing upward, listening. Swarming forms and features in air above, seem eerily coming and going, blending and intermingling in domed ceiling-spaces of court. Weird music. Mystic, luminous, beautiful faces detached from swarm, float, singly, forward,—tremulously, and in succession, poising in mid-air and chanting.

##### FIRST FACE

And who hath known her— like as I  
Have known her?—since the envying sky  
Filched from her cheeks its morning-hue,  
And from her eyes its glory, too,  
Of dazzling shine and diamond-dew.

##### SECOND FACE

I knew her—long and long before  
High Æo loosed her palm and thought:  
“What awful splendor have I wrought  
To dazzle earth and Heaven, too!”

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### THIRD FACE

I knew her—long ere Night was o'er—  
Ere Æo yet conjectured what  
To fashion Day of—ay, before  
He sprinkled stars across the floor  
Of dark, and swept that form of mine,  
E'en as a fleck of blinded shine,  
Back to the black where light was not.

### FOURTH FACE

Ere day was dreamt, I saw her face  
Lift from some starry hiding-place  
Where our old moon was kneeling while  
She lit its features with her smile.

### FIFTH FACE

I knew her while these islands yet  
Were nestlings—ere they feathered wing,  
Or e'en could gape with them or get  
Apoise the laziest-ambling breeze,  
Or cheep, chirp out, or anything !  
When Time crooned rhymes of nurseries  
Above them—nodded, dozed and slept,  
And knew it not, till, wakening,  
The morning-stars agreed to sing  
And Heaven's first tender dews were wept.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### SIXTH FACE

I knew her when the jealous hands  
Of Angels set her sculptured form  
Upon a pedestal of storm  
And let her to this land with strands  
Of twisted lightnings.

### SEVENTH FACE

And I heard  
Her voice ere she could tone a word  
Of any but the Seraph-tongue.—  
And O sad-sweeter than all sung—  
Or word-said things!—to hear her say,  
Between the tears she dashed away:—  
“Lo, launched from the offended sight  
Of Æo!—anguish infinite  
Is ours, O Sisterhood of Sin!  
Yet is thy service mine by right,  
And, sweet as I may rule it, thus  
Shall Sin’s myrrh-savor taste to us—  
Sin’s Empress—let my reign begin!”

### CHORUS OF SWARMING FACES

We follow thee forever on!  
Thro’ darkest night and dimmest dawn;  
Thro’ storm and calm—tho’ shower and shine,  
Hear thou our voices answering thine:

We follow—*craving* but to be  
Thy followers.—We follow thee—  
We follow, follow, follow thee!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

We follow ever on and on—  
O'er hill and hollow, brake and lawn;  
Thro' grawsome vale and dread ravine  
Where light of day is never seen.—

We waver not in loyalty,—  
Unfaltering we follow thee—  
We follow, follow, follow thee!

We follow ever on and on !  
The shroud of night around us drawn,  
Though wet with mists, is wild-ashine  
With stars to light that path of thine ;—

The glow-worms, too, befriend us—we  
Shall fail not as we follow thee.  
We follow, follow, follow thee !

We follow ever on and on.—  
The notchèd reeds we pipe upon  
Are pithed with music, keener blown  
And blither where thou leadest lone—  
Glad pangs of its ecstatic glee  
Shall reach thee as we follow thee.  
We follow, follow, follow thee !

We follow ever on and on :  
We know the ways thy feet have gone,—  
The grass is greener, and the bloom  
Of roses richer in perfume—  
And birds of every blooming tree  
Sing sweeter as we follow thee.  
We follow, follow, follow thee !

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

We follow ever on and on;  
For wheresoever thou hast gone  
We hasten joyous, knowing there  
Is sweeter sin than otherwhere—

Leave still its latest cup, that we  
May drain it as we follow thee.  
We follow, follow, follow thee!

[Throughout final stanzas, faces in fore- and forms in background slowly vanish, and voices gradually fail to sheer silence.—CRESTILLOMEEM, rising, and wistfully gazing and listening; then, evidently regaining wonted self, looks to be assured of being wholly alone—then speaks.]

### CRESTILLOMEEM

The Throne is throwing wide its gilded arms  
To welcome me. The Throne of Krung! Ha! ha!  
Leap up, ye lazy echoes, and laugh loud!  
For I, Crestillomeem, the Queen—ha! ha!  
Do fling my richest mirth into your mouths  
That ye may fatten ripe with mockery!  
I marvel what the kingdom would become  
Were I not here to nurse it like a babe  
And dandle it above the reach and clutch  
Of intermeddlers in the royal line  
And their attendant serfs. Ho! Jucklet, ho!  
'Tis time my knarled warp of nice anatomy  
Were here, to weave us on upon our mesh  
Of silken villanies. Ho! Jucklet, ho!

[Lifts secret door in bave and drops a star-bud through opening. Enter JUCKLET from below.]

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### JUCKLET

*Spang sprit! my gracious Queen!* but thou hast scorched  
My left ear to a cinder! and my head  
Rings like a ding-dong on the coast of death!  
For, patient hate! thy hasty signal burst  
Full in my face as hitherward I came!  
But though my lug be fried to crisp, and my  
Singed wig stinks like a little sun-stewed Wunk,  
I stretch my fragrant presence at thy feet  
And kiss thy sandal with a blistered lip.

### CRESTILLOMEEM

Hold! rare-done fool, lest I may bid the cook  
To bake thee brown! How fares the King by this?

### JUCKLET

Safe couched midmost his lordly hoard of books,  
I left him sleeping like a quinsied babe  
Next the guest-chamber of a poor man's house:  
But ere I came away, to rest mine ears,  
I salved his welded lids, uncorked his nose,  
And o'er the odorous blossom of his lips  
Re-squeezed the tinctured sponge, and felt his pulse  
Come staggering back to regularity.  
And four hours hence his Highness will awake  
And *Peace* will take a nap!

### CRESTILLOMEEM

*Ha!* What mean you?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

JUCKLET [*Ominously*]

I mean that he suspects our knaveries.—  
Some covert spy is burrowed in the court—  
Nay, and I pray thee startle not *aloud*,  
But mute thy very heart in its out-throb,  
And let the blanching of thy cheeks but be  
A whispering sort of pallor!

CRESTILLOOMEEM

A spy?—Here?

JUCKLET

Ay, *here*—and haply even *now*. And one  
Whose unseen eye seems ever focussed keen  
Upon our action, and whose hungering ear  
Eats every crumb of counsel that we drop  
In these our secret interviews!—For he—  
The King—through all his talking-sleep to-day  
Hath jabbered of intrigue, conspiracy—  
Of treachery and hate in fellowship,  
With dire designs upon his royal bulk,  
To oust it from the Throne.

CRESTILLOOMEEM

He spake my name?

JUCKLET

O Queen, he speaks not ever but thy name  
Makes melody of every sentence.—Yea,  
He thinks thee even true to him as thou  
Art fickle, false and subtle! O how blind

## THE LOCKERIE BOOK

And lame, and deaf and dumb, and worn and weak,  
And faint, and sick, and all-commodious  
His dear love is! In sooth, O wifely one,  
Thy malleable spouse doth mind me of  
That pliant hero of the bald old catch  
"The Lovely Husband."—Shall I wreak the thing?

[*Sings—with much affected gravity and grimace*]

O a lovely husband he was known,  
He loved his wife and her a-lone;  
She reaped the harvest he had sown;  
She ate the meat; he picked the bone.  
With mixed admirers every size,  
She smiled on each without disguise;  
This lovely husband closed his eyes  
Lest he might take her by surprise.

[*Aside, exclamatory*]

Chorous Uproarious!

[*Then pantomime as though pulling at bell-rope—singing in pent, explosive utterance.*]

Trot!

Run!

Wasn't he a handy hubby?

What

Fun

She could plot and plan!

Not

One

Other such a dandy hubby  
As this lovely man!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### CRESTILLOMEEM

Or talk or tune, wilt thou wind up thy tongue  
Nor let it tangle in a knot of words!  
What said the King?

JUCKLET [*With recovered reverence*]

He said: "Crestillomeem—  
O that *she* knew this thick distress of mine!—  
Her counsel would *anoint* me and her voice  
Would flow in limpid wisdom o'er my woes  
And, like a love-balm, lave my secret grief  
And lull my sleepless heart!" [*Aside*] And so went on,  
Struggling all maudlin in the wrangled web  
That well-nigh hath cocooned him!

### CRESTILLOMEEM

Did he yield  
No hint of this mysterious distress  
He needs must hold sequestered from his Queen?  
What said he in his talking-sleep by which  
Some clew were gained of how and when and whence  
His trouble came?

JUCKLET

In one strange phase he spake  
As though some sprited lady talked with him.—  
Full courteously he said: "In woman's guise  
Thou comest, yet I think thou art, in sooth,  
But woman in thy form.—Thy word, are strange  
And leave me mystified. I feel the truth  
Of all thou hast declared, and yet so vague

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And shadow-like thy meaning is to me,  
I know not how to act to ward the blow  
Thou sayest is hanging o'er me even now."  
And then, with open hands held pleadingly,  
He asked, "Who is my foe?"—And o'er his face  
A sudden pallor flashed, like death itself,  
As though, if answer had been given, it  
Had fallen like a curse.

## CRESTILLOMEEM

I'll stake my soul  
Thrice over in the grinning teeth of doom,  
'Tis Dwainie of the Wunks who peeks and peers  
With those fine eyes of hers in our affairs  
And carries Krung, in some disguise, these hints  
Of our intent! See thou that silence falls  
Forever on her lips, and that the sight  
She wastes upon our secret action blurs  
With gray and grisly scum that shall for aye  
Conceal us from her gaze while she writhes blind  
And fangless as the fat worms of the grave!  
Here! take this tuft of downy druze, and when  
Thou comest on her, fronting full and fair,  
Say "*Sherzham!*" thrice, and fluff it in her face.

## JUCKLET

Thou knowest scanty magic, O my Queen,  
But all thou dost is fairly excellent—  
And *this* charm work, thou shalt have fuller faith  
Than still I must withhold.

[*Takes charm, with extravagant salutation*]

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### CRESTILLOMEEM

Thou gibing knave!

Thou thing! Dost dare to name my sorcery  
As any trifling gift? Behold what might  
Be thine an thy deserving wavered not  
In stable and abiding service to  
Thy Queen!

[She presses suddenly her palm upon his eyes, then lifts her softly opening hand upward, his gaze following, where, slowly shaping in the air above them, appears semblance—or counter-self—of CRESTILLOMEEM, clothed in most radiant youth, her maiden-face bent downward to a moon-lit sward, where kneels a lover-knight—flawless in manly symmetry and princely beauty,—yet none other than the counter-self of JUCKLET, eerily and with strange sweetness singing, to some curiously tinkling instrument, the praises of its queenly mistress: JUCKLET and CRESTILLOMEEM transfixed below—trancedly gazing on their mystic selves above.]

SEMBLANCE OF JUCKLET [Sings]

Crestillomeem!

Crestillomeem!

Soul of my slumber!—Dream of my dream!  
Moonlight may fall not as goldenly fair  
As falls the gold of thine opulent hair—  
Nay, nor the starlight as dazzlingly gleam  
As gleam thine eyes, 'Meema—Crestillomeem!—

Stars of the skies, 'Meema—

Crestillomeem!



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## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### SEMBLANCE OF CRESTILLOOMEEM [Sings]

*O Prince divine!*

*O Prince divine!*

*Tempt thou me not with that sweet voice of thine!  
Though my proud brow bear the blaze of a crown,  
Lo, at thy feet must its glory bow down,  
That from the dust thou mayest lift me to shine  
Heaven'd in thy heart's rapture, O Prince divine!—*

*Queen of thy love ever,*

*O Prince divine!*

### SEMBLANCE OF JUCKLET [Sings]

*Crestillomeem!*

*Crestillomeem!*

*Our life shall flow as a musical stream—  
Windingly—placidly on shall it wend,  
Marged with mazhoora-bloom banks without end—  
Word-birds shall call thee and dreamily scream,  
“Where dost thou cruise, 'Meema—Crestillomeem?*

*Whither away, 'Meema?—*

*Crestillomeem!”*

Duo

*[Vision and voices gradually failing away]*

*Crestillomeem!*

*Crestillomeem!*

*Soul of my slumber!—Dream of my dream!  
Star of Love's light, 'Meema—Crestillomeem!*

*Crescent of Night, 'Meema!—*

*Crestillomeem!*

*[With song, vision likewise fails utterly]*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### CRESTILLOMEEM

[*To JUCKLET, still trancedly staring upward*]

How now, thou clabber-brainèd spudge!—  
Thou squelk!—thou—

### JUCKLET

Nay, O Queen! contort me not  
To more condensèd littleness than now  
My shamed frame incurreth on itself,  
Seeing what might fare with it, didst *thou* will  
Kindly to nip it with thy magic *here*  
And leave it living in that form i' the air,  
Forever pranking o'er the daisied sward  
In wake of sandal-prints that dint the dews  
As lightly as, in thy late maidenhood,  
Thine own must needs have done in flighting from  
The dread encroachments of the King.

### CRESTILLOMEEM

Nay—peace!

### JUCKLET

So . . . it, O sweet Mystic.—But I crave  
One service of thy magic yet.—*Amphine!*—  
Breed me some special, damned philter for  
*Amphine*—the fair *Amphine!*—to chuck it him,  
Some serenade-tide, in a sodden slug  
O' pastry, 'twixt the door-crack and a screech

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

O' rusty hinges.—Hey! Amphine, the *fair!*—  
And let me, too, elect his doom, O Queen!—  
Listed against thee, he, too, doubtless hath  
Been favored with an outline of our scheme.—  
And I would kick my soul all over hell  
If I might juggle his fine figure up  
In such a shape as mine!

## CRESTILLOMEEM

Then this:—When thou  
Canst come upon him bent above a flower,  
Or any blooming thing, and thou, arear,  
Shalt reach it first and, thwartwise, touch it fair,  
And with thy knuckle flick him on the knee,—  
*Then*—his fine form will shrink and shrivel up  
As warty as a toad's—so hideous,  
Thine own shall seem a marvel of rare grace!  
Though idly speak'st thou of my mystic skill,  
'Twas that which won the King for me;—'twas that  
Bereft him of his daughter ere we had  
Been wedded yet a haed:—She strangely went  
Astray one moonset from the palace-steps—  
She went—nor yet returned.—Was it not strange?—  
She would be wedded to an alien prince  
The Morrow midnight—to a prince whose sire  
*I once knew*, in lost hours of lute and song,  
When *he* was but a prince—*I* but a mouth  
For him to lit up sippingly and drain  
To lees most ultimate of stammering sobs  
And maudlin wanderings of blinded breath.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

JUCKLET [*Aside*]

*Twigg-brebblets!* but her Majesty hath speech  
That doth bejuice all metaphor to drip  
And spray and mist of sweetness!

CRESTILLOOMEEM [*Confusedly*]

Where was I?

O, ay!—The princess went—she strangely went!—  
E'en as I deemed her lover-princeling would  
As strangely go, were she not soon restored.—  
As so he did:—That airy penalty  
The jocund Fates provide our love-lorn wights  
In this glad island: So for thrice three nights  
They spun the prince his line and marked him pay  
It out (despite all warnings of his doom)  
In fast and sleepless search for her—and then  
They tripped his fumbling feet and he fell—up!—  
*Up!*—as 'tis writ—sheer past Heaven's flinching walls  
And topmost cornices.—Up—up and on!—  
And, it is grimly guessed of those who thus  
For such a term bemoan an absent love,  
And so fall *upwise*, they must needs fall on—  
And on and on—and on—and on—and on!  
Ha! ha!

JUCKLET

*Quahh!* but the prince's holden breath  
Must ache his throat by this! But, O my Queen,  
What of the princess?—and—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### CRESTILLOMEEM

*The princess?—Ay—*

The princess! Ay, she went—she strangely went!  
And when the dainty vagrant came not back—  
Both sire and son in apprehensive throes  
Of royal grief—the very Throne befogged  
In sighs and tears!—when all hope waned at last,  
And all the spies of Spirkland, in her quest,  
Came straggling empty-handed home again,—  
Why, then the wise King sleeved his rainy eyes  
And sagely thought the pretty princess had  
Strayed to the island's edge and tumbled off.  
I could have set his mind at ease on that—  
I could have told him,—yea, she tumbled off—  
*I tumbled her!*—and tumbled her so plump,  
She tumbled in an under-island, then  
Just slow-unmooring from our own and poised  
For unknown voyagings of flight afar  
And all remote of latitudes of ours.—  
Ay, into that land I tumbled her from which  
But one charm known to art can tumble her  
Back into this,—and *that* charm (guilt be praised!)  
Is lodged not in the wit nor the desire  
Of my rare lore.

### JUCKLET

Thereinasmuch find joy!  
But dest thou know that rumors flutter now  
Among thy subjects of thy sorceries?—  
The art being *banned*, thou knowest; or, unhoused,  
Is unleashed pitilessly by the grim,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Facetious body of the dridular  
Upon 'ie one who fain had loosed the curse  
On others.—An my counsel be worth aught,  
Then have a care thy spells do not revert  
Upon thyself, nor yet mine own poor hulk  
O' fearsomeness!

### CRESTILLOOMEEM

Ha! ha! No vaguest need  
Of apprehension there!—While Krung remains—

[She abruptly pauses—startled first, then listening curiously and with awed interest. Voice of exquisite melodiousness and fervor heard singing.]

### Voice

When kings are kings, and kings are men—

And the lonesome rain is raining!—  
O who shall rule from the red throne then,  
And who shall covet the scepter when—

When the winds are all complaining?

When men are men, and men are kings—

And the lonesome rain is raining!—  
O who shall list as the minstrel sings  
Of the crown's fiat, or the signet-ring's,  
When the winds are all complaining?

### CRESTILLOOMEEM

Whence flows such sweetness, and what voice is that?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### JUCKLET

The voice of Spravoll, an mine ears be whet  
And honéd o' late honeyéd memories  
Behaunting the deserted purlieus of  
The court.

### CRESTILLOOMEEM

And who is Spravoll, and what song  
Is that besung so blinding exquisite  
Of cadenced mystery?

### JUCKLET

Spravoll—O Queen,—  
Spravoll The Tune-Fool is she fitly named  
By those who meet her ere the day long wanes  
And naught but janiteering sparsely frets  
The cushioned silences and stagnant dusts  
Indifferently resuscitated by  
The drowsy varlets in mock servitude  
Of so refurbishing the royal halls :  
She cometh, alien, from Wunkland—so  
Hath she deposed to divers questioners  
Who have been smitten of her voice—as rich  
In melody as she is poor in mind.  
She hath been roosting, pitied of the hinds  
And scullions, round about the palace here  
For half a node.

### CRESTILLOOMEEM

And pray, where is she perched—  
This wild-bird woman with her wondrous throat?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### JUCKLET

Under some dingy cornice, like enough—  
Though *wild-bird* she is not, being plumèd in,  
Not feathers, but one fustioned stole—the like  
Of which so shameth her fair face one needs  
Must swear some lusty oaths, but that they shape  
Themselves full gentlewise in mildest prayer:—  
Not *wild-bird*:—nay, nor *woman*—though, in truth,  
She ith a licensed idiot, and drifts  
About, as restless and as useless, too,  
As any lazy breeze in summer-time,  
I'll call her forth to greet your Majesty.  
Ho! Spraivoli. Ho! my twittering birdster, fit  
Thou hither.

[Enter SPRAIVOLL—from behind group of statuary—singing.]

### SPRAIVOLL

Ting-alng! Ling-ting! Tingle-tee!  
The moon spins round and round for me!  
Wind it up with a golden key.  
Ting-alng! Ling-ting! Tingle-tee!

### CRESTILLOMEEM

Who art thou, and what the strange  
Elusive beauty and intent of thy  
Sweet song? What singest thou, vague, mystic-bird—  
What doth the Tune-Fool sing? Ay, sing me what,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### SRAIVOLL [Singing]

What sings the breene on the wertling-vine,  
And the tweek on the banner-stem?  
Their song, to me, is the same as mine,  
As mine is the same to them—to them—  
As mine is the same to them.

In star-starved glooms where the plustre 'ems  
With its slender boughs above,  
Their song sprays down with the fragrant blooms,—  
And the song they sing is love—is love—  
And the song they sing is love.

### JUCKLET

Your Majesty may be surprised somewhat,  
But Spraivoll can not talk,—her only mode  
Of speech is melody; and thou might'st put  
The dowered fool a thousand queries, and,  
In like return, receive a thousand songs,  
All set to different tunes—as full of naught  
As space is full of emptiness.

### CRESTILLOOMEEM

A fool?—  
And with a gift so all-divine!—A fool?

### JUCKLET

Ay, warranted!—The Flying Islands all  
Might flock in mighty counsel---moult, and shake  
Their loosened feathers, and sort every tuft,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Nor ever most minutely quarry there  
One other Spravoll, itching with her voice  
Such favored spot of cuticle as she  
Alone selects here in our blissful real'n.

### CRESTILLOOMEEM

Out, jester, on thy cumbrous wordiness!  
Come either, Tune-Fool, and be not afraid,  
For I like fools so well I married one:  
And since thou art a *Queen* of fools, and he  
A *King*, why, I've a mind to bring ye two  
Together in some wise. Canst use thy song  
All times in such entrancing spirit one  
Who lists must so needs list, e'en though the song  
Go on unceasingly indefinite?

### SRAIVOLL. [Singing]

If one should ask me for a song,  
Then I should answer, and my tongue  
Would twitter, trill and troll along  
Until the song were done.

Or should one ask me for my tongue,  
And I should answer with a song,  
I'd trill it till the song were sung,  
And troll it all along.

### CRESTILLOOMEEM

Thou art indeed a fool, and one, I think,  
To serve my present purposes. Give ear.—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And Jucklet, thou, go to the King and bide  
His waking: then repeat these words:—"The Queen  
*Impatiently awaits his Majesty,*  
*And craves his presence in the Tower of Stars,*  
*That she may there express full tenderly*  
*Her great solicitude."* And then, end thus,—  
"So much she bade, and drooped her glowing face  
Deep in the showerings of her golden hair,  
And with a flashing gesture of her arm  
Turned all the moonlight pallid, saying, 'Haste!'"

### JUCKLET

And would it not be well to hang a pearl  
Or twain upon thy silken lashes?

### CRESTILLOMEEM

Go!

### JUCKLET [Exit, singing]

This lovely husband's loyal breast  
Heaved only as she might suggest,—  
To every whimsy she expressed  
He proudly bowed and acquiesced.  
He plotted with her, blithe and gay—  
In no flirtation said her nay,—  
He even took her to the play,  
Excused himself and came away.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### CRESTILLOOMEEM [To Spratvoll]

Now, Tume Fool, *junior*, let me theme *thee* for  
A song:—An Empress once, with angel in  
Her face and devil in her heart, had wish  
To breed confusion to her sovereign lord,  
And work the downfall of his haughty son.—  
The issue of a former marriage—who  
Bellowsed her hatred to the whitest heat,  
For that her own son, by a former lord,  
Was born a hideous dwarf, and reared aside  
From the sire's knowing or his princely own.—  
That *none*, in sooth, might ever chance to guess  
The hapless mother of the hapless child.  
The Fiends that scar her thus, protect her still  
With outward beauty of both face and form.—  
It so is written, and so must remain  
Till magic greater than their own is found  
To hurl against her. So is she secure  
And proof above all fear. Now, listen well!—  
Her present lord is haunted with a dream,  
That he is soon to pass, and so prepares  
*(All havoc hath been wrangled with the drugs!)*  
The Throne for the ascension of the son,  
His cursèd heir, who still doth baffle all  
Her arts against him, e'en as though he were  
Protected by a skill beyond her own.  
Soh! she, the Queen, doth rule the King in all  
Save this affectionate perversity  
Of favor for the son whom he would raise  
To his own place.—And but for this the King  
Long since had tasted death and kissed his fate

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

As one might kiss a bride! But so his Queen  
Must needs withhold, not deal, the final blow,  
She yet doth bind him, spelled, still trusting her;  
And, by her craft and wanton flatteries,  
Doth sway his love to every purpose but  
The one most coveted.—And for this end  
She would make use of thee;—and if thou dlost  
Her will, as her good pleasure shall direct,  
Why, thou shalt sing at court, in silken tire,  
Thy brow bound with wild diamonds, and thy hair  
Sown with such gems as laugh hysterick lights  
From glittering quespar, guenk and plennocynth,—  
Ay, even panoplied as might the fair  
Form of a very princess be, thy voice  
Shall woo the echoes of the listening Throne.

### SPRAIVOLL [Crooning abstractedly]

And O! shall one—high brother of the air,  
In deeps of space—shall he have dream as fair?—  
And shall that dream be this?—In some strange place  
Of long-lost lands he finds her waiting face—  
Comes marvelling upon it, unaware,  
Set moonwise in the midnight of her hair,  
And is behaunted with old nights of May,  
So his glad lips do purl a roundelay  
Purloinèd from the echo-triller's beak,  
Seen keenly notching at some star's blanch cheek  
With its ecstatic twitterings, through dusk  
And sheen of dewy boughs of bloom and musk.  
For him, Love, light again the eyes of her  
That show nor tears nor laughter nor surprise—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

For him undim their glamour and the blur  
Of dreams drawn from the depths of deepest skies.  
He doth not know if any lily blows  
As fair of feature, nor of any rose.

### CRESTILLOOMEEM [*Aside*]

O this weird woman! she doth drug mine ears  
With her uncanny sumptuousness of song!

[*To Spravvoll.*] Nay, Nay! Give o'er thy tuneful maun-  
derings

And mark me further, Tune-Fool—ay, and well:—  
At present doth the King lie in a sleep  
Drug-wrought and deep as death—the after-phase  
Of an unconscious state, in which each act  
Of his throughout his waking hours is so  
Rehearsed, in manner, motion, deed and word,  
Her spies (the Queen's) that watch him, serving there  
As guardians o'er his royal slumbers, may  
Inform her of her lord's most secret thought.  
And lo, her plans have ripened even now  
*Till, should he come upon his Throne to-night,*  
Where eagerly his counsellors will bide  
His coming,—she, the Queen, hath reason to  
Suspect her long-designed purposes  
May fall in jeopardy;—but if he fail,  
Through any means, to lend his presence there,—  
*Then, by a wheedled mandate, is his Queen*  
*Empowered with all Sovereignty to reign*  
*And work the royal purposes instead.*  
Therefore, the Queen hath set an interview—  
A conference to be holden with the King,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Which is ordained to fall on noon to-night,  
Twelve star-twirls ere the nick the Throne convenes.—  
And with her thou shalt go, and bide in wait  
Until she signal thee to sing; and then  
Shalt thou so work upon his mellow mood  
With that un-Spirkly magic of thy voice—  
So all bedaze his waking thought with dreams,—  
The Queen may, all unnoticed, slip away,  
And leave thee singing to a throneless King.

### SPRAIVOLL [Singing]

And who shall sing for the haughty son  
While the good King droops his head?—  
And will he dream, when the song is done,  
That a princess fair lies dead?

### CRESTILLOMEEEM

The haughty son hath found *his* "Song"—*sweet curse!*—  
And may she sing his everlasting dirge!  
She comes from that near-floating land of thine,  
Naming herself a princess of that realm  
So strangely peopled we would fain evade  
All mergence, and remain as strange to them  
As they to us. No less this Dwainie hath  
Most sinuously writhed and lithed her way  
Into court-favor here—hath glidden past  
The King's encharmed sight and sleeked herself  
Within the very altars of his house—  
His line—his blood—his very life:—AMPHINE!  
Not any Spirkland gentlemaiden might  
Aspire so high as *she* hath dared to dare!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

For she, with her fair skin and finer ways,  
And beauty second only to the Queen's,  
Hath caught the prince betwixt her mellow palms  
And stroked him flutterless. Didst ever thou  
In thy land hear of *Dwainie of the Wunks*?

SPRAIVOLL [Singing]

Ay, Dwainie!—My Dwainie!

The lurloo ever sings,  
A tremor in his flossy crest  
And in his glossy wings.  
And Dwainie!—My Dwainie!  
The winno-welvers call;—  
But Dwainie hides in Spirkland  
And answers not at all.

The teeper twitters Dwainie!—

The tcheucker on his spray  
Teeters up and down the wind  
And will not fly away:  
And Dwainie!—My Dwainie!  
The drowsy oovers drawl;—  
But Dwainie hides in Spirkland  
And answers not at all.

O Dwainie!—My Dwainie!

The breezes hold their breath—  
The stars are pale as blossoms,  
And the night as still as death:  
And Dwainie!—My Dwainie!  
The fainting echoes fall;—  
But Dwainie hides in Spirkland  
And answers not at all.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### CRESTILLOOMEEM

A melody ecstatic! and—thy words,  
Although so meaningless, seem something more—  
A vague and shadowy something, eerie-like,  
That maketh one to shiver over-chilled  
With curious, creeping sweetneses of pain  
And catching breaths that flutter tremulous  
With sighs that dry the throat out icily.—  
But save thy music! Come! that I may make  
Thee ready for thy royal auditor.                  [Exeunt.]

END ACT I

## ACT II

SCENE I. *A garden of KRUNG's Palace, screened from the moon with netted glenk-vines and blooming shoomer-boughs, all glimmeringly lighted with star flakes. An arbor, near which is a table spread with a repast—two seats, drawn either side. A playing fountain, at marge of which AMPHINE sits thrumming a trentoraine.*

AMPHINE [*Improvising*]

Ah, help me! but her face and brow  
Are lovelier than lilies are  
Beneath the light of moon and star  
That smile as they are smiling now—  
White lilies in a pallid swoon  
Of sweetest white beneath the moon—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

White lilies in a flood of bright  
Pure lucidness of liquid-light  
Cascading down some plenilune  
When all the azure overhead  
Blooms like a dazzling daisy-bed.—  
So luminous her face and brow  
The luster of their glory, shed  
In memory, even, blinds me now.

### [*Plaintively addressing instrument*]

O warbling strand of silver, where, O where  
Hast thou unravelled that sweet voice of thine  
And left its silken murmurs quavering  
In limp thrills of delight? O golden wire,  
Where hast thou spilled thy precious twinklings? —  
What thirsty ear hath drained thy melody,  
And left me but a wild, delirious drop  
To tincture all my soul with vain desire?

### [*Improvising* ]

Her face—her brow—her hair unfurled! —  
And O the oval chin below,  
Carved, like a cunning cameo,  
With one exquisite dimple, swirled  
With swimming shine and shade, and whirled  
The daintiest vortex poets know—  
The sweetest whirlpool ever twirled  
By Cupid's finger-tip,—and so,  
The deadliest maelstrom in the world.

[*Pauses.—Enter DWAINIE, behind, in upper bower, unperceived* ]

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

AMPHINE [*Again addressing instrument*]

O Trentoraine! how like an emptièd vase  
Thou art—whose clustering blooms of song have drooped  
And faded, one by one, and fallen away  
And left to me but dry and tuneless stems  
And crisp and withered tendrils of a voice  
Whose thrilling tone, now like a throttled sound,  
Lies stifled, faint, and gasping all in vain  
For utterance.

[*Again improvising*]

And O mad wars of blinding blurs  
And flashings of lance-blades of light,  
Whet glitteringly athwart the sight  
That dares confront those eyes of hers!  
Let any dewdrop soak the hue  
Of any violet through and through,  
And then be colorless and dull,  
Compared with eyes so beautiful!  
I swear *ye* that her eyes be bright  
As noonday, yet as dark as night—  
As bright as be the burnished bars  
Of rainbows set in sunny skies,  
And yet as deep and dark, her eyes,  
And lustrous black as blown-out stars.

[*Pauses—DWAINIE still unperceived, radiantly smiling and wafting kisses down from trellis-window above.*]

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

AMPHINE [Again to instrument]

O empty husk of song!  
If deep within my heart the music thou  
Hast stored away might find an issuance,  
A fount of limpid laughter would leap up  
And gurgle from my lips, and all the winds  
Would revel with it, riotous with joy;  
And Dwainie, in her beauty, would lean o'er  
The battlements of night, and, like the moon,  
The glory of her face would light the world—  
For I would sing of love.

DWAINIE

And she would hear,—  
And, reaching overhead among the stars,  
Would scatter them like daisies at thy feet.

AMPHINE

O voice, where art thou floating on the air?—  
O Seraph-soul, where art thou hovering?

DWAINIE

I hover in the zephyr of thy sighs,  
And tremble lest thy love for me shall fail  
To buoy me thus forever on the breath  
Of such a dream as Heaven envies.

AMPHINE

Ah!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

[*Turning, discovers DWAINIE—she feigning, still, invisibility, while he, with lifted eyes and wistful gaze, preludes with instrument—then sings.*]

Linger, my Dwainie! Dwainie, lily-fair,  
Stay yet thy step upon the casement-stair—  
Poised be thy slipper tip as is the tine  
Of some still star.—Ah, Dwainie—Dwainie mine,  
Yet linger—linger there!

Thy face, O Dwainie, lily-pure and fair,  
Gleams i' the dusk, as in thy dusky hair  
The moony zhoomer glimmers, or the shine  
Of thy swift smile.—Ah, Dwainie—Dwainie mine,  
Yet linger—linger there!

With lifted wrist, wherround the laughing air  
Hath blown a mist of lawn and clasped it there,  
Waft finger-thipt adieu that spray the wine  
Of thy waste kisses to'd me, Dwainie mine—  
Yet linger—linger there!

What unloosed splendor is there may compare  
With thy hand's unfurled glory, anywhere?  
What glint of dazzling dew or jewel fine  
May mate thine eyes?—Ah, Dwainie—Dwainie mine!  
Yet linger—linger there!

My soul confronts thee: On thy brow and hair  
It lays its tenderness like palms of prayer—  
It touches sacredly those lips of thine  
And swoons across thy spirit, Dwainie mine,  
The while thou lingerest there.

[*Drops trentoraine, and, with open arms, gazes yearningly on DWAINIE.*]

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

DWAINIE [Raptly]

Thy words do wing my being dovewise!

AMPHINE

Thou lovest!—O my homing dove, veer down  
And nestle in the warm home of my breast!  
So empty are mine arms, so full my heart,  
The one must hold thee, or the other burst.

Then,

DWAINIE [Throwing herself in his embrace]  
Æo's own hand methinks hath flung me here:  
O hold me that He may not pluck me back!

AMPHINE

So closely will I hold thee that not e'en  
The hand of death shall separate us.

DWAINIE

So

May sweet death find us, then, that, woven thus  
In the corollo of a ripe caress,  
We may drop lightly, like twin plustre-buds,  
On Heaven's star-strewn lawn.

AMPHINE

So do I pray.

But tell me, tender heart, an thou dost love,  
Where hast thou loitered for so long?—for thou  
Didst promise tryst here with me earlier by

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Some several layodesmes which I have told  
Full chasingly against my finger-tips  
Till the full complement, save three, are ranged  
Thy pitiless accusers, claiming, each,  
So many as their joined number be  
Shalt thou so many times lift up thy lips  
For mine's most lingering forgiveness.  
So, save thee, O my Sweet! and rest thee, I  
Have ordered merl and viands to be brought  
For our refreshment here, where, thus alone,  
I may sip words with thee as well as wine.  
Why hast thou kept me so athirst?—Why, I  
Am jealous of the flattered solitudes  
In which thou walkest.

[They sit at table.]

### DWAINIE

Nay, I will not tell,  
Since, an I yielded, count, ss questions, like  
In idlest worth, would waste our interview  
In speculations vain.—Let this suffice:—  
I stayed to talk with one whom, long ago,  
I met and knew, and grew to love, forsooth,  
In dreamy Wunkland.—Talked of mellow nights,  
And long, long hours of golden olden times  
When girlish happiness locked hands with me  
And we went spinning round, with naked feet  
In swaths of bruisèd roses ankle-deep;  
When laughter rang unsilenced, unrebuked,  
And prayers went unremembered, oozing clean  
From the drowsed memory, as from the eyes  
The pure, sweet mother-face that bent above

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Glimmered and wavered, blurred, bent closer still  
A timeless instant, like a shadowy flame,  
Then flickered tremulously o'er the brow  
And went out in a kiss.

### AMPHINE [Kissing her]

Not like to *this!*  
O blessed lips whose kiss alone may be  
Sweeter than their sweet speech! Speak on, and say  
Of what else talked thou and thy friend?

### DWAINIE

We talked  
Of all the past, ah me! and all the friends  
That now await my coming. And we talked  
Of O so many things—so many things—  
That I but blend them all with dreams of when,  
With thy warm hand clasped close in this of mine,  
We cross the floating bridge that soon again  
Will span the all-unfathomable gulfs  
Of nether air betwixt this isle of strife  
And my most glorious realm of changeless peace,  
Where summer night reigns ever and the moon  
Hangs ever ripe and lush with radiance  
Above a land where roses float on wings  
And fan their fragrance out so lavishly  
That Heaven hath hint of it, and oft therefrom  
Sends down to us across the odorous seas  
Strange argosies of interchanging bud  
And blossom, spice and balm.—Sweet—sweet  
Beyond all art and wit of uttering.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### AMPHISE

O Empress of my listening Soul, speak on,  
And tell me all of that rare land of thine!—  
For even though I reigned a peerless king  
Within mine own, methinks I could fling down  
My scepter, signet, crown and royal might,  
And so fare down the thorned path of life  
If at its bindling end my feet might touch  
Upon the shores of such a land as thou  
Dost paint for me—thy realm! Tell on of it—  
And tell me if thy sister-woman there  
Is like to thee—Yet nay! for an thou didst,  
These eyes would lose all speech of sight  
And call not back to thine their utter love.  
But tell me of thy brothers.—Are they great,  
And can they grapple Æo's arguments  
Beyond our skill? or wrest a purpose from  
The pink side of the moon at Darsten-tide?  
Or cipher out the problem of blind stars,  
That ever still do safely grope their way  
Among the thronging constellations?

### DWAINIE

Ay!

Ay, they have leaped all earthland barriers  
In mine own isle of wisdom-working Wunks:—  
'Twas Wunkland's son that voyaged round the moon  
And moored his bark within the molten bays  
Of bubbling silver: And 'twas Wunkland's son  
That talked with Mars—unbuckled Saturn's belt  
And tightened it in squeezure of such facts

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK .

Therefrom as even he dare not disclose  
In full till all his followers, as himself,  
Have grown them wings, and gat them beaks and claws,  
With plumage all bescienced to withstand  
All tensest flames—glaze-throated, too, and lung'd  
To swallow fiercest-spurted jets and cores  
Of embered and unquenchable white heat:  
'Twas Wunkland's son that alchemized the dews  
And bred all colored grasses that he wist—  
Divorced the airs and mists and caught the trick  
Of azure-tinting earth as well as sky:  
'Twas Wunkland's son that bent the rainbow straight  
And walked it like a street, and so returned  
To tell us it was made of hammered shine,  
Inlaid with strips o' selvage from the sun  
And burnished with the rust of rotten stars:  
'Twas Wunkland's son that comprehended first  
All grosser thine and took our worlds apart  
And oiled the works with theories that clicked  
In glib articulation with the pulse  
And palpitation o' the systemed facts.—  
And, circling ever round the farthest reach  
Of the remotest welkin of all truths,  
We stint not our investigations to  
*Our worlds only, but query still beyond.*—  
For now our goolores say, below these isles  
A million million miles, are *other worlds*—  
Not like to ours, but *round*, as bubbles are,  
And, like them, ever reeling on through space,  
And anchorless through all eternity:—  
Not like to ours, for our isles, as they note,  
Are living things that fly about at night,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And soar above and cling, throughout the day,  
Like bats, beneath the bent sills of the skies :  
And I myself have heard, at dawn of moon,  
A liquid music filtered through my dreams,  
As though 'twere myriads of sweet voices, pent  
In some o'erhanging realm, had spilled themselves  
In streams of melody that trickled through  
The chinks and crannies of a crystal pave,  
Until the wasted juice of harmony,  
Slow-leaking o'er my senses, laved my soul  
In ecstasy divine : And afferhaiks,  
Who scour our coasts on missions for the King,  
Declare our island's shape is like the zhibb's  
When lolling in a trance upon the air  
With open wings upslant and motionless.  
O such a land it is—so all complete  
In all wise habitants, and knowledge, lore,  
Arts, sciences, perfected government  
And kingly wisdom, worth and majesty—  
And *Ai*! —ineffably above all else :—  
The art of the *Romancer*,—fabulous  
Beyond the miracles of strangest fact;  
The art of *Poesy*,—the sanest soul  
Is made mad with its uttering; the art  
Of *Music*,—words may not e'en whimper what  
The jewel-sounds of song yield to the sense ;  
And, last,—the art of *Knowing what to Know*,  
And how to zoon straight to'rd it like a bee,  
Draining or song or poem as it brims  
And over-runs with raciest spirit-dew.—  
And, *after*,—chaos all to sense like thine,  
Till there, translated, thou shalt know as I. . . .

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

So furnished forth in all things lovable  
Is my Land-Wondrous—ay, and thine to be,—  
O Amphine, love of mine, it lacks but thy  
Sweet presence to make it a paradise!

[Takes up trentoraine.]

And shall I tell thee of the home that waits  
For thy glad coming, Amphine?—Listen, then!

### CHANT-RECITATIVE

A palace veiled in a glimmering dusk;  
Warm breaths of a tropic air,  
Drugged with the odorous marzhoo's musk  
And the sumptuous cynectwaire—  
Where the trembling hands of the lilwing's leaves  
The winds caress and fawn,  
While the dreamy starlight idly weaves  
Designs for the damask lawn.

Densed in the depths of a dim eclipse  
Of palms, in a flowery space,  
A fountain leaps from the marble lips  
Of a girl, with a golden vase  
Held atip on a curving wrist,  
Drinking the drops that glance  
Laughingly in the glittering mist  
Of her crystal utterance.

Archways looped o'er blooming walks  
That lead through gleaming halls;  
And balconies where the word-bird talks  
To the tittering waterfalls:

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And casements, gauzed with the filmy sheen  
    Of a lace that sifts the sight  
Through a ghost of bloom on the haunted screen  
    That drips with the dews of light.

Weird, pale shapes of sculptured stone,—  
    With marble nymphs agaze  
Ever in founts of amber, sown  
    With seeds of gold and sprays  
Of emerald mosses, ever drowned,  
    Where glimpses of shell and gem  
Peer from the depths, as round and round  
    The nautilus nods at them.

Faces blurred in a mazy dance,  
    With a music, wild and sweet,  
Spinning the threads of the mad romance  
    That tangles the waltzers' feet:  
Twining arms, and warm, swift thrills  
    That pulse to the melody,  
Till the soul of the dancer dips and fills  
    In the wells of ecstasy.

Eyes that melt in a quivering ore  
    Of love, and the molten kiss  
Jetted forth of the hearts that pour  
    Their blood in the moulds of bliss.—  
Till, worn to a languor slumber-deep,  
    The soul of the dreamer lifts  
A silken sail on the gulfs of sleep,  
    And into the darkness drifts.

[*The instrument falls from her hands—AMPHINE, in stress of passionate delight, embraces her.*]

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### AMPHINE

Thou art not all of earth, O angel one!  
Nor do I far miswonder me an thou  
Hast peered above the very walls of Heaven!  
What hast thou seen there?—Didst on  $\mathcal{E}$ o bask  
Thine eyes and clothe Him with new splendorings?  
And strove He to fling back as bright a smile  
As thine, the while He beckoned thee within?  
And, tell me, didst thou meet an angel there  
A-linger at the gates, nor entering  
Till I, her brother, joined her?

### DWAINIE

Why, hast thou  
A sister dead?—Truth, I have heard of one  
Long lost to thee—not dead?

### AMPHINE

Of her I speak,—  
And dead, although we know not certainly,  
We moan us ever it must needs be death  
Only could hold her from us such long term  
Of changeless yearning for her glad return.  
She strayed away from us long, long ago.—  
O and our memories!—Her wandering eyes  
That seemed as though they ever looked on things  
We might not see—as haply so they did,—  
For she went from us, all so suddenly—  
So strangely vanished, leaving never trace  
Of her outgoing, that I oftentimes think

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Her rapt eyes fell along some certain path  
Of special glory paven for her feet,  
And fashioned of Æo's supreme desire  
That she might bend her steps therein and so  
Reach Him again, unseen of our mere eyes.  
My sweet, sweet sister!—lost to brother—sire—  
And, to *her* heart, one dearer than all else,—  
*Her lover*—lost indeed!

## DWAINIE

Nay, do not grieve  
Thee thus, O loving heart! Thy sister yet  
May come to thee in some glad way the Fates  
Are fashioning the while thy tear-trops fall!  
So calm thee, while I speak of thine own self.—  
For I have listened to a whistling bird  
That pipes of waiting danger. Didst thou note  
No strange behavior of thy sire of late?

## AMPHINE

Ay, he is silent, and he walks as one  
In some fixed melancholy, or as one  
Half waking.—Even his worshipped books seem now  
But things on shelves.

## DWAINIE

And doth he counsel not  
With thee in any wise pertaining to  
His ailings, or of matters looking toward  
His future purposes or his intents

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Regarding thine own future fortunings  
And his desires and interests therein?  
What bearing hath he shewn of late toward thee  
By which thou might'st beframe some estimate  
Of his mind's placid flow or turbulent?  
And hath he not so spoken thee at times  
Thou hast been 'wildered of his words, or grieved  
Of his strange manner?

### AMPHINE

Once he stayed me on  
The palace-stair and whispered, "Lo, my son,  
Thy young reign draweth nigh—prepare!"—So passed  
And vanished as a wraith, so wan he was!

### DWAINIE

And didst thou never reason on this thing,  
Nor ask thyself what dims thy father's eye  
And makes a brooding shadow of his form?

### AMPHINE

Why, there's a household rumor that he dreams  
Death fareth ever at his side, and soon  
Shall signal him away.—But Jucklet saith  
*Crestillomeem* hath said *the leeches* say  
There is no cause for serious concern;  
And thus am I assured 'tis nothing more  
Than childish fancy of mine aging sire,—  
And so, as now, I laugh, full reverently,  
And marvel, as I mark his shuffling gait,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And his bestrangered air and murmurous lips,  
As by he glideth to and fro, ha! ha!  
Ho! ho!—I laugh me many, many times—  
Mind, thou, 'tis *reverently* I laugh—ha! ha!—  
And wonder, as he glideth ghostly-wise,  
If ever *I* shall waver as I walk,  
And stumble o'er my beard, and knit my brows,  
And o'er the dull mosaics of the pave  
Play chequers with mine eys! Ha! ha!

DWAINIE [*Aside*]

How dare—

How dare I tell him? Yet I must—I must!

AMPHINE

Why, art *thou*, too, grown childish, that thou canst  
Find thee waste pleasure talking to thyself  
And staring frowningly with eyes whose smiles  
I need so much?

DWAINIE

Nay, rather say, their tears,  
Poor thoughtless Prince! [*Aside.*] (My magic even now  
Forecasts his kingly sire's near happening  
Of nameless hurt and ache and awful stress  
Of agony supreme, when he shall stare  
The stark truth in the face!)

AMPHINE

What meanest thou?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

DWAINIE

What mean I but thy welfare? Why, I mean,  
One hour agone, the Q<sup>n</sup>een, thy mother—

AMPHINE

Say only "Queen"!

Nay,

DWAINIE

—The Queen, one hour agone—

As so I learned from source I need not say—  
Sent message craving audience with the King  
At noon to-night, within the Tower of Stars.—  
Thou knowest, only brief space following  
The time of her pent session thereso set  
In secret with the King alone, *the Throne*  
Is set, too, to convene; and that *the King*  
*Hath lent his seal unto a mandate that,*  
*Should he withhold his presence there, the Queen*  
*Shall be empowered to preside—to reign—*  
*Solely endowed to work the royal will*  
*In lieu of the good King.* Now, therefore, I  
Have been advised that she, the Queen, by craft  
Connives to hold him absent purposely,  
That she may claim the vacancy—for what  
Covert design I know not, but I know  
It augurs peril to ye both, as to  
The Throne's own perpetuity. [Aside.] (Again  
My magic gives me vision terrible:—  
The Sorceress' legions balk mine own.—The King  
Still hers, yet wavering. O save the King,  
Thou Æo!—Render him to us!)

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### AMPHINE

I feel

Thou speakest truth: and yet how know'st thou this?

### DWAINIE

Ask me not that; my lips are welded close.—  
And, *more*,—since I have dared to speak, and thou  
To listen,—Jucklet is accessory,  
And even now is plotting for thy fall.  
But, Passion of my Soul! think not of me,—  
For nothing but sheer magic may avail  
To work me harm;—but look thou to thyself!  
For thou art blameless cause of all the hate  
That rankleth in the bosom of the Queen.  
*So have thine eyes unslumbered ever, that*  
*No step may steal behind thee—for in this*  
*Unlooked-of way thine enemy will come:*  
This much I know, but for what fell intent  
Dare not surmise.—*So look thou, night and day,*  
*That none may skulk upon thee in this wise*  
*Of dastardly attack.* [Aside.] (Ha! Sorceress!  
Thou palest, tossing wild and wantonly  
The smothering golden tempest of thy hair.—  
What! lying eyes! ye dare to utter tears?  
*Help! help! Yield us the King!*)

### AMPHINE

And thou, O sweet!  
How art thou guarded and what shield is thine  
Of safety?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### DWAINIE

Fear not thou for me at all.—  
Possessed am I of wondrous sorcery—  
The gift of Holy Magi at my birth:—  
Mine enemy must front me in assault  
And must with mummerie of speech assail,  
And I will know him in first utterance—  
And so may thus disarm him, though he be  
A giant thrice in vasty form and force.

[Singing heard.]

But, list! what wandering minstrel cometh here  
In the young night?

VOICE [In distance—singing]

The drowsy eyes of the stars grow dim;  
The wamboo roosts on the rainbow's rim,  
And the moon is a ghost of shine:  
The soothing song of the crule is done,  
But the song of love is a soother one,  
And the song of love is mine.  
Then, wake! O wake!  
For the sweet song's sake,  
Nor let my heart  
With the morning break!

### AMPHINE

Some serenader. Hist!  
What meaneth he so early, and what thus  
Within the palace garden-close? Quick; here!  
He neareth! Soh! Let us conceal ourselves  
And mark his action, wholly unobserved.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

[AMPHINE and DWAINIE enter bower]

Voice [Drawing nearer]

*The mist of the morning, chill and gray,  
Wraps the night in a shroud of spray:*

*The sun is a crimson blot:*

*The moon fades fast, and the stars take wing;  
The comet's tail is a fleeting thing.—*

*But the tale of love is not.*

*Then, wake! O wake!*

*For the sweet song's sake,*

*Nor let my heart*

*With the morning break!*

[Enter JUCKLET]

### JUCKLET

*Eox! what a sumptuous darkness is the Night—  
How rich and deep and suave and velvety  
Its lovely blackness to a soul like mine!  
Ah, Night! thou densest of all mysteries—  
Thou eeriest of unfathomable delights,  
Whose soundless sheer inscrutability  
Is fascination's own ethereal self,  
Unseen, and yet embodied—palpable,—  
An essence, yet a form of stableness  
That stays me—weighs me, as a giant palm  
Were laid on either shoulder.—Peace! I cease  
Even to strive to grope one further pace,  
But stand uncovered and with lifted face.  
O but a glamour of inward light  
Hath smitten the eyes of my soul to-night!*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Groping here in the garden-land,  
I feel my fancy's outheld hand  
Touch the rim of a realm that seems  
Like an isle of bloom in a sea of dreams;  
I stand mazed, dazed and alone—alone!—  
My heart beats on in an undertone,  
And I lean and listen long, and long,  
And I hold my breath as I hear again  
The chords of a long-dead trentoraine  
And the wraith of an old love-song.  
Low to myself am I whispering:—

*Glad am I, and the Night knows why—  
Glad am I that the dream came by  
And found me here as of old when I  
Was a ruler and a king.*

### DWAINIE [To Amphine]

What gentle little monster is this dwarf—  
Surely not Jucklet of the court?

### AMPHINE [Ironically]

Ay, ay!  
But he'll *ungentle* an thy woman's-heart  
Yield him but space. Listen: he mouths again.

### JUCKLET

It was an age ago—an age  
Turned down in life like a folded page.—  
See where the volume falls apart,  
And the faded bookmark—'tis my heart,—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Nor mine alone, but another knit  
So cunningly in the love of it  
That you must look, with a shaking head,  
Nor know the quick one from the dead.  
Ah! what a broad and sea-like lawn  
Is the field of love they bloom upon!—  
Waves of its violet-velvet grass  
Billowing, with the winds that pass,  
And breaking in a snow-white foam  
Of lily-crests on the shores of home.  
Low to myself am I whispering:—

*Glad am I, and the Night knows why—  
Glad am I that the dream came by  
And found me here as of old when I  
Was a ruler and a king.*

[*Abruptly breaking into impassioned vocal burst*]

### SONG

Fold me away in your arms, O Night—  
Night, my Night, with your rich black hair!—  
Tumble it down till my yearning sight  
And my unkissed lips are hidden quite  
And my heart is havened there,—  
Under that mystical dark despair—  
Under your rich black hair.

Oft have I looked in your eyes, O Night—  
Night, my Night, with your rich black hair!—  
Looked in your eyes till my face waned white

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

And my heart laid hold of a mad delight  
That moaned as I held it there  
Under the deeps of that dark despair—  
Under your rich black hair.

Just for a kiss of your mouth, O Night—  
Night, my Night, with your rich black hair!—  
Lo! will I wait as a dead man might  
Wait for the Judgment's dawning light,  
With my lips in a frozen prayer—  
Under this lovable dark despair—  
Under your rich black hair.

*[With swift change to mood of utter gayety]*

Ho! ho! what will my dainty mistress say  
When I shall stand knee-deep in the wet grass  
Beneath her lattice, and with upturned eyes  
And tongue out-lolling like the clapper of  
A bell, outpour her that? I wonder now  
If she will not put up her finger thus,  
And say, "Hist! heart of mine! the angels call  
To thee!" Ho! ho! Or will her blushing face  
Light up her dim boudoir and, from her glass,  
Flare back to her a flame upsprouting from  
The hot-cored socket of a soul whose light  
She thought long since had guttered out?—Ho! ho!  
Or, haply, will she chastely bend above—  
A Parian phantomette, with head atip  
And twinkling fingers dusting down the dews  
That glitter on the tarapyzma-vines  
That riot round her casement—gathering

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Lush blooms to pelt me with while I below  
All winkingly await the fragrant shower?  
Ho! ho! how jolly is this thir<sup>t</sup>, of love!  
But how much richer, rarer, jollier  
Than all the loves is this rare love of mine!  
Why, my sweet Princess doth not even dream  
*I am her lover*,—for, to here confess,  
I have a way of wooing all mine own,  
And waste scant speech in creamy compliment  
And courtesies all gaumed with winy words.—  
In sooth, I do not woo at all—I *win*!  
How is it now the old duet doth glide  
Itself full ripplingly adown the grooves  
Of its quaint melody?—And whoso, by  
The *bye*, or by *the way*, or *for the nonce*,  
Or, eke ye, *peradventure*, ever durst  
Render a duet singly but myself?

[Singing—with grotesque mimicry of two voices]

### JUCKLET'S OSTENSIBLE DUET

How is it you woo?—and now answer me true,—  
How is it you woo and you win?  
*Why, to answer you true*,—the first thing that you do  
*Is to simply, my dearest*—begin.

But how can I begin to woo or to win  
When I don't know a Win from a Woo?  
*Why, cover your chin with your fan or your fin*,  
*And I'll introduce them to you.*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

But what if it drew from my parents a view  
With my own in no manner akin?  
*No matter!—your view shall be first of the two,* —  
*So I hasten to usher them in.*

Nay, stay! Shall I grin at the Woo or the Win?  
And what will he do if I do?  
*Why, the Woo will begin with "How pleasant it's been!"*  
*And the Win with "Delighted with you!"*

Then supposing he grew very dear to my view—  
I'm speaking, you know, of the Win?  
*Why, then, you should do what he wanted you to,—*  
*And now is the time to begin.*

The time to begin? O then usher him in—  
Let him say what he wants me to do.  
*He is here.—He's a twin of yourself,—I am "Win,"*  
*And you are, my darling, my "Woo"!*

[Capering and courtesying to feigned affiance]

That song I call most sensible nonsense;  
And if the fair and peerless Dwainie were  
But here, with that sweet voice of hers, to take  
The part of "Woo," I'd be the happiest "Win"  
On this side of futurity! Ho! ho!

DWAINIE [Aside to AMPHINE]

What means he?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### AMPHINE

Why, he means that throatless head  
Of his needs further chucking down betwixt  
His cloven shoulders!

[*Starting forward—DWAINIE detaining him*]

### DWAINIE

Nay, thou shalt not stir!  
See! now the monster hath discovered our  
Repast. Hold! Let us mark him further.

JUCKLET [*Archly eying viands*]

What!  
A roasted wheffle and a toc-spiced whum,  
Tricked with a larvey and a gherghling's tail!—  
And, sprit me! wine enough to swim them in!  
Now I should like to put a question to  
The *guests*; but as there are none, I direct  
Mine interrogatory to the host.

[*Bowing to vacancy*]

Am I behind-time?—Then I can but trust  
My tardy coming may be overlooked  
In my most active effort to regain  
A gracious tolerance by service now:—  
Directing rapt attention to the fact  
That I have brought mine appetite along,  
I can but feel, ho! ho! that further words  
Would be a waste of speech.

[*Sits at table—pours out wine, drinks and eats voraciously.*]

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

—There was a time

When I was rather backward in my ways  
In courtly company (as though, forsooth,  
I felt not, from my very birth, the swish  
Of royal blood along my veins, though bred  
Amongst the treacled scullions and the thralls  
I shot from, like a cork, in youthful years,  
Into court-favor by my wit's sheer stress  
Of fomentation.—*Pah! the stench o' toil!*)  
Ay, somehow, as I think, I've all outgrown  
That coarse, nice age, wherein one makes a meal  
Of two estardles and a fork of soup.  
Hey! sanaloo! Lest my starved stomach stand  
Awe-stricken and aghast, with mouth agape  
Before the rich profusion of this feast,  
I lubricate it with a glass of merl  
And coax it on to more familiar terms  
Of fellowship with those delectables.

[*Pours wine and holds up goblet with mock courtliness*]

Mine host!—Thou of the viewless presence and  
Hush-haunted lip:—Thy most imperial,  
Ethereal, and immaterial health!  
Live till the sun dries up, and comb thy cares  
With star-prongs till the comets fizzle out  
And fade away and fail and are no more!

[*Drains and refills goblet*]

And, if thou wilt permit me to observe,—  
The gleaming shaft of spirit in this wine  
Goes whistling to its mark, and full and fair

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Zipps to the target-center of my soul!  
Why, now am I the veriest gentleman  
That ever buttered woman with a smile,  
And let her melt and run and drip and ooze  
All over and around a wanton heart!  
And if my mistress bent above me now,  
In all my hideous deformity,  
I think she would look over, as it were,  
The hump upon my back, and so forget  
The kinks and knuckles of my crooked legs,  
In this enchanting smile, she needs must leap,  
Love-dazzled, and fall faint and fluttering  
Within these yawning, all-devouring arms  
Of mine! Ho! ho! And yet Crestillomeem  
Would have me blight my dainty Dwainie with  
This feather from the Devil's wing!—But I  
Am far too full of craft to spoil the eyes  
That yet shall pour their love like nectar out  
Into mine own,—and I am far too deep  
For royal wit to wade my purposes.

DWAINIE [To AMPHINE]

What can he mean?

AMPHINE [*Chafing in suppressed frenzy*]

Ha! to rush forward and  
Tear out his tongue and slap it in his face!

DWAINIE [To AMPHINE]

Nay, nay! Hist what he saith!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### JUCKLET

How big a fool—

How all magnificent an idiot  
Would I be to blight *her*—(my peerless one!—  
My very soul's soul!) as Crestillomeem  
Doth instigate me to, for *her* hate's sake—  
And inward *jealousy*, as well, belike!—  
Wouldst have my Dwainie blinded to my charms—  
For charms, good sooth, were every several flaw  
Of my malformed outer-self, compared  
With that his Handsomeness the Prince Amphine  
Shalt change to at a breath of my puff'd cheek,  
E'en were it weedy-bearded at the time  
With such a stubble as a huntsman well  
Might lose his spaniel in! Ho! ho! Ho! ho!  
I fear me, O my coy Crestillomeem,  
Thine ancient coquetry doth challenge still  
Thine own vain admiration overmuch!  
I to crush *her*?—when thou, as certainly,  
Hast armed me to smite down the only bar  
That lies betwixt her love and mine? Ho! ho!  
Hey! but the revel I shall riot in  
Above the beauteous Prince, instantuously  
Made all abhorrent as a reptiled bulk!  
Ho! ho! my princely wooer of the fair  
Rare lady of mine own superior choice!  
Pah! but my very 'magineings of him  
Refinèd to that shamed, sickening shape,  
Do so beloathe me of him there be qualms  
Expostulating in my forum now!  
Ho! what unprinciplying properties  
Of medication hath her Majesty

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Put in my tender charge! Ho! ho! Ho! ho!  
Ah, Dwainie! sweetest sweet! what shock to thee?—  
I wonder, when she sees the human toad  
Squat at her feet and cock his filmy eyes  
Upon her and croak love, if she will not  
Call me to tweezer him with two long sticks  
And toss him from her path.—O ho! Ho! ho!  
Hell bend him o'er some blossom quick, that I  
May have one brother in the flesh!

[*Nods drowsily*]

### DWAINIE [*To AMPHINE*]

Ha! See!  
He groweth drunken.—Soh! Bide yet a spell  
And I will vex him with my sorcery:  
Then shall we hence,—for lo, the node when all  
Our subtlest arts and strategies must needs  
Be quickened into acts and swift results.  
Now bide thou here, and in mute silence mark  
The righteous penalty that hath accrued  
Upon that dwarfèd monster.

[*She stands, still in concealment from the dwarf, her tense gaze fixed upon him as though in mute and painf' act of incantation.—JUCKLET affected drowsily—yawns and mumbles incoherently—stretches, and gradually sinks at full length on the steward.—DWAINIE moves forward—AMPHINE, following, is about to set foot contemptuously on sleeper's breast but is caught and held away by DWAINIE, who impiously waves him back, and still, in pantomime* [.]

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

*commanding, bids him turn and hide his face—AMPHINE obeying as though unable to do otherwise. DWAINIE then unbinds her hair, and throwing it all forward covering her face and bending till it trails the ground, she lifts to the knee her dress, and so walks backward in a circle round the sleeping JUCKLET, crooning to herself an incoherent song. Then pausing, letting fall her gown, and rising to full stature, waves her hands above the sleeper's face, and runs to AMPHINE, who turns about and gazes on her with new wonderment.]*

DWAINIE [To AMPHINE]

Now shalt thou  
Look on such scaith as thou hast never dreamed.

[As she speaks, half averting her face as with melancholy apprehension, chorus of lugubrious voices heard chanting discordantly.]

### VOICES

When the fat moon smiles,  
And the comets kiss,  
And the elves of Spirkland flit,  
The Whanghoo twunkers  
A tune like this,  
And the Nightmares champ the bit.

[As chorus dies away, a comet, freighted with weird shapes, dips from the night and trails near JUCKLET'S sleeping figure, while, with attendant goblin-forms, two

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Nightmares, CREECH and GRITCHFANG, alight.—*The comet hisses, switches its tail and disappears, while the two goblins hover buzzingly over JUCKLET, who starts wide-eyed and stares fixedly at them, with horribly contorted features.]*

CREECH [To GRITCHFANG]

Buzz!

Buzz!

Buzz!

Buzz!

Flutter your wings like your grandmother does!  
Tuck in your chin and wheel over and *whir-r-r*  
Like a dickerbug fast in the web of the wuhrr!  
Reel out your tongue, and untangle your toes  
And rattle your claws o'er the bridge of his nose;  
Tickle his ears with your feathers and fuzz,  
And keep up a hum like your grandmother does!

[JUCKLET moans and clutches at air convulsively.]

AMPHINE [Shuddering]

Most grawsome sight! See how the poor worm writhes!  
How must he suffer!

DWAINIE

Ay, but good is meant—  
A far voice sings it so.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

### GRITCHFANG [To CREECH]

Let me dive deep in his nostriline caves,  
And keep an eye out as to how he behaves:  
Fasten him down while I put him to rack—  
And don't let him flop from the flat of his back!

[Shrinks to minute size, while goblin attendants pluck from  
shrubbery a great lily-shaped flower which they invert  
funnel-wise, with small end at sleeper's nostrils,  
hoisting GRITCHFANG in at top and jostling shape  
downward gradually from sight, and—removing  
flower.—voice of GRITCHFANG continues gleefully  
from within sleeper's head.]

Ho! I have bored through the floor of his brains,  
And set them all writhing with torturous pains;  
And I shriek out the prayer, as I whistle and whiz,  
I may be the nightmare that my grandmother is!

[Reappears, through reversal of flower-method, assuming  
former shape, crosses to CREECH, and, joining, the  
twain dance on sleeper's stomach in broken time to  
duo.]

### Duo

Whing!

Whang!

So our ancestors sang!

And they guzzled hot blood and blew up with a bang!—  
But they ever tenaciously clung to the rule  
To only blow up in the hull of a fool—

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

To fizz and explode like a cast-iron toad  
In the cavernous depths where his victuals were stowed--  
When chances were ripest and thickest and best  
To burst every button-hole out of his vest!

[They pause, float high above, and fusing together into a great square iron weight, drop heavily on chest of sleeper, who moans pitifully.]

AMPHINE [Hiding his face]

Ah! take me hence!

[DWAINIE leads him off, looking backward as she goes and waving her hands imploredly to CREECH and GRITCHFANG, reassuming former shapes, in ecstasies of insane delight.]

CREECH [To GRITCHFANG]

Zipp!

Zipp!

Zipp!

Zipp!

Sting his tongue raw and unravel his lip!

Grope, on the right, down his windpipe, and squeeze  
His liver as dry as a petrified wheeze!

[GRITCHFANG—as before—shrinks and disappears at sleeper's mouth.]

Throttle his heart till he's black in the face,  
And bury it down in some desolate place

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Where only remorse in pent agony lives  
To tread the advice that your grandmother gives!

[*The sleeper struggles contortedly, while voice of Gritch-fang calls from within.*]

### Gritch-fang

Ho-ho! I have clambered the rungs of his ribs  
And beriddled his lungs into tatters and dribs;  
And I turn up the tube of his heart like a hose  
And squirt all the blood to the end of his nose!  
I stamp on his stomach and caper and prance,  
With my tail tossing round like a boomerang-lance!  
And thus may success ever crown my intent  
To wander the ways that my grandmother went!

[Reappears, falls hysterically in CREECH's outstretched arms.—Then dance and duo.]

### Duo

Whing!

Whung!

So our ancestors sung!  
And they snorted and pawed, and they hissed and they  
stung,—

Taking special terrific delight in their work  
On the fools that they found in the lands of the Spirk.—  
And each little grain of their powders of pain  
They scraped up and pestled again and again—  
Mixed in quadruple doses for gluttons and sots,  
Till they strangled their dreams with gung-jibbrious knots!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

[*The comet again trails past, upon which the Nightmares leap and disappear. JUCKLET staggers to his feet and glares frenziedly around—then starts for opposite exit of comet—is there suddenly confronted with fiend-faces in the air, bewhiskered with ragged purplish flames that flare audibly and huskily in abrupt alternating chill gasps and hot welterings of wind. He starts back from them, reels and falls prostrate, groveling terrifiedly in the dust, and chattering, with eerie music accompanying his broken utterance.*]

### JUCKLET

*Æo! Æo! Æo!*  
Thou that dost all things know—  
Waiving all claims of mine to dare to pray,  
Save that I needs must:—Lo,  
What may I pray for? Yea,  
I have not any way,  
An Thou gainsayest me a tolerance so,—  
I dare not pray  
Forgiveness—too great  
My vast o'ertoppling weight  
Of sinning; nor can I  
Pray my  
Poor soul unscourged to go.—  
Frame Thou my prayer, Æo!  
*What may I pray for? Dare*  
I shape a prayer,  
In sooth,  
For any cancelled joy  
Of my mad youth,  
Or any bliss my sin's stress did destroy?

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

What may I pray for—What?—  
That the wild clusters of forget-me-not  
    And mignonette  
    And violet  
Be out of childhood brought,  
    And in mine hard heart set  
    A-blooming now as then?—  
    With all their petals yet  
Bediamonded with dews—  
Their sweet, sweet scent let loose  
    Full sumptuously again!

What may I pray, Aeo!  
    For the poor hutch'd cot  
    Where death sate squat  
Midst my first memories?—Lo!  
My mother's face—(they, whispering, told me so)—  
    That face!—so pinchedly  
It blanched up, as they lifted me—  
    Its frozen eyelids .. .  
    Not part, nor could  
Be ever wetted open with warm tears.  
    . . . Who hears  
The prayers for all dead-mother-sakes, Aeo!

Leastwise one mercy:—May  
I not have leave to pray  
All self to pass away—  
    Forgetful of all needs mine own—  
    Neglectful of all creeds;—alone,

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Stand fronting Thy high throne and say:  
To Thee,  
O Infinite, I pray  
Shield Thou mine enemy!

[*Music throughout supplication gradually softens and sweetens into utter gentleness, with scene slow-fading into densest night.*]

END ACT II

## ACT III

SCENE I. *Court of Krung—Royal Ministers, Counsellors, etc., in session. CRESTILLOMEEM, in full blazonry of regal attire, presiding. She signals a Herald at her left, who steps forward.—Blare of trumpets, greeted with ominous murmurings within, blent with tumult from without.*

HERALD

Hist, ho! Ay, ay! Ay, ay!—Her Majesty,  
The All-Glorious and Ever-Gracious Queen,  
Crestillomeem, to her most loyal, leal  
And right devoted subjects, greeting sends—  
Proclaiming, in the absence of the King,  
Her royal presence—

[*Voice of Herald fails abruptly—utterly.—A breathless hush falls sudden on the court.—A sense oppressive—ominous—affects the throng. Weird music heard of unseen instruments.*]

## THE LOCK' RIE BOOK

HERALD [*Huskily striving to be heard*]

Hist, ho! Ay, ay! Ay, ay!—Her Majesty,  
The All-Glorious and Ever-Gracious Queen,  
Crestillomeem—

[*The Queen gasps, and clutches at Herald, mutely signing him to silence, her staring eyes fixed on a shadowy figure, mistily developing before her into wraith-like form and likeness of the Tunc-Fool, SPRAIVOLL. The shape—evidently invisible and voiceless to all senses but the Queen's—wavers vaporishly to and fro before her, moaning and crooning in infinitely sweet-sad minor cadences a mystic song.*]

### WRAITH-SONG OF SPRAIVOLL

*I will not hear the dying word  
Of any friend, nor stroke the wing  
Of any little wounded bird.  
. . . Love is the deadeſt thing!*

*I wist not if I see the smile  
Of prince or wight, in court or lane.—  
I only know that afterwhile  
He will not smile again.*

*The summer blossom, at my feet,  
Swims backward, drowning in the grass.—  
I will not stay to name it sweet—  
Sink out! and let me pass!*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

*I have no mind to feel the touch  
Of gentle hands on brow and hair.—  
The lack of this once pained me much,  
And so I have a care.*

*Dead weeds, and husky-rustling leaves  
That beat the dead boughs where ye cling,  
And old dead nests beneath the eaves—  
Love is the deadeast thing!*

*Ah! once I fared not all alone;  
And once—no matter, rain or snow!—  
The stars of summer ever shone—  
Because I loved him so!*

*With always tremblings in his hands,  
And always blushes unaware,  
And always ripples down the strands  
Of his long yellow hair.*

*I needs must weep a little space,  
Remembering his laughing eyes  
And curving lip, and lifted face  
Of rapture and surprise.*

*O joy is dead in every part,  
And life and hope; and so I sing:  
In all the graveyard of my heart  
Love is the deadeast thing!*

[With dying away of song, apparition of SPRAIVOLL slowly vanishes. CRESTILLOOMEEM turns dazedly to throng, and with labored effort strives to reassume imperious mien.—Signs for merl and tremulously drains goblet

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

*—sinks back in throne with feigned complacency,  
mutely waving Herald to proceed.]*

### HERALD [Mechanically]

Hist, ho! Ay, ay! Ay, ay!—Her Majesty,  
The All-Glorious and Ever-Gracious Queen,  
Crestillomeem, to her most loyal, leal  
And right devoted subjects, greeting sends—  
Proclaiming, in the absence of the King,  
Her royal presence, as by him empowered  
To sit and occupy, maintain and hold,  
And therefrom rule the Throne, in sovereign state,  
And work the royal will—[Confusion.] Hist, ho! Ay, ay!  
Ay, ay!—And be it known, the King, in view  
Of his approaching dissolution—

[*Sensation among Counsellors, etc., within, and wild tumult  
without and cries “Long live the King!” and “Trea-  
son!” “Intrigue!” “Sorcery!” CRESTILLOMEEM, in  
suppressed ire, waving silence, and Herald striving  
to be heard.]*

### HERALD

Hist, ho! Ay, ay! Ay, ay!—The King, in view  
Of his approaching dissolution, hath  
Decreed this instrument—this royal scroll

[*Unrolling and displaying scroll.*] With royal seal thereunto set by Krung's  
Most sacred act and sign—

[*General sensation within, and growing tumult without,  
with wrangling cries of “Plot!” “Treason!” “Con-*

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

*spiracy!" and "Down with the Queen!" "Down with  
the usurper!" "Down with the Sorceress!"*

CRESTILLOMEEM [*Wildly*]

Who dares to c---  
"Conspiracy!" Bring me the traitor-knave!

[*Growing confusion without—sound of rioting.—Voice,  
"Let me be taken! Let me be taken!" Enter  
Guards; dragging JUCKLET forward, wild-eyed and  
hysterical—t... Queen's gaze fastened on him won-  
deringly.]*

CRESTILLOMEEM [*To Guards*]

Why bring ye Jucklet hither in this wise?

GUARD

O Queen, 'tis he who cries "Conspiracy!"  
And who incites the mob without with cries  
Of "Plot!" and "Treason!"

CRESTILLOMEEM [*Starting*]

Ha! Can this be true?  
I'll not believe it!—Jucklet is my fool,  
But not so vast a fool that he would tempt  
His gracious Sovereign's ire. [*To Guards.*] Let him be  
freed!

[*Then to JUCKLET, with mock service.*]  
Stand hither, O my Fool!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

JUCKLET [To Queen]

Ho! ho! Thy fool?—ho! ho!—Why, thou art mine!

[Confusion—cries of "Strike down the traitor!" JUCKLET wrenching himself from grasp of officers.]

Back, all of ye! I have not waded hell  
That I should fear your puny enmity!  
Here will I give ye proof of all I say!

[Presses toward throne, wedging his opposers left and right—CRESTILLOMEEM sits as though stricken speechless—pallid, waving him back—JUCKLET, fairly fronting her, with folded arms—then to throng continues.]

Lo! do I here defy her to lift up  
Her voice and say that Jucklet speaks a lie.

[At sign of Queen, officers, unperceived by JUCKLET, close warily behind him.]

And, further—I pronounce the document  
That craven Herald there holds in his hand  
A forgery—a trick—and dare the Queen,  
Here in my listening presence, to command  
Its further utterance!

CRESTILLOMEEM [Wildly rising]

Hold, hireling!—Fool!—  
The Queen thou dost in thy mad boasts insult  
Shall utter first thy doom!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

[JUCKLET, seized from behind by Guards, is hurled face upward on the dais at her feet, while a minion, with drawn sword pressed close against his breast, stands over him.]

—Ere we proceed  
With graver matters, let this demon-knave  
Be sent back home to hell.

[With awful stress of ire, form quivering, eyes glittering  
and features twitched and ashen.]

Give me the sword,—  
The insult hath been mine—so even shall  
The vengeance be!

[As CRESTILLOMEEM seizes sword and bends forward to strike, JUCKLET, with superhuman effort, frees his hand, and, with a sudden motion and an incoherent muttering, flings object in his assailant's face,—CRESTILLOMEEM staggers backward, dropping scord, and, with arms tossed aloft, shrieks, totters and falls prone upon the pave. In confusion following JUCKLET mysteriously vanishes; and as the bewildered Courtiers lift the fallen Queen, a clear, piercing voice of thrilling sweetness is heard singing.]

### VOICE

The pride of noon must wither soon—  
The dusk of death must fall;  
Yet out of darkest night the moon  
Shall blossom over all!

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

[For an instant a dense cloud envelops empty throne—then gradually lifts, discovering therein KRUNG seated, in royal panoply and state, with JUCKLET in act of presenting scepter to him.—Blare of trumpets, and chorus of Courtiers, Ministers, Heralds, etc.]

### CHORUS

All hail! Long live the king!

KRUNG [To throng, with grave salutation]

Through Mo's own great providence, and through  
The intervention of an angel whom  
I long had deemed forever lost to me,  
Once more your favored Sovereign, do I greet  
And tender ye my blessing, O most good  
And faith-abiding subjects of my realm!  
In common, too, with your long-suffering King,  
Have ye long suffered, blamelessly as he:  
Now, therefore, know ye all what, until late,  
He knew not of himself, and with him share  
The rapturous assurance that is his,—  
That, for all time to come, are we restored  
To the old glory and most regal pride  
And opulence and splendor of our realm.

[Turning with pained features to the strangely stricken Queen.]

There have been, as ye needs must know, strange spells  
And wicked sorceries at work within  
The very dais-boundaries of the Throne.

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

Lo! then, behold your harrier and mine,  
And with me grieve for the self-ruined Queen  
Who grovels at my feet, blind, speechless, and  
So stricken with a curse herself designed  
Should light upon Hope's fairest minister.

[*Motions attendants, who lead away CRESTILLOOMEEM—the King gazing after her, overmastered with stress of his emotions.—He leans heavily on throne, as though oblivious to all surroundings, and, shaping into speech his varying thought, as in a trance, speaks as though witness of both utterance and auditor.*]

I loved her.—Why? I never knew.—Perhaps  
Because her face was fair; perhaps because  
Her eyes were blue and wore a weary air;—  
Perhaps . . . perhaps because her limpid face  
Was eddied with a restless tide, wherein  
The dimples found no place to anchor and  
Abide: perhaps because her tresses beat  
A froth of gold about her throat, and poured  
In splendor to the feet that ever seemed  
Afloat. Perhaps because of that wild way  
Her sudden laughter overleapt propriety;  
Or—who will say?—perhaps the way she wept.  
Ho! have ye seen the swollen heart of summer  
Tempest, o'er the plain, with throbs of thunder  
Burst apart and drench the earth with rain? She  
Wept like that.—And to recall, with one wild glance  
Of memory, our last love-parting—tears  
And all. . . . It thrills and maddens me! And yet  
My dreams will hold her, flushed from lifted brow

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

To finger-tips, with passion's ripest kisses  
Crushed and mangled on her lips. . . . O woman!  
while

Your face was fair, and heart was pure, and lips  
Were true, and hope as golden as your hair,  
I should have strangled you!

[As KRUNG, ceasing to speak, pitifully lifts his face,  
SPRAIVOLL all suddenly appears, in space left vacant  
by the Queen, and, kneeling, kisses the King's hand.  
—He bends in tenderness, kissing her brow—then  
lifts and seats her at his side. Speaks then to  
throng.]

### Good Subjects—Lords:

Behold in this sweet woman here my child  
Whom, years agone, the cold, despicable  
Crestillomeem—by baleful, wicked arts  
And grawsome spells and fearsome witcheries—  
Did spirit off to some strange otherland,  
Where, happily, a Wunkland Princess found  
Her, and undid the spell by sorcery  
More potent—ay, Divine, since it works naught  
But good—the gift of Æo, to right wrong.  
This magic dower the Wunkland Princess hath  
Enlisted in our restoration here,  
In secret service, till this joyful hour  
Of our complete deliverance. Even thus.—  
Lo, let the peerless Princess now appear!

[He lifts scepter, and a gust of melody, divinely beautiful,  
sweeps through the court.—The star above the

## THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

*throne loosens and drops slowly downward, bursting like a bubble on the scepter-tip, and, issuing therefrom, AMPHINE and DWAINIE, hand in hand, kneel at the feet of KRUNG, who bends above them with his blessing, while JUCKLET capers wildly round the group.]*

### JUCKLET

Ho! ho! but I could shriek for very joy!  
And though my recent rival, fair Amphine,  
Doth even now bend o'er a blossom, I,  
Besprit me! have no lingering desire  
To meddle with it, though with but one eye  
I slept the while she backward walked around  
Me in the garden.

[AMPHINE dubiously smiles—JUCKLET blinks and leers—and DWAINIE bites her finger.]

### KRUNG

Peace! good Jucklet! Peace!  
For this is not a time for any jest.—  
Though the old order of our realm hath been  
Restored, and though restored my very life—  
Though I have found a daughter,—I have lost  
A son—for Dwainie, with her sor'ry,  
Will, on the morrow, carry him away.  
'Tis Æo's largess, as our love is His,  
And our abiding trust and gratefulness.

### CURTAIN

THE LOCKERBIE BOOK

411

*Close the Book*

CLOSE the book, and leave the tale  
All unfinished. It is best:  
Brighter fancy will not fail  
To relate the rest.

We have read it on and on.  
Till each character, in sooth,  
By the master-touches drawn,  
Is a living truth.

Leave it so, and let us sit,  
With the volume laid away—  
Cut no other leaf of it,  
But as Fancy may.—

Then the friends that we have met  
In its pages will endure,  
And the villain, even yet,  
May be white and pure.

Close the book, and leave the tale  
All unfinished. It is best:  
Brighter fancy will not fail  
To relate the rest.



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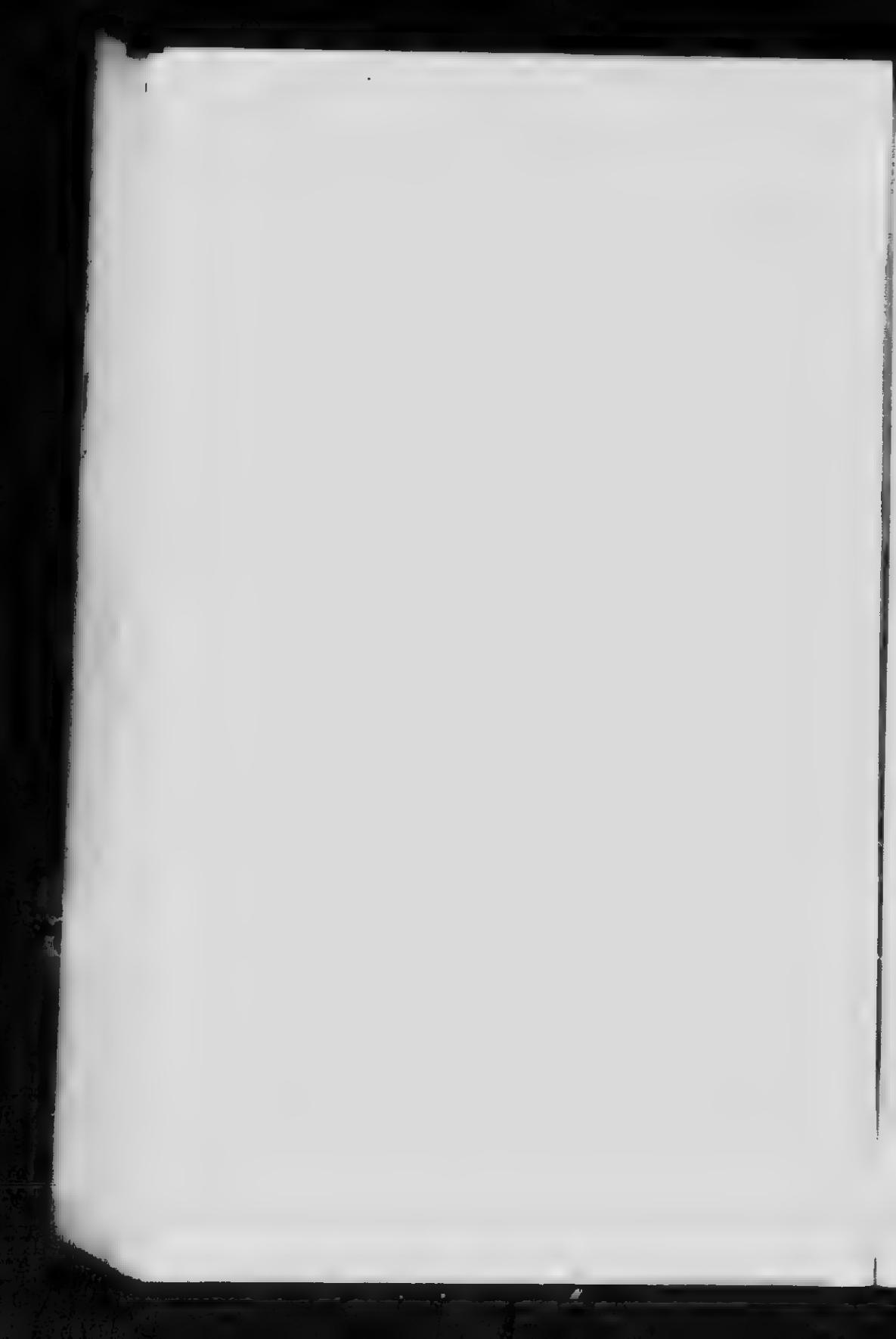
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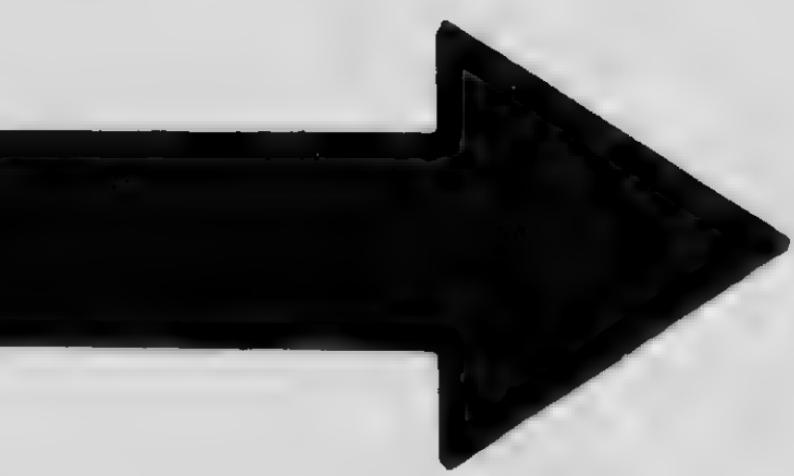
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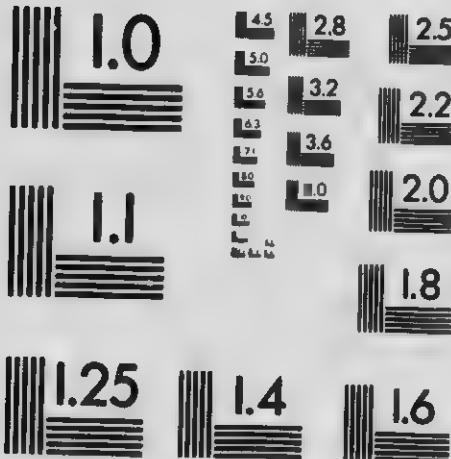
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